

FABLES
AND
DIALOGUES
OF THE
DEAD.

Written in *French* by the Late
Archbishop of *Cambray*,
Author of *TELEMACHUS*:

And done into *English*
From the *Paris* Edition of 1718, then Cor-
rected and Revised with the Author's own
Original Manuscript.

De te
Fabula narratur

L O N D O N;
Printed for W. CHETWOOD, at *Cato's-
Head*, in *Russel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*; and
S. CHAPMAN, at the *Angel and Crown*
in the *Pallmal*. M. DEC. XXII.

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OF THE

D. E. A. D.

Written in French by the late

Archbishop of Cambridge
ANNO OF TELMACHUS

And there into English

From the Paris Edition of 1718, then Cor-
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By

John

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Printed for W. GENTWOOD, at Gresham
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THE



THE
Archbishop of Cambray's
Fables and Dialogues
OF THE
DEAD.

FABLE I.
The Adventures of Melesichton.



Melesichton was born at *Megaræ*,
of an illustrious *Græcian* Fa-
mily, and in his Youth could
think of nothing but imita-
ting the glorious Actions of
his Ancestors. His Courage and his Con-
duct he signaliz'd in several Expeditions ;
but

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but as his Temper was noble and generous, his Expences were magnificent, and in a short time he ruin'd himself. This obliged him to retire to a Country-Seat on the Sea-shore, where he liv'd solitary and retired with his Wife *Proxinoe*: she was a Woman of Sense, Courage, and Stateliness; her Beauty and her Birth had made several, who were richer than *Melesichon*, court her; but by reason of his Merit only, she had preferr'd him to her other Suitors. This Couple, whose Virtues and Friendship for the space of many Years were the reciprocal cause of their mutual Happiness, now began to prove each others Misery, by reason of the Compassion they had for each other. *Melesichon* cou'd have borne his Misfortunes without Reluctance, had they fallen on him only, and not have griev'd a Person who was so dear to him. On the other hand, *Proxinoe's* Pains were encreas'd by her perceiving that she encreased *Melesichon's*. Their chief Comfort was placed in their two Children, which seem'd formed by the Graces own Hands; the Son's Name was *Melibæus*, the Daughter's *Pœmenis*. *Melibæus*, tho very young, began to discover a great deal of Skill, Courage, and Strength, and both at Wrestling and in Running he excell'd all the neighbouring Children; he would ramble in the
Forests,

Forests, nor were his Arrows less fatal or less certain than those of *Apollo*; and yet he imitated that God more by his enquiry into Arts and Sciences, than he did by his bodily Exercises. *Melesichon* in his Retirement taught him every thing that can cultivate and adorn the Mind, all that can inspire Virtue, and regulate Morals. *Melibæus's* Air was sweet and ingenuous, but at the same time noble and bold: as often as his Father look'd on him, his Eyes were filled with Tears. *Poemenis* on the other hand was instructed in all the Arts which *Minerva* has given Mankind; to the most exquisite Works she added the Charms of a Voice, which she join'd with a Lyre more engaging than that of *Orpheus*. She resembled *Diana* just coming out of the floating Island in which she was born. Her flaxen Locks were negligently bound behind her Head, excepting some few, which flowing loose were scatter'd by the Winds; she wore nothing but a loose Garment, tuck'd up a little by a Girdle, that she might be the more at liberty; without any Ornament she eclipsed all other Beauties, yet was not conscious of her own Charms; she had never so much as thought of admiring herself in Fountains, she saw no one but what belong'd to her own Family, and all her time was employ'd in working.

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Mean while her Father, overwhelm'd with Cares, and finding no Remedy to his Misfortunes, was perpetually seeking Retirement; his Wife and his Children were become his greatest Torments: he went often to the Sea-shore, and at the foot of a Rock, fill'd with Caves, he deplo'r'd his Misfortunes: then entring into a deep Valley from which the Sun-beams were guarded even at Noon-day by the Thickness of a Wood; he would sit on the flowry Bank of a limpid Stream, and meditate on a thousand fatal things; refreshing Sleep ne'er clos'd his Eyes, his Words were always accompanied with Groans; old Age came hastning on before its time, and wrinkled his Forehead; he forgot all the Necessaries of Life, and sunk beneath the Weight of oppressing Grief.

One day as he was sitting in this shady Vale, tir'd and half spent, he dropt asleep; when, lo! the Goddess *Ceres*, with a serene and majestick Face, her Head crown'd with yellow Sheaves, appear'd to him in a Dream, and calling him by name, 'Why will you suffer yourself, said she, to be overcome by your Misfortunes?' 'Alas, reply'd he, my Friends have forsaken me, I have nothing left; nothing but Suits and Creditors: my noble

Fab. I. of the Dead. 5

' noble Birth encreases my Misery, for I
' cannot, like a Slave, work for my Bread.'

To this the Goddess answer'd, ' Does
' Nobility consist in Riches ? or rather
' does it not consist in imitating the glo-
' rious Actions of our Ancestors ? None
' are really Noble, but those who are Just.
' Be contented with a small Income ; let
' this small Income be acquir'd by your
' own Labour ; be chargeable to no Man,
' and you will be the most noble of Men :
' by Softness and false Glory Men make
' themselves miserable. If you want Ne-
' cessaries, why will you be indebted for
' 'em sooner to another than to yourself ?
' Have you not Courage enough to un-
' dergo a laborious Life ?'

She said and presented him a golden
Ploughshare with the Horn of Abundance.
Then appear'd *Bacchus* crown'd with Ivy,
and holding a *Thyrsis* in his hand ; he
was follow'd by *Pan* playing on a Flute,
after whom danc'd the Fauns and Satyrs ;
Pomona too appear'd sinking beneath the
Weight of Fruits, and *Flora* adorn'd with
the sweetest and most beautiful Flowers :
all these rural Deities cast a favourable
Look on *Melesichton*.

As soon as he awaked, he comprehended
the meaning of his Dream, found Comfort
in it, and himself enamour'd with the
Labours of a rural Life; he spoke of it to

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Proxinoe, who immediately gave into his Opinion. The next day they discharged their useleſs Servants, and no one remained in their Houſe, but thoſe whoſe Service was neceſſary; no longer was the Chariot or Charioteer to be ſeen there: *Proxinoe* with *Poemenis* ſpun, whiſt they led their Flocks to feed; then would they weave their own Stuffs and their own Cloth, and make up their own, and all their Families Garments; inſtead of Silks which they were wont to embroider with Gold and Silver, as exquisitely and artfully as *Minerva* herſelf could do it, the Spindle employ'd their Fingers; with their own hands they dreſs'd the Pulſe gather'd in their Garden for the Nouriſhment of the whole Family. The Milk of their Flocks, which with their own Hands they milk'd, increas'd their Plenty. They were obliged to buy nothing, and every thing was eaſily and cleanly dreſs'd; every thing was good, plain, and natural, ſeaſon'd by Appetite, the inſeparable Companion of Sobriety and Labour.

In their Houſe too all was decent and neat; the Tapeſtry was ſold, but the Walls were whitened; nothing was dirty, nothing out of order; the Houſhold-Goods were never cover'd with Duſt, and the Beds, tho' coarſe, were clean. In the Kitchen alſo there was a Decency not to be

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be met with in greater Houses, every thing shin'd and stood in its proper Place. To regale the Family on Holidays, *Proxime* wou'd make excellent Cakes; she had Bees whose Honey was sweeter than that which flow'd from Oaks during the Golden Age. The Cows of their own accord came and offer'd Rivulets of Milk. This laborious Woman had in her Garden all the Plants and Roots which are serviceable to Man's Nourishment; her Trees bore the first Fruits, and she had the Herbs of every Season; she had also several sorts of Flowers, part of which she employ'd in adorning her own House, the other part she sold. The Daughter in every thing assisted the Mother, and had no notion of any other Diversion, but that of singing while she spun or led her Flock to feed; a Flock, to which no other cou'd be compared, which no Wolf durst approach, no Murrain infect. Whilst their fair Shepherdess sung, the young Lambkins danc'd on the tender Grass, and the neighbouring Echoes seem'd to delight in the Repetition of her Songs.

Melesichton with his own Hands till'd his Fields, he himself held the Plough, sow'd his Land, and reap'd it; he found the Toils of Agriculture less fatiguing, more innocent, and more profitable, than the Toils of War: scarce had he mow'd

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his Meadows, but 'twas time to reap the fruitful Gifts of *Ceres*, which paid him for each Seed an hundred fold. Soon after *Bacchus* yielded him a Nectar fit for the Table of the Gods. *Pallas* also gave him the Fruit of her Tree, so useful to Mankind. Winter was the Season in which they all repos'd; and the whole Family enjoying an innocent Pleasure, thank'd the Gods who had undeceiv'd them in their false Notions of Glory. They never fed on Meat but when Sacrifices were offer'd, nor was the Blood of their Flocks spilt but on the Altar.

Melibæus scarce discover'd any youthful Passion, he fed the larger Herds, fell'd Oaks in the Forest, digg'd small Trenches to water the Meadows; always indefatigable that he might ease his Father: when there was no Work to do, his Diversions were hunting, running with young Men of his Age, and Reading, of which his Father had given him a Taste.

Melesichon accustoming himself to this plain Life, soon saw himself richer than he had ever been; he had nothing indeed at home but Necessaries, but then he had 'em in abundance. Scarce did he keep any Company but with his own Family, who were one another's mutual Happiness. They liv'd far from the Palaces of Kings, and from all their dear-bought Plea-

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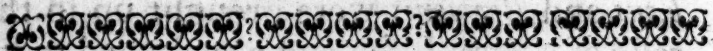
Pleasures; those which they enjoy'd were sweet, innocent, easily had, and without any fatal Consequence. Thus *Melibæus* and *Poemenis* were brought up in the taste of a rural Life, and accustomed to its Toils; they were no longer mindful of their high Birth, but only as it serv'd to encrease their Courage, and make 'em bear Poverty with an equal Mind. At length Plenty return'd without bringing Luxury. Every body used to say to *Melēsichton*, you are repossest'd of your former Riches, 'tis time to resume your former State. Then would he answer, 'Which 'wou'd you have me attach'd to, that 'Luxury which ruin'd me, or that plain 'and laborious Life which made me rich 'and happy?' At length finding himself one day in the same gloomy Wood where *Ceres* had first appear'd to him in an instructive Dream, he repos'd himself on the Grass with as much Content, as he had formerly laid down upon it with Sorrow; and falling asleep, the Goddess appear'd to him again, and said, 'True Nobility consists in receiving nothing from 'any other Persons, but doing all the good 'we can to others. Be beholden then 'for your Livelihood only to the fruitful 'Earth and your own Labour; and take 'good heed that by your Softness, or 'thro a false Glory, you never quit the

B 5

only

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of only natural and inexhaustible Source of
 'Riches and Happiness.'



F A B L E II.

Aristæus and Virgil.

VIRGIL being descended to the
 Shades below, enter'd into the *Ely-*
sian Fields, where Heroes, and Men in-
 spir'd by the Gods, spent their time very
 happily on green Banks enamell'd with
 Flowers, and divided by a thousand flow-
 ing Rivulets. He immediately met the
 Shepherd *Aristæus*, who was there in com-
 pany with the Demi-Gods, and who com-
 ing forwards, and being inform'd who
Virgil was, cry'd, 'I am heartily glad to
 meet with so celebrated a Poet; your
 Verses flow with more Softness than
 the Dew on the tender Grass, and
 their Harmony is sweeter; they melt
 the Heart, and draw Tears from the
 Eyes. You have made some on me and
 on my Bees, of which *Homer* himself
 might be jealous: I am as much indeb-
 ted to you for my Glory, as I am to
Apollo and *Cyrene*. Not long since I re-
 peated some of these Verses to *Linus*,
Hesiod, and *Homer*. After they had heard
 'em,

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'em, they went to drink the Water of the
 'River *Lethe* to forget 'em, so much were
 'they griev'd to think that they had not
 'compos'd these Verses so worthy of
 'themselves. You know that the Poets
 'are a jealous People, come therefore and
 'take your Place amongst 'em.' 'That
 'Place will be a very uncomfortable one,
 'reply'd *Virgil*, since they are so jealous;
 'I must spend many an uneasy Hour
 'amongst 'em; I see that your Bees
 'could not be more easily provok'd than
 'the Hearts of Poets.' 'True, reply'd
 'Aristaus, like Bees they hum, and like
 'them have a sharp Sting with which
 'they wound all those that enrage 'em.'
 'There is another great Person that I
 'must keep fair with, said *Virgil*, and
 'that's the Divine *Orpheus*, how do you
 'agree together?' 'But so so, reply'd
 'Aristaus, he is as jealous of his Wife,
 'as the others are of their Verses; but as
 'for your part, you'll be kindly enough
 'receiv'd by him, and you have spoke
 'much more favourably than *Ovid* of his
 'Quarrel with the *Thracian* Women,
 'who pull'd him to pieces. But let us
 'lose no more time, let us enter into
 'this Grove, water'd by a thousand Foun-
 'tains clearer than *Chrystal*; you'll find
 'that all the sacred Troop will rise to do
 'you Honour: do you not already hear
 'Orpheus's

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‘*Orpheus*’s Lyre; hearken to *Linus* singing the Combat of the Giants with the Gods; hear *Homer* telling how *Achilles* reveng’d the Death of *Patroclus*, by that of *Hector*: but *Hesiod* is the Man whom you ought the most to fear; one of his Temper will be enraged with you, for having dar’d to treat rural Affairs, which was his Talent, with so much Elegance and Beauty.’

Scarce had *Aristæus* finish’d his Discourse, but they found themselves within the cool Shades, where an eternal Rapture reigns, which possesses these Divine Men. They all rose, made *Virgil* sit amongst ’em, and then desir’d him to sing some of his Verses; he sung ’em at first with Modesty, then with Transport: the most jealous of ’em, in spite of themselves, felt a ravishing Sweetness. The Lyre of *Orpheus*, which had enchanted Rocks and Woods, fell from his Hands, and bitter Tears flow’d on his Cheeks. *Homer* for a while forgot the rapid Beauty of the *Iliad*, and the agreeable Variety of the *Odyssey*. *Linus* thinking that such Verses must be compos’d by his Father *Apollo*, remain’d astonish’d, and like one inanimate: *Hesiod*, mov’d with the Lines, cou’d not resist the Charms of ’em; at length recovering himself a little, and fir’d with Jealousy and Indignation, he spoke thus:

‘*Virgil*,

‘*Virgil*, thy Compositions are more lasting
 ‘ than Brass, more durable than Marble :
 ‘ but yet I foretel it thee, the time shall
 ‘ come when a Child shall translate ’em
 ‘ into his own Tongue, and with thee
 ‘ shall share the Glory of having sung the
 ‘ Labours of the Bees.’



F A B L E III.

The History of Alibæus the Persian.

CH A- A B B A S King of *Persia*, under-
 taking a Journey, determin’d to re-
 move himself from Court, and to go *incog-
 nito* into the Country, that he might be-
 hold the People in their natural Simpli-
 city and Liberty. He took only one
 Courtier with him, to whom he said, ‘ I
 ‘ am ignorant of the genuine Manners of
 ‘ Men, every thing that approaches us
 ‘ being disguis’d. ’Tis Art, and not Na-
 ‘ ture, that we see in Courts ; I am resol-
 ‘ ved to know what a rural Life is, to
 ‘ study that kind of Men who are so much
 ‘ despis’d, but who are the Prop of all
 ‘ Human Society. I am weary of seeing
 ‘ nothing but Courtiers, who observe me
 ‘ only with a design to overreach me with
 ‘ their Flatteries : I must go see the La-
 ‘ bourers and Shepherds who do not know
 ‘ me.’

With

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With this Resolution he pass'd with his Confidant thro several Villages, where he saw the Inhabitants dancing; he was extremely well pleased to see such cheap and tranquil Pleasures at such a distance from Court. He din'd in one of their Cottages, and being very hungry, by reason of his having walked so much, he thought their coarse Food more agreeable to the Palate, than all the exquisite Dishes which are served at his own Table. Going over a Medow enamell'd with Flowers, thro which a murmuring Rivulet flow'd, he perceiv'd a young Shepherd sitting beneath the Shade of an Elm, playing on a Pipe near his feeding Flock. The King accosted and examined him, and found his Physiognomy agreeable, his Air plain, ingenuous, but at the same time noble and gracious: the Weeds in which he was dress'd, did not at all lessen his Beauty. The King at first believ'd that he was of an illustrious Race, and thus disguis'd, for some private Reason, till he was inform'd that his Father and Mother lived in an adjacent Village, and that his Name was *Alibæus*. Whilst the King questioned him, he admired his steady and reasonable Soul: his Eyes were lively, yet had nothing in 'em wild or fiery; his Voice was sweet, musical, and insinuating; his Face had nothing in it rough,

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rough, yet was not his Beauty soft and effeminate. This Shepherd, who was about 16 Years of Age, was not in the least conscious of his own Charms; he believ'd that his Thoughts, his Words, and every thing in him, was like those of the other Shepherds of his Village: but without Education he knew every thing that Reason can teach those who will hearken to it. The King having enter'd into a familiar Conversation with him, was charmed; by him he was inform'd of every thing concerning the State of the People, and which a King can never truly hear from that Crowd of Flatterers which surround him. Sometimes he wou'd smile at the ingenuous Simplicity of this Youth, who never spared any thing in his Answers. He made sign to the Courtier who accompanied him, that he shou'd take care and not discover that he was King, lest *Alibaus*, knowing whom he spoke to, shou'd lose all his Freedom of Speech, and consequently all the Graces of it. 'I see plainly, *said the Monarch to the Courtier*, that Nature is no less pleasing in the lowest, than 'tis in the highest State of Life; never did a Prince's Son appear to be better born than this Lad, who now follows Sheep. I shou'd esteem myself happy indeed, had I a Son as beautiful, as lovely, and as sensible

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‘fible as this Youth; he appears to me
‘fit for every thing, and if they take care
‘to instruct him, he’ll certainly one day
‘prove a great Man; I’ll take care to
‘give him a good Education near me.’

This Resolution taken, the King carried *Alibæus* away with him, who was very much surpriz’d when he found that ’twas to the King he had made himself so agreeable: they taught him to read, to write, to sing, and then he was instructed in all the Arts and Sciences which can adorn the Mind. At first he was dazled with the Splendor of the Court, and his sudden Change of Fortune, chang’d his Heart a little also. His Age, and the Favour he was in, join’d together, somewhat alter’d his Wisdom and his Moderation. Instead of his Crook, his Pipe, and his Shepherd’s Weeds, he wore a Purple Garment embroider’d with Gold, and a Turbant enrich’d with precious Stones: his Beauty eclips’d all that was beautiful at Court; he made himself capable of the most serious Affairs, and deserv’d his Master’s Confidence; who finding the exquisite Taste that *Alibæus* had for every thing that was magnificent, gave him at last an Office very considerable in *Persia*, which is that of Keeper of all the Jewels and precious Furniture belonging to the King.

During

During the whole Life of the Great *Cha-Abbas*, *Alibaus* grew daily more and more in Favour, and as he advanc'd farther in Age, he began to recall to mind his former Condition, and often regretted it. 'O happy days, wou'd he sometimes cry, innocent Days! Days in which I tasted the most pure Joys, accompanied with no kind of Dangers: Days than which I never saw any more pleasant; he who depriv'd me of you, by giving me all my Riches, has taken from me all I had.'

Alibaus determining to go and see his native Country, was extremely mov'd at the sight of every Place where he had danced, sung and tuned the sprightly Reed amongst his Companions. All his Relations, and all his Friends, had Proofs of his Generosity; but he wish'd, that for the sake of their own Quiet and Happiness, they might never forsake a rural Life, never know the Miseries of a Court; Miseries! Which he himself was in a little time after made sensible of.

Cha-Abbas, his good old Master, dying, was succeeded by his Son *Chaph-Sephi*, whom some envious Courtiers (for such there always are) took care to prejudice against *Alibaus*. 'He has, said they, made an ill Use of the Confidence which the late King reposed in him; he has heap'd up

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‘up immense Riches, and embezzled several valuable Things, with which he was entrusted.’ *Chaph-Sephi* was young, and was a Prince, enough to make him credulous, unmindful of any thing, and without Foresight. He had Vanity enough to make him imagine that he could reform several of his Father’s Actions, and judge of Things better than he had done. For a Pretence of turning him out of Place, according to the Advice of his envious Courtiers, he order’d *Alibaus* to bring him a Scymitar set with Diamonds, and which the old King was wont to wear in Battle. *Cha-Abbas* had formerly order’d the Diamonds to be taken out; and *Alibaus* prov’d that it was done by the King’s Order, long before he was in possession of the Office. When his Enemies found this would not do, they persuaded *Chaph-Sephi* to command *Alibaus* to give an exact Inventory, within a Fortnight’s Time, of all that he had in his Keeping. At the Fortnight’s end the King desired to see every thing himself; *Alibaus* open’d every Door and Chest, and shew’d him all that was under his Care. Every thing was clean and carefully rang’d in its proper Place, and nothing was wanting. The King surpriz’d to see so much Exactness and Order every where, was almost reconciled

Fab. 3. of the Dead. 19

to *Alibaus*, when at the End of a great Gallery, fill'd with precious Furniture, he saw an Iron Door, on which were three great Locks: Upon this, the envious Courtiers whisper'd in their Master's Ear, 'Here 'tis that *Alibaus* has hid all the 'valuable Things he has robb'd you of.' 'Open that Door, cry'd the King, immediately, in a Passion; I'll see what's beyond that Door: what is there, shew me this Instant.' *Alibaus* threw himself at the King's Feet, conjuring him by the Sacred Gods, not to take from him all that he had valuable on Earth. 'It is not just, says he, that in a Moment's Time I should lose all that I possess, all that I have to depend on, after having serv'd the King your Father for so many Years: Take every Thing else that I have, but leave me this.'

Chaph-Sephi no longer doubted, but that all *Alibaus's* ill-gotten Wealth was hidden there; wherefore raising his Voice, and redoubling his Threats, he commanded the Door to be open'd. *Alibaus* obey'd; and having the Keys, unlock'd it himself: But how surpriz'd were they, when they saw nothing but the Crook, the Pipe, and the Shepherd's Weed which he had formerly wore, and which he often us'd to visit, lest he should forget his former Condition. 'Behold, Great

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Great King, *said he*, the precious Remains of my former Happinefs, which neither Fortune, nor your Power can take from me. Behold the Treasure which will enrich me, when you have endeavour'd to make me poor. Take every thing elfe from me, but leave me thefe dear Pledges of my priſtine State. Thefe are ſolid Riches, which ſhall never fail me: Riches! which will keep thoſe innocent and happy, who can be contented with Neceſſaries, and never trouble themſelves about ſuperfluous Things. Riches! which do not deprive one of Liberty and Safety, and which never gave any one a Moment's Uneaſinefs. O you dear Implements of a plain, but bleſſed Life; you only I love, and with you I am reſolved to live and die. Why muſt deceitful Riches thus have deceiv'd me, and robb'd me of my Quiet? Yes, Great King, I freely return you all that I owe your Generoſity, and will preſerve only what I poſſeſs, when the King your Father, by his Liberality, made me miſerable.

The King a little recover'd from his Surprize, was ſenſible of *Alibaus's* Innocence, and enrag'd againſt the Courtiers, who had endeavour'd to deceive him, he baniſh'd 'em his Preſence. *Alibaus* became

came his Chief Minister, and was intrust-
ed with the most secret and most impor-
tant Affairs; but still every day he visit-
ed his Crook, his Pipe, and his Weeds,
which he kept lock'd up in his Treasury,
that he might have 'em ready, whenever
the Inconstancy of Fortune should rob
him of his Master's Favour. He died in
an extreme old Age, without having per-
mitted any Enemy of his to be punish'd,
or heaping up any Riches; so that when
he died, he left his Relations but just
enough to live in the Condition of Shep-
herds, which he thought the safest and
happiest.



FABLE



FABLE IV.

*The History of Rosimondus and
Bramintes.*

THERE was formerly a very beautiful young Man, named *Rosimondus*, who had as much Virtue and Wit, as his elder Brother *Bramintes* had Uglinefs, Brutality, and Wickednefs in him. The Mother, who abhorr'd the elder, doated on her younger Son. The other, jealous, invented a horrid Falshood to disgrace his Brother, affuring their Father, That *Rosimondus* us'd often to go to a Neighbour's, his inveterate Enemy, and there tell every thing that was done at home, promising him an Opportunity of Poisoning his Father. Upon this, the Old Man, miserably enraged, beat his Son cruelly, so that he was all cover'd with Blood, then lock'd him up for the space of three Days, without so much as allowing him the least Morsel of Food; and that Time expir'd, drove him from his House, and threatned to kill him, if ever he offer'd to return. The affrightned Mother durst not speak in his Behalf; and all her Relief was in Sighs and Groans.

Mean

Mean while the Youth went crying away; and not knowing whither to retire, in the Evening cross'd a large Wood, and at Night found himself at the Foot of a Rock; and going into a Cavern that was in it, he laid himself down on a mossy Bed, near which a clear Fountain bubbled up, and being tired and spent, he fell asleep. Scarce did the Morning dawn, but he awak'd, and saw on a grey Horse, whose Furniture was embroider'd with Gold, a very beautiful Woman, who seem'd as if going a hunting, and who ask'd him, Whether, or no, he had seen a Stag pass by that way, follow'd by Dogs: To which he reply'd, He had not. Then looking stedfastly, 'You seem afflicted,' said she; What ails you? Here take this Ring, and if you do not make an ill Use of it, it will make you the most powerful and the most happy of Men. Turn the Diamond to the Inside of your Hand, and you shall immediately become invisible, and when you turn it out again, you shall appear to every body. Nor is this all its Virtues; when you wear it on your little Finger, you shall be like the King's Son, follow'd by a magnificent Train: On the other hand, when you wear it on the fourth Finger, you shall appear in your own natural Form. Rosimondus soon

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soon comprehended that it was a Fairy who spoke to him, and who, as soon as she had finish'd, retir'd into the Wood.

But he, big with the Thoughts of experiencing the Present, return'd immediately to his Father's House, where he saw and heard every thing without being discovered. 'Twas in his power to be revenged of his Brother, without exposing himself to any Danger; but he declin'd it, shew'd himself to his Mother, and told her the whole Adventure. Then putting the Ring on his little Finger, he at once appear'd like the Prince Royal, having a vast Number of Officers richly clad, and an hundred Horsemen in his Equipage. His Father was very much surpriz'd to find the King's Son within his little Habitation, and was in a very great Consternation, not knowing how to pay him Respect enough. *Rosimondus* then ask'd him, how many Sons he had? 'Two, reply'd the Old Man.' 'Shew them me,' said *Rosimondus*; 'I'll take 'em both to Court with me, and make their Fortunes.' The Father trembling and faulting in his Speech, 'Here, Sir, said he, is the elder.' 'And where is your younger, cry'd *Rosimondus*, I want to see him also?' He is not at home, reply'd the Father; I chastis'd him for a Fault, and he ran away from me.' 'Your Re-

‘ Rebukes ought to have been less severe,
 ‘ *answer’d he* ; you ought to chastise, but
 ‘ not to drive a Son away from you. How-
 ‘ ever, let the elder follow me, and do
 ‘ you go where these two Guards shall
 ‘ conduct you.’ Immediately two of the
 Guards took the Old Man, and led him
 away ; and the Fairy whom we have al-
 ready mentioned, meeting him in a Fo-
 rest, struck him with a golden Wand,
 and made him enter into a dark and hol-
 low Cave, where he remain’d enchanted.
 ‘ There, *said she*, you shall stay till your
 ‘ Son comes to deliver you.’

Mean while, *Rosimondus* went to Court,
 at a time when the young Prince was
 gone to wage War against a distant Island ;
 but having, by the Violence of the Wind,
 been forc’d upon an unknown Coast,
 where he suffer’d Shipwreck, was made
 Prisoner by a savage People. *Rosimondus*
 appear’d at the Court instead of the
 Prince, whom they had given over for
 lost, and whose Death every body was
 deploring. He told ’em, that by the
 Assistance of some Merchants he was
 sav’d, without whose Aid he had certainly
 perish’d. His suppos’d Return caus’d
 an universal Joy. The King was so
 transported, that he hung about his Son’s
 Neck, but was not able to speak ; and
 the Queen was even more sensibly affect-
 ed :

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ed: In short, the Rejoycings throughout the whole Kingdom were great.

One day the supposed Prince meeting *Bramintes*, said, 'You are sensible that I drew you out of your own native Obscurity; but notwithstanding that, I knew you to be a Lyar, and that by your Imposture you ruin'd your Brother; he retir'd from you, and is now hid within this Palace: you shall see him, speak to him, and give him an Opportunity of upbraiding you with your Villany.' *Bramintes* hearing this, threw himself at his Feet, and confess'd his Crime, but was told, that all was in vain, he must see *Rosimondus*, and beg his Pardon; 'And he will be very good and generous, continued he, if he does pardon you; you do not in the least deserve it: He's now in my Closet, and you shall immediately see him; mean while I'll retire, that you may have the liberty of conversing freely together.'

Bramintes walk'd into the Closet, in compliance to the Prince's Orders, who putting the Ring on his fourth Finger, reassumed his former Shape, and by a Back-Door came to his Brother, who ashamed and confounded, begg'd his pardon, and promis'd to atone for his Faults. *Rosimondus* wept, embrac'd, and forgave him, saying, 'I am entirely in the Prince's Favour;

'Favour; 'tis in my power to have you
 'put to death, or condemn'd to a per-
 'petual Imprisonment; but I'll repay
 'your Injuries with Kindness.' *Bramintes*
 answer'd him with a great deal of Sub-
 mission, not daring to lift his Eyes up to
 him, or so much as to call him Brother.

Some little time after this, *Rosimondus*
 pretending privately to visit a neighbour-
 ing Princess, went to his Mother's House,
 where he gave her an account of every
 thing he had done, and supply'd her with
 what little Money she wanted, for he
 could take what he pleas'd out of the
 Royal Treasury, by the King's own
 Permission, but that was a Favour he
 never abus'd.

Mean while, there broke out a terri-
 ble War between his suppos'd Father and
 a neighbouring King, whose Actions
 were unjust, and his Promises not to be
 rely'd upon. *Rosimondus* went to his
 Court; and by the Assistance of his Ring,
 enter'd into all his Counsels, still thwart-
 ed his Designs, commanded the Army a-
 gainst him, totally overthrew it in Battle,
 and concluded a glorious Peace with him
 upon very advantageous Terms. The King
 thought of nothing now but marrying him
 to a neighbouring Princess, Heiress of
 her Father's Kingdom, and who was more
 beautiful than the Graces. But one day

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whilst *Rosimondus* was hunting in the Forest, where he had formerly met the good Fairy, she again appear'd to him ; ' Beware, said she, with a severe Tone, that you do not marry as though you really were the Prince ; you must deceive no one : 'tis but just, that the Prince for whom you are taken should return to inherit his Father's Kingdom. Go then and seek him in a distant Island, to which the prosperous Winds that shall fill your swelling Sails will waft you. Hasten to serve your Master, in spite of all ambitious Hopes ; and, like an honest Man, be contented with your own Condition. Unless you obey me, I'll forsake you, and give you wholly up to your former Misfortunes.'

Rosimondus with pleasure hearkned to so good an Advice ; and, under pretence of negotiating a secret Business in a neighbouring State, he went on board a ship, and was immediately carried to the Island where the Fairy had inform'd him that the true Prince was detained. This savage People had made him tend their Herds. *Rosimondus* found him in their Pastures, and covering him with his Cloak, which, as well as himself, was invisible, he carried him to the Sea-shore, and they together went on board. The Winds, obedient to the Fairy's Will, brought

brought 'em back again. They came together into the King's Apartment, and *Rosimondus* presenting his Son to him, said, 'Your Majesty has believed me your Son ; I am not ; but here I restore him to you.' The King surpriz'd, address'd himself to the Prince, saying, 'Are not you, my Son, the Person who overthrew our Enemies, and concluded a glorious Peace with them ? or is it true that you were shipwreck'd, made a Captive, and deliver'd by *Rosimondus*?' 'Yes, my good Father, *reply'd the Prince*, 'twas he that deliver'd me from Bondage, and to him I owe my Liberty, and the Pleasure of seeing you again : To him, and not to me, ascribe the Victory.' The King could not be perswaded of the Truth of what was told him, till *Rosimondus* changing his Ring again, shew'd himself in the Form of the Prince. The astonish'd King was confounded, to see two Persons before him, who both appear'd to be his Son. Then offer'd he vast Sums of Money to *Rosimondus*, for such signal Services. But all the Favour he begg'd, was, That his Brother *Bramintes* might be continu'd in an Office at Court which he was already in possession of. For his part, dreading the Inconstancy of Fortune, the Envy of Men, and mistrusting his own Abilities, he chose to

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retire to his own Village, where he liv'd with his Mother, and employ'd his time in tilling the Earth. The Fairy, who again met him in the Wood, shew'd him the Cave in which his Father was enchanted, and taught him what Words he must pronounce for his Deliverance. As he had impatiently long'd a great while to do it, he went joyfully about it, and gave him wherewith to live comfortably the remainder of his Life. *Rosmondus* was a Benefactor to his whole Family, and had the pleasure of doing good to all those that had sought to do him harm. After having done so many things for the Service of the Court, he would be indebted to it for nothing but the Liberty of living far from its Degeneracy. And as his Wisdom and Foresight were great, he fear'd that his Ring might tempt him to leave his Solitude, and again engage him in the World. Wherefore he return'd to the Wood where he had formerly met the Fairy, and daily visited the Cave where she had first appear'd to him, in hopes of meeting with her again. A length one day she came, and he returning the enchanted Ring, said, ' I restore you this precious, but dangerous Present; which might so easily be misused. I shall never believe myself safe, but when I find ' it

‘ it out of my power to quit my Retirement, or to gratify all my Passions.’

But while *Rosimondus* was returning this Ring, *Bramintes* still wicked and incorrigible, gave a loose to all his Passions, and would have engaged the Prince, who since his Father’s Death had ascended the Throne, to use *Rosimondus* ill. Wherefore the Fairy said to this last, ‘ Your Brother is still a Villain, he would willingly make you suspected by the King, and ruin you ; for which he deserves to be punish’d, and shall inevitably perish. I’ll instantly go and give him the Ring which you have restored me.’ *Rosimondus* at first deplor’d his Brother’s miserable Fate ; then said to the Fairy, ‘ Is such a precious Gift a Punishment ? he’ll certainly misuse it though, acquiring an unlimited Power to himself, and doing evil to all just and good Men.’

‘ The same thing, answered the Fairy, may be one Man’s Remedy and another’s Poison ; Prosperity is the never-failing Source of a wicked Man’s Misfortunes. When you would punish a Villain, ’tis but making him powerful, and he soon hastens to his own Ruin.’ She said, and leaving him, went to the Palace, shew’d herself to *Bramintes* in the form of an old Woman clothed in Rags, and said, ‘ I have taken from your Bro-

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‘ ther

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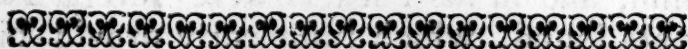
‘ther the Ring I had lent him, and with
 ‘ which he had acquir’d so much Honour;
 ‘ do you now take care what use you make
 ‘ of it.’ *Bramintes* laughing, reply’d, ‘ I
 ‘ shall not, like my Brother, go seek the
 ‘ rightful Prince, when I may reign in his
 ‘ stead.’

Being now in possession of the Ring,
Bramintes made it his whole Business to
 discover Family-Secrets, to be guilty of
 treacherous and infamous Actions, of
 Murders, of listning to the King’s secret
 Counsels, and of rapaciouſly robbing every
 body. His invisible Crimes amazed every
 one. The King finding that all his
 Secrets were discover’d, knew not how
 to account for it: But the boundless
 Prosperity of *Bramintes*, as well as his
 Haughtiness, made him suspect that he
 was Master of his Brother’s Ring. To
 discover this, he made use of a Stranger,
 an Enemy’s Subject, to whom he gave a
 great Sum of Money. This Man, in the
 Name of his King, offer’d him vast Riches
 and Honours, if by his Spies he would give
 him intelligence of all the King’s Counsels.

Bramintes promis’d, and went with him
 to receive a great Sum, as an Earnest of
 his Reward; and boasted that he had a
 Ring which made him invisible. The
 next Morning he was by the King’s
 Order arrested, the Ring taken from
 him,

him, and in his Pockets were several Papers found, which sufficiently prov'd his Crimes. *Rosimondus* came to Court to beg his Brother's pardon, which was deny'd him; *Bramintes* was put to death: and the Ring prov'd a greater Misfortune to him than it had a Happiness to his Brother.

To comfort *Rosimondus*, the King return'd him the Ring, as a Treasure of an infinite Value: but the afflicted *Rosimondus* did not think so. He return'd to seek the Fairy in the Wood, and meeting her, said, 'Take back your Ring, my Brother's Fate has taught me what at first I did not comprehend, though you told it me; keep this unhappy Instrument of my Brother's Death. Alas! he might still have lived, nor have overwhelmed my Father's Age with Grief and Shame: He might still have been wise and happy, perhaps, had it not been in his power to have gratify'd his Desires. O how dangerous it is to be more powerful than other Men! Once more take back your Ring; woe to the next Man to whom it shall be given: The only Favour I beg of you, is, that it may never be possess'd by any one whom I have a value for.'



FABLE V.

The Adventures of Aristonous.

S*ophronimus* having by Shipwrecks, and other Misfortunes, lost the Estate left him by his Ancestors, retired to the Island of *Delos*, where his Virtue proved his Comfort. There on a Golden Harp he play'd, and sung the Praises of the God to whom the Isle is consecrated. He offer'd at the Muses Shrine, and by them was inspired ; he pry'd curiously into the hidden things of Nature, study'd the Courses and Revolutions of the Heavens and Heavenly Bodies, the Order of the Elements, the Structure of the universal World, which with a Compass he could measure ; the Use of Plants and Simples, and the Instinct and Disposition of Animals : but above all, he study'd himself, and made it his whole Business to implant Virtue into his Soul. Thus Fortune, by endeavouring to depress him, rais'd him to the greatest Honour, even to that of Wisdom.

Whilst thus in his Retreat he led a poor, but happy Life, he one day on the Beach perceiv'd a venerable old Man, who
was

was just landed, and who to him was a perfect Stranger. The good old Man with Admiration view'd the Shore, and look'd round the once floating Island; with pleasure he cast his Eyes above the Sands and Rocks, where little Hillocks rose perpetually green and flourishing. He could not be satisfy'd with gazing on the Chrystal Fountains and rapid Rivulets, which refreshed and watered this enchanting Country; he moved on towards the sacred Groves, which on every side surround *Apollo's* Temple. With admiration he gazed on the perpetual Verdure, which the bleak North-East durst never blast. Already he survey'd the Temple of the God, built with *Parian* Marble, whiter than unsully'd Snow, and surrounded by lofty Jasper Pillars.

Mean while *Sophronimus* was as intent in viewing the old Man; his Silver Beard hung down upon his Breast, his wrinkled Face had nothing deform'd in it, nor had he any Marks of a decrepid old Age: Vivacity sparkled in his Eyes, his Stature was tall, his Gait Majestick, but inclining forward, he leant on an Ivory Staff. *Sophronimus* addressing himself to him, said, 'What seek you in this Island, venerable Stranger, which seems to be wholly unknown to you? If it be the Temple of the God, which at this distance

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‘tance you may behold, accept of me to
 ‘conduct you thither; I fear the Gods
 ‘and know what *Jove* and Hospitality re-
 ‘quire of us.’

‘I accept your Offer with all my heart,
 ‘*reply’d the old Man*; may the Gods re-
 ‘ward you for your Kindness to Stran-
 ‘gers: come let us walk towards the Tem-
 ‘ple.’ As they were going thither, the
 old Man gave *Sophronimus* an account of
 the reason of his Voyage: ‘My Name,
 ‘*said he*, is *Aristonous*; I was born at *Clazomene*, a Town of *Ionis*, whose Situa-
 ‘tion is on that delightful Coast, which
 ‘advances itself into the Sea, and which
 ‘looks as if it touch’d the Island *Chios*,
 ‘the fortunate Country of *Homer*. My
 ‘Parentage, though poor, was noble;
 ‘*Polystratus* was my Father’s Name, whose
 ‘numerous Family already overburdening
 ‘him, caus’d me to be expos’d, by one
 ‘of his Friends of *Teos*. I was found by
 ‘an old Woman of *Erythrea*, who liv’d
 ‘not far from the Place where I was ex-
 ‘pos’d, and who taking me home to her
 ‘Cottage, fed me with the Milk of Goats.
 ‘But being very poor herself, and not a-
 ‘ble to entertain me too, as soon as I
 ‘was old enough for any Service, she
 ‘sold me for a Slave to a Merchant, who
 ‘carried me to *Lycia*, and at *Patara* sold
 ‘me to *Alcinus*, a rich and vertuous Man,
 who

' who in my Youth took care of me ; and
 ' finding me tractable, moderate, sincere,
 ' affectionate, and attentive to every thing
 ' which was Praise-worthy, he devoted
 ' me to the Arts which *Apollo* favours ; he
 ' had me instructed in Musick, in all man-
 ' ner of bodily Exercifes, but eſpecially
 ' in Surgery, and the Art of healing all
 ' kinds of Wounds. I ſoon acquired a
 ' ſufficient ſhare of Reputation in that
 ' Art, ſo uſeful to Mankind ; and *Apollo*,
 ' who inſpired me, revealed ſome won-
 ' derful Secrets to me. *Alcinus*, who dai-
 ' ly lov'd me more and more, and was ex-
 ' tremely pleas'd to ſee how well his Care
 ' of me was repaid, gave me my liberty,
 ' ſent me to *Damocles*, King of *Lycaonia* ;
 ' who living amidſt ſoft Pleaſures, lov'd
 ' Life, and fear'd Death. This King, to
 ' detain me, loaded me with Riches.
 ' Some few Years after, *Damocles* died, and
 ' his Son being by the Intrigue of Flat-
 ' terers incens'd againſt me, I became ſen-
 ' ſible of the falſe Eclat of Courts. I
 ' was then poſſeſs'd with a violent Deſire
 ' of ſeeing *Lycia*, where I had liv'd all
 ' my Youth : I was in hopes of meeting
 ' with *Alcinus*, who had brought me
 ' up, and was the Founder of my For-
 ' tune. The firſt thing I was inform'd
 ' of, when I arriv'd, was *Alcinus's* Death,
 ' after having loſt his Eſtate, and ſuffer'd
 ' with

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' with Patience and Constancy the Mis-
 ' ries of old Age. I strew'd Flowers on
 ' his Ashes, and sprinkled them with
 ' Tears. I had an honourable Inscription
 ' grav'd on his Tomb, and then enquired
 ' what was become of his Children. They
 ' told me that there remain'd but one of
 ' them, whose Name was *Orcilochus*, and
 ' who, not able to live poor and retired,
 ' where his Father had liv'd so splendidly,
 ' went on board a strange Ship, resolving
 ' to live obscurely in some solitary Island.
 ' To this they added, that *Orcilochus* had
 ' been cast away, a little while after, near
 ' the Isle *Carpathus*; so that not one of
 ' the Family of my Benefactor *Alcinus* was
 ' left. Immediately I resolv'd to buy the
 ' House in which he had liv'd, with the
 ' fruitful Fields that surround it, and
 ' which he had possess'd. Nothing could
 ' please me more than the Sight of a Place
 ' which always made me recall to mind
 ' the pleasantest part of my Life, and the
 ' kindest of Masters: And I often fancy'd
 ' myself to be the same blooming Youth,
 ' as when I serv'd *Alcinus*.

' Scarce had I purchas'd this Estate,
 ' but I was obliged to go to *Clazomene*.
 ' My Father and Mother were both dead,
 ' and I had several Brothers, who could
 ' not agree together. I appear'd before
 ' them as soon as I came to *Clazomene*, in

‘ a mean Dress, as one who was destitute
 ‘ of Money, shewing them the Marks
 ‘ with which you know People generally
 ‘ take care to expose Children. They
 ‘ were astonish’d when they saw the
 ‘ Number of *Polystratus’s* Heirs increase,
 ‘ who were to divide the small Inheri-
 ‘ tance. Upon this they resolv’d to dis-
 ‘ own me for a Brother ; nor would they
 ‘ acknowledge me before the Judges. To
 ‘ punish their Inhumanity, I consented to
 ‘ be look’d upon as a Stranger, and that
 ‘ they should be excluded from ever inheri-
 ‘ ting what I left. The Judges decreed that
 ‘ it should be so ; and then I shew’d them
 ‘ the Treasure which I had brought with
 ‘ me. I let them know, that I was the
 ‘ same *Aristonous* who had acquir’d so
 ‘ much Wealth under *Damocles*, and that
 ‘ I never had been marry’d.

‘ My Brothers soon repented of their
 ‘ having dealt so unjustly by me, and ho-
 ‘ ping that they yet one day might be my
 ‘ Heirs, they endeavour’d, but in vain, to
 ‘ insinuate themselves into my Favour.
 ‘ The Estate which my Father had left,
 ‘ by reason of their Divisions, was sold ;
 ‘ I purchas’d it, and they with grief saw
 ‘ the whole Estate fall into the hands of
 ‘ one to whom they had deny’d an in-
 ‘ considerable Part. They soon were o-
 ‘ verwhelmed with Poverty ; but having
 ‘ smarted

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'smarted for their Fault, I was willing to
 'give 'em a Proof of my Good-nature; I
 'forgave them, receiv'd 'em into my House,
 'and furnish'd them with enough to gain
 'considerable Estates by merchandizing; I
 'reconciled them all, and both they and
 'their Children liv'd peaceably together in
 'my House; I became the common Father
 'of all their Families, who, by their Union
 'and their Industry, soon acquir'd conside-
 'rable Riches. Mean while you see Old
 'Age is knocking at my Door, my Hairs
 'are whitened, and my Face wrinkled, and
 'I plainly see that I cannot long enjoy this
 'Prosperity: but before my Death I was
 'once more willing to see *Lycia*, far dearer
 'to me than my own native Country, where,
 'under the Tuition of the virtuous *Alcinus*,
 'I learnt to be good and wise. In my
 'Voyage I accidentally met with a Mer-
 'chant of the *Cyclade* Islands, who assured
 'me that in *Delos* there still liv'd a Son of *Or-
 'ciloebus*, who was a Copy of the Wisdom
 'and Virtue of his Grandfather *Alcinus*. Upon
 'this I immediately put off my *Lycian* Voyage,
 'and under the Guidance of *Apollo*, I hast-
 'ned to this Island to seek the precious
 'Remains of a Family to which I owe all
 'that I possess. My Days draw toward
 'their end, and the cruel Sisters, Enemies
 'to the Repose, which by the Gods is so
 'seldom granted to Man, will soon cut the
 'Thread

' Thread of my Life : But I shou'd close
' my Eyes in Peace, cou'd they once be-
' hold my belov'd Master's Grandson. Tell
' me then, you that are an Inhabitant of
' this Island, do you know him ? Shew him
' me if you can, and may the Gods, as a
' Reward of your Labour, grant you the
' sight of your Children's Children to the
' fifth Generation ! To recompence your
' Virtue, may they preserve your whole
' Family in Plenty and in Peace !'

Whilst *Aristonous* was speaking, Tears
caus'd both by Joy and Sorrow, flow'd
from *Sophronimus*'s Eyes, and whilst the
Hurry of these Passions denied him Words,
he threw his Arms about the Old Man's
Neck, and tenderly embraced him : at
length, but with much ado, he utter'd
these Words, which by his Sighs were
often interrupted.

' I, O my Father, I am the Man you
' look for ; behold *Sophronimus*, the Grand-
' son of your Friend *Alcinus* : Once more
' I am he, nor do I by what I have heard,
' in the least doubt but that the Gods
' themselves have sent you hither to alle-
' viate my Misfortunes. In you, and in
' you only, may be found that Gratitude
' which seem'd to have forsaken the
' Earth. I had indeed, whilst yet a Child,
' heard that my Grandfather had brought
' up a Person who now was a famous and
' wealthy

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' wealthy Man in *Lycaonia* ; but as *Orci-*
 ' *luchus* my Father died whilst I was yet
 ' in my Cradle, I heard these things but
 ' in a confus'd manner, and unwilling to
 ' go upon an Uncertainty to *Lycaonia*, I
 ' rather chose to stay in this Island, where
 ' I have comforted myself under my Mis-
 ' fortunes, by contemning vain Riches, and
 ' in devoting myself to the Study of Po-
 ' etry in the sacred Dome of *Apollo*. Wis-
 ' dom, which teaches Man to be conten-
 ' ted with a small matter, and to be easy,
 ' has hitherto stood me in lieu of all other
 ' Treasures.'

Just as *Sophronimus* had done speaking
 these Words, he perceived that they were
 arriv'd at the Temple-Gate, and there-
 fore propos'd to *Aristonous* that they shou'd
 offer up their Prayers and Sacrifices : Ac-
 cordingly they offered up two Sheep,
 whose Whiteness outvy'd the Snow, and
 a Bull that had a Crescent in his Fore-
 head between the two Horns ; and then
 in Verse they sung the Praises of the God
 who gives Light to the World, who or-
 ders the Seasons, who presides over Arts
 and Sciences, and who inspires the Cho-
 rus of the Muses. Coming out of the
 Temple, *Sophronimus* carried the good old
 Man to his own House, where he receiv'd
 him with the same Love and Respect with
 which he wou'd have receiv'd *Alcinus*,
 had

had he still been living; and the remainder of the day was spent in recounting their Adventures to each other. The next Day they went on board together, and sailed for *Lycia*, where being arrived, *Aristonous* carried *Sophronimus* into a fertile Country, on the Banks of the River *Xanthus*, in which *Apollo* has so often plung'd his Body, and dipt his flaxen Hair, when in his return from Hunting, he was cover'd o'er with Dust. On the Banks of this River they found tall Poplars and Willows, in whose green and tender Boughs an infinite number of Birds, which sung night and day, had built their Nests. A Channel, whose Bottom was paved with Pebble-stones, receiv'd the noisy foaming Waters of a River which fell into it from an impending Rock; a yellow Harvest crown'd the fertile Plains, and the neighbouring Hillocks rose like an Amphitheatre, and Vines and fruitful Trees overspread 'em; all Nature there smil'd and look'd gay, calm and serene. The Air; the Earth still pushing from her Bosom new Riches, to reward the labouring Swain. As they advanc'd still further on the River, *Sophronimus* perceiv'd a House which appear'd to be plain and mean, but whose Architecture was pleasing to the sight, and its Parts proportionable: In the inside of it he found neither Gold,

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Gold, nor Silver, nor Ivory, nor Purple Furniture ; every thing was neat, agreeable, and contriv'd for Convenience; not Ostentation. In the middle of the Court a Fountain bubbled up, and form'd a small Canal, which was border'd by a flowry Turf. The Gardens were not very large, but they were filled with all kinds of Fruits and Plants which are necessary to Man's Nourishment. On each side of the Garden there was a Grove, whose Trees appear'd to be almost as old as the Earth itself which bore 'em, and whose thick interwoven Branches defended its Walks from the heat of the Sun-beams. They enter'd into a spacious Hall, where they made an agreeable Repast on such Food as Nature herself had provided, and wherein none of those Delicacies which Men search for so far, and buy in Cities, cou'd be seen. Their Milk was even as sweet as that which *Apollo* himself milk'd when he tended the Flocks of King *Admetus* : their Honey was more exquisite than the Honey of the Bees of *Hybla* in *Sicily*, or of Mount *Hymettus* in *Attica* ; the Pulse of the Garden, and the Fruit was but just gather'd ; their Wine more delicious than *Nectar*, flow'd from large Vases into well carv'd Goblets. During their frugal, but pleasant Repast, *Aristonous* declined sitting down at Table : at first indeed, to excuse his

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his Modesty, he found out various Pre-
tences ; but *Sophronimus* still pressing him,
he at length declared that nothing shou'd
persuade him to sit at Table with the
Grandson of *Alcinus*, whom he had so of-
ten waited upon in the same Hall. ' In
that Place, *said he*, it was, the venerable
Sage was wont to eat ; there he con-
vers'd with his Friends, there he exer-
cised himself at various Games ; there
wou'd he walk and read the Works of
Homer or of *Hesiod* ; and there at night
he laid himself down to sleep.' Whilst
he recall'd these various Circumstances to
mind, his Heart melted within him, and
his Eyes flow'd with Tears. When the
Repast was finished, he led *Sophronimus*
into his flowry Meadows, where the lar-
ger Herds were lowing on the River
Banks ; they saw the woolly Flocks re-
turning from their Pasture, the tender
Lambkins bounding on the Grass, fol-
low'd the bleating Ewes, whose Udders
were stretch'd out with Milk. On every
side you might behold the diligent La-
bourer, who seem'd in love with his
Work ; so kind, so humane, was their
Master to them, by whose means the
Bonds of Slavery were made easy.

Aristonous having shew'd the House, the
Slaves, the Herds, the Flocks, and the
enriched Soil to *Sophronimus*, spoke to him
in

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in the following manner: 'I am overjoy'd to see you in possession of the ancient Estate of your Ancestors, and of a Place in which I so long waited upon *Alcinus*. May you peaceably enjoy what was his, but by a long foresight prepare yourself to end your days more calmly than he did.' Then by a Deed of Gift he made the Estate over to him according to all the Formalities of the Laws; and at the same time cut off all his natural Heirs from any part of his Inheritance, should they ever prove ungrateful enough to contend with the Grandson of *Alcinus*, his Benefactor, the Donation of the Estate. But yet this did not satisfy *Aristonous* before he made over his House, he furnish'd it entirely from top to bottom, not with gaudy, but plain, modest, and agreeable Furniture; the Barns and Granaries he fill'd with the richest Gifts of *Ceres*, and the Vaults with the choicest Wine of *Chios*, fit to be serv'd up at the Table of almighty *Jove* by *Ganymede* of *Hebe*: he also laid in some *Parmenian* Wine, with an abundant Store of Honey of *Hy-mettus* and of *Hybla*, and *Attican* Oil almost as sweet as Honey itself. To this he added an infinite number of fine Fleeces of Wool, white as the driven Snow; the wealthy Spoils of the tender Sheep which feed on the Mountains of *Arcadia*, and in
the

the fat *Sicilian* Pastures : and thus was the House adorn'd when he gave it to *Sophronimus*, and at the same time presented him with fifty Talents of *Eubæa*; and for his own Family he reserved his Possessions in the Peninsula of *Clazomene*, and in the Neighbourhood of *Smyrna*, *Lebedos*, and *Colophon*, which were of a very great value. The Deed of Gift being sign'd, *Aristonous* goes on board his Ship, and returns to *Ionia*. *Sophronimus* astonish'd and mov'd with the Kindness of the good old Man, follow'd him to the Ship with Tears in his Eyes, calling him all along his Father, and pressing him in his Arms. *Aristonous*, with a propitious Wind, soon arriv'd at his own home; his Relations durst not complain of what he had done for *Sophronimus*: 'I have, said he to them, so settled my Estate by my last Will, that if any of you should dispute the Settlement I have made upon the Grandson of *Alcinus*, all that I leave shall be sold and given to the Poor of *Ionia*.'

The wise old Man lived peaceably, and enjoyed the Riches which the Gods had bestowed on his Virtues. Notwithstanding his extreme old Age, each Year he sailed to *Lycia*, to visit *Sophronimus*, and to sacrifice on the Tomb of *Alcinus*, which he had enriched with the most curious Work of the Architect and the Engraver.

He

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He had given Orders, that when Death had closed his Eyes, his Ashes should be carried to the same Tomb to rest with those of his dear Master. As often as the Spring return'd, the Eyes of *Sophronimus* were fixed on the Sea-shore, impatient to discover the Ship of *Aristonous*, which at that time of the Year always arrived. Each Year he had the Pleasure of seeing it afar off, ploughing the briny Waters, the return of which was far more agreeable to him than all the Beauties of Nature, when after the Rigours of a tedious stormy Winter, she revives in the Spring.

It happen'd one Year that this long desired Ship did not arrive as it was wont : *Sophronimus* sigh'd bitterly, Fear and Sorrow fate confess'd upon his Face ; refreshing Sleep was banish'd from his Eyes, no relish was left him for the most exquisite Dainties ; he grew restless, and the least noise disturbed him, he was always going towards the Port, and perpetually enquiring if no *Ionian* Ship was arriv'd. At length he saw one ; but alas ! *Aristonous* was not there, his Ashes only were on board it in a silver Urn. *Amphicles*, who was much about the Age of the Deceased, his ancient Friend, and the trusty Executor of his Last Will, was the sad Bearer of the Urn ; when he came up to *Sophronimus*, neither of 'em could find

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find any other way of expressing himself, but by Sighs and Groans. At length *Sophonimus* kissing the Urn, and bedewing it with his Tears, broke out thus: 'Thou venerable Sage, to whom I am indebted for all my Happiness, and who now art the cause of my sharpest Pain; I shall never see thee more. How welcome would Death be to me! that I might follow thee to the *Elysian* Fields, where thy Shade now enjoys that solid Peace which the Gods have reserv'd for the Recompence of Virtue. In our days thou hast recall'd Justice, Piety, and Gratitude on Earth, and in this Iron Age thou hast given us an Example of the Innocence and Goodness of the Golden one. The Gods before their rewarding thee in the Habitation of the Just, have granted thee here on Earth a long and happy Life: but alas! not long enough, since it ought to have endur'd for ever! I can no longer enjoy what thou hast bestow'd upon me, since I must possess it without thee. O dear Shade! when shall I follow thee. Precious Ashes! could you be sensible of any thing, 'twould be of the pleasure of being mix'd with those of *Alcinus*; mine too shall one day be mix'd with them; mean while all my Comfort shall be placed in preserving these dear Remains of

D

what

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‘ what I have so much lov’d. O *Aristonous* ! *Aristonous* ! thou shalt never die,
 ‘ but always live in my Heart ; rather let
 ‘ me forget myself, than forget so amiable
 ‘ a Man, who has lov’d me, who has lov’d
 ‘ Virtue so dearly, and to whom I owe
 ‘ all that I possess.’

After these Words, so often interrupted with Sighs, *Sophronimus* placed the Urn in the Tomb of *Alcinus*, on which he slew many Victims, whose Blood overflow’d the green Turf Altars which surrounded it ; he pour’d forth abundant Libations of Milk and Wine ; he burnt Perfumes which were imported from the farthest Parts of the East, and their odoriferous Cloud ascended to the middle Region. After this *Sophronimus* instituted Funeral Games in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Aristonous*, which every Year, at that time, were to be celebrated. Hither the People flock’d from the happy and fruitful Country of *Caria*, from the enchanted Borders of the *Meander*, which winds and turns, as loth to quit the Country it waters ; from the perpetual flourishing Banks of *Caystre* ; from the shore of *Pactolus*, whose Waters glide upon a golden Sand ; from *Pamphilia*, in which *Pomona*, *Ceres*, and *Flora*, strive to outvie each other ; and from the large Plains of *Cilicia*, water’d as a Garden by the Torrents which fall from Mount *Taurus*.

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Taurus, whose Head is cover'd with perpetual Snow. During this solemn Feast, the young Men and Maidens, array'd in long trailing Robes of Linnen, whiter than the Lillies, sung Hymns in Praise of *Alcinus* and *Aristonous*; for 'twas impossible to praise the one without the other, or to separate two Men so closely united, even after Death.

But the most miraculous part of it was, on the very first day that *Sophronimus* was pouring forth Libations of Wine and Milk, out of the midst of the Tomb there sprung a Myrtle-Tree, whose Verdure, and whose Fragrancy, were exquisite; and on a sudden, with its tufted Head, and shady Boughs, it overspread the two Urns. All who were present, cry'd out, that the Gods, to recompence the Virtues of *Aristonous*, had chang'd him into that beautiful Tree. *Sophronimus* took care to water it with his own Hands, and paid it Divine Honours. This Tree, far from decaying, is every tenth Year renew'd; and by this Miracle the Gods have shewn that *Virtue*, whose fragrant Odour thus perfumes the Memory of Men, can never die.



F A B L E VI.

The History of Florisa.

A Poor Woman that lived in the Country, was acquainted with a Fairy, whom she invited to her Lying-in, and was brought to bed of a Daughter. The Fairy immediately took the Child in her Arms, and addressing herself to the Mother, ‘Chuse, *said she*, whether your Daughter shall have more Beauty than the blushing Morn, with Wit superiour to her Beauty, and be the Queen of a large Country, but unhappy ; or whether she shall be ugly, a poor Country-Woman like you, but contented with her Fortune.’ The Country Woman immediately chose Beauty, Wit, and a Crown for her Daughter, regardless of any Misfortune that might befall her. Already the Child’s growing Beauty began to eclipse that of other Children ; her Temper was easy, polish’d, and insinuating ; she would learn every thing that they could teach her, and in a very little time was more perfect in it than those who taught it her. On Holidays she danced upon the tender Grass more gracefully

Fab. 6. *of the Dead.* 53

fully than all her Companions ; her Voice was more moving than the softest Instruments of Musick, and her Songs were some of her own composing. At first she was not sensible of her Charms ; but playing with her Companions one day at the Brink of a Chrystal Fountain, she saw what difference there was between herself and the others, and admir'd herself. The whole Country, who came in Crowds to gaze upon her, made her more sensible of her Charms. Her Mother, who built her Hopes on the Prediction of the Fairy, already look'd on her as on a Queen, and by her fond Indulgence spoiled her. She would neither sow nor spin, nor tend the Flocks, but spent her whole time in gathering Flowers to adorn her Head ; in singing and dancing in the shady Groves. The King of that Country was very powerful, and had an only Son, whose Name was *Rosimondus*, whom he was willing to marry : But the Prince wou'd never so much as hear the least mention made of any neighbouring Princess, a Fairy having assur'd him that he shou'd one day meet with a Country Lass more lovely and more accomplish'd than all the Princesses of the World : he therefore resolv'd to have all the Country Girls under eighteen Years of Age assembled together, that he might make choice of

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her who should prove the most worthy of it. They throng'd together, but an infinite Number of middling Beauties were excluded, and thirty of 'em, who infinitely surpass'd the rest, were selected. *Florisa* (for that was the Name of our young Heroine) found it no difficult matter to be admitted. The thirty Ladies were placed in order upon a sort of an Amphitheatre in the middle of a spacious Hall, where the King and his Son might see 'em all at once. *Florisa* in the midst of 'em appear'd like a fine Tulip in a Marygold Bed, or like a flourishing Orange-Tree in the midst of a thorny Hedge. The King cry'd out that she deserved the Crown, and *Rosimondus* thought himself happy in the Possession of her. She was stript of her rural Clothes, in lieu of which, Robes embroider'd with Gold were given her, and in a moment's time she saw herself cover'd with Pearls and Diamonds. A vast Number of Ladies were employ'd in serving her; they made it their whole care to guess her Thoughts, and know what could be pleasing to her, that she might have it without the trouble of asking for it. Her Lodging was a magnificent Apartment of the Palace, which instead of Tapestry, was hung with large Looking-Glasses as high as the Room itself, that she

she might have the Pleasure of seeing her Beauty reflected from every Side, and that the Prince, wherever he turn'd his Eye, might admire her. *Rosimondus* gave over hunting, gaming, and all the Exercises of the Body, that he might be continually near her ; and as the King his Father died soon after the Marriage, the wife *Florisa* was become Queen, and by her prudent Counsels govern'd the whole State. The Queen Dowager, whose Name was *Nigrelina*, was jealous of her Daughter-in-law ; to her natural Ugliness, old Age had added Deformity, and she resembled one of the Furies. The Beauty of *Florisa* made her appear more hideous, and provok'd her more and more : she could not bear the thoughts of being a Foil to so lovely a Creature ; she fear'd her Wisdom, and therefore gave herself wholly up to Rage and Envy, and would often say to her Son, ' Where ' was your Spirit when you married a ' poor Country Girl, whom yet you make ' an Idol of ? She is as haughty as if she ' was born to the Throne. When the ' King your Father thought of marrying, ' he prefer'd me to every body else, be- ' cause I was the Daughter of a Monarch ' equal in Power to him, and in this you ' ought to have follow'd his Example. ' Send back your little Shepherdess to her

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‘ Village, and chuse some Princess whose
 ‘ Birth may make her worthy of you.’
Rosimondus still resisted his Mother’s pernicious Counsels : but one day *Nigrelina* intercepted a Letter *Florisa* had wrote to the King, and in which she had express’d that Love she ought in Duty to bear him. *Nigrelina* gave it to a young Nobleman to carry to the King, as a Note sent to himself by *Florisa*. *Rosimondus*, blinded by a sudden Jealousy, and the destructive Counsels of the old Queen, had *Florisa* lock’d up in a high Tower, built upon the Top of a steep Rock which stood in the Sea ; there Night and Day she wept, not knowing why the King, who lov’d her dearly, should treat her so unjustly. There nobody was allow’d to come near her but an old Woman, to whom *Nigrelina* had entrusted her, and who in her Prison was perpetually insulting over her. Then *Florisa* recall’d to mind her Village, her Cottage, and all her rural Sports. One day, whilst overwhelm’d with Grief, she was deploring her Mother’s Blindness, who rather chose to make her a beautiful unhappy Queen; than a deform’d contented Shepherdess; the old Woman who used her so ill, came to tell her that the King had sent an Executioner to cut off her Head, and that she must now instantly prepare to die. *Florisa* answer’d, that she

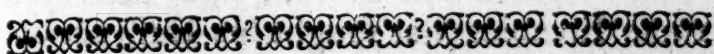
she was prepar'd to receive the Stroke : and the Executioner, with his Ax, stood ready to obey the King's Orders, who had been sway'd by the Persuasions of *Nigrelina* ; when a Woman appear'd who pretended that she was sent by the Queen, to speak two Words in private to *Florisa* before her Death. The old Woman granted it, believing her to be one of the Ladies of the Court ; but it was the Fairy, who, at *Florisa*'s Birth, had foretold her Misfortunes, and who now had assumed the Shape of one of the Queen Dowager's Ladies. Every body being out of the Room, she spoke to *Florisa* thus ; ' Will you give up that Beauty which has been so fatal to you, with your Royal Title, to put on your former Dress, and return to your Village ? ' *Florisa* with Joy accepted the Offer, and the Fairy applied an enchanted Mask to her Face ; immediately her Features grew large and unproportionable, and she became as ugly as she had before been beautiful. In this Condition, who cou'd have known her ! She pass'd thro the midst of those who came to be the Witnesses of her Execution, and following the Fairy, return'd to her own Country. In vain *Florisa* was sought for, she was to be found in no part of the Prison. The News of her Escape was carried to the

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King and *Nigrelina*, who again, but again in vain, had her sought for throughout the Kingdom. The Fairy return'd her to her Mother, who, had she not been beforehand acquainted with her Change, would never have known her. *Florisa* was pleas'd with her being ugly, and living poor and unknown in the Village where she tended Sheep. Each Day she heard her Misfortunes related and deplor'd; Songs and Ballads were written of them, which made every body weep; she often with her Companions diverted herself in singing them, and, like the rest, she wept: but thinking herself happy in her State of a Shepherdess, she never would discover to any one who she was.



FABLE



F A B L E VII.

*The History of King Alfonso, and
of Clara.*

TH E R E was a King nam'd *Alfon-*
sus, who was dreaded by all his
Neighbours, and beloved by his Subjects:
he was just, wise, good, valiant, and pru-
dent; he stood in need of nothing. A
Fairly came to him one day, and told him,
That he was threatned with Misfortunes,
unless he could make use of that Ring:
when he turn'd the Diamond within his
Hand, he immediately became invisible,
and when he turn'd it out again, he be-
came visible as before. The Ring was
very useful, and afforded him a great deal
of Pleasure; when he mistrusted any one
of his Subjects, he, with his Ring turn'd
in, would follow that Man even into his
Closet, and be an Eye and Ear-Witness of
all his Domestick Secrets: if he took um-
brage at any neighbouring Prince, he
wou'd go into his Privy-Council, and
there discover every thing, without being
discover'd himself. Thus he easily pre-
vented all Designs against his Kingdom,
broke the neck of several Conspiracies
form'd

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form'd against his Person, and destroy'd those Enemies that sought his Destruction. But yet, not content with this, he begg'd of the Fairy to teach him how to transport himself, in a Moment's time, from one Place to another, that he might make a more speedy and convenient use of his Ring: the Fairy, sighing, answer'd him, 'You ask too much; you ought to dread the Fatality of this Petition.' But he, deaf to all she said, still press'd her to grant his Desire: 'Well then, *said she*, against my Will I bestow a Favour on you, of which you will repent.' Then she anointed his Shoulders with an odoriferous Liquor, and immediately he felt little Wings growing on his Back. These Wings did not appear under his Clothes, but when he resolv'd to fly, he needed only to touch 'em with his Hand; and they grew so long, that he could out-fly the swiftest Eagle. When he had reach'd his Journey's end, he touch'd the Wings again, and they shrunk so much, that they could not be perceiv'd under his Clothes. By these means the King cou'd in a few Minutes go any where; he knew every thing, but the People cou'd not comprehend by what means, for he wou'd lock himself up in his Closet, forbid any body's coming near him, and seem to remain shut up there for half a day together:

ther: but no sooner was he got into the Cloſet, but by his Ring he wou'd make himſelf inviſible, extend his Wings, and fly over vaſt Tracts of Land. By this means he engag'd himſelf in Wars of Conſequence, and came off Conqueror as often as he pleas'd. But as he was perpetually diſcovering the Secrets of Mankind, he found 'em ſo wicked and ſo diſſembling, that he no longer durſt truſt himſelf to any one: the more he grew powerful and formidable, the leſs he was belov'd; and he found himſelf hated even by ſome of thoſe to whom he had done the moſt good. To comfort himſelf, he reſolv'd to ſearch the whole World for an entirely accompliſh'd Woman, who could love him, whom he would marry, and with whom he cou'd live happy. Long did he look in vain for ſuch a one; and as he could ſee every thing without being ſeen, he was Maſter of their moſt hidden Secrets. He viſited every Court, in which he found that all the Women were diſſembling and too full of Self-love, and a Deſire of being admired, ever to love a Husband faithfully, and as they ought. From thence he went into private Houſes, where one's Temper was light and inconstant, another was ſubtle, a third fantaſtical, a fourth haughty, a fifth falſe, and almoſt all of them vain and ſelf-conceited. From theſe
he

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he descended to those of the meanest Conditions, and at length he found the Daughter of a poor Day-Labourer, who was beautiful as the Day, but plain, and unadorn'd in her Beauty, which she did not value, and which indeed was the least valuable of her good Qualities, for her Wit and Virtue far exceeded the Graces of her Person: all the neighbouring Youths crowded to see her, and there was no one but wou'd have thought himself happy in the Possession of her. As soon as King *Alfonfus* saw her, he fell passionately in love with her, and propos'd the Match to her Father, who was overjoy'd to find that his Daughter wou'd now be a Queen. *Clara* (for that was the Damsel's Name) pass'd out of her Father's Cottage into a stately Palace, where a numerous Court receiv'd her; the Brightness whereof did not dazle her; she retain'd her Plainness, Modesty, and Virtue, and did not forget, even when shew as at the Summit of her Honours, the Place from whence she had drawn her Origin. The King's Kindness for her daily encreased, and he thought that he shou'd at length be happy, and he had indeed been so, had he not grown jealous of his Queen. Each hour of the Day he made himself invisible, to observe and surprize her; but he never discovered any thing but what was worthy

thy of Admiration. But yet something of a Mistrust and Jealousy still remained, which disquieted him a little. The Fairy who had foretold him the fatal Consequence of her last Gift, was every day reminding him of it; at last he grew weary of her, order'd that she shou'd not be suffer'd to enter the Palace, and injoin'd the Queen never to see her: She with reluctance, promis'd to obey, for she dearly lov'd the good Fairy; who one day willing to acquaint her with something that would happen, assumed the Form of an Officer to enter, and then told the Queen who she was. The Queen tenderly embraced her; but the King, who then enter'd invisible, perceiv'd 'em together, and stung with Rage and Jealousy, he drew his Sword, and stabbed the Queen, who immediately dropt down. The Fairy putting on her former Shape, the King knew her again, and becoming sensible of the Queen's Innocence, went to throw himself on his Sword, but the Fairy prevented, and endeavour'd to comfort him. The expiring Queen said to him, 'Tho I die by your Hand, I die wholly yours.' *Alfonfus*, deploring his Misfortune in having desired so fatal a Gift, return'd her the Ring, and desired her to take away his Wings. The remainder of his Days he spent in Bitterness

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ness and Grief; nor had he any Comfort left, but that of going to weep upon the Tomb of *Clara*.



F A B L E VIII.

The History of an old Queen, and a young Country Girl.

ONCE upon a time, there was a Queen so old, so very old, that she was Bald and Toothless; her Head shook like an *Aspen-Leaf*; she could not see even with her Spectacles, and the End of her Nose and Chin met; she was grown less by half than she once had been, and so round and bent, that one wou'd have thought she had been crooked all the Days of her Life: A Fairy, who had been present at her Birth, came up to her, and said, 'Will you grow young again?' 'With all my heart, *reply'd the Queen*; I would willingly give all my 'Jewels, so that I might now be but 'Twenty.' 'We must then, *reply'd the Fairy*, find somebody out, to whom we 'may give your old Age, and whose 'Youth, Health and Vigour you shall 'take: On whom shall we bestow your 'hundred Years?' The Queen had some-
body

body fought for every where, who would be old, to make her become young again. At first came several Beggars, who, to grow rich, were willing to grow old; but when they had seen the Queen coughing, spitting, rattling in her Throat, forc'd to live upon Spoon-meat, be frightful, dirty, stinking, doating, and in Misery, they would not have her Load of Years upon 'em, and rather chose to beg and wear their Rags. The next who came, were ambitious People, to whom she promis'd great Honours and Employments; but what shall we do with those Employments, said they, as soon as they had set Eyes upon her? We shall never dare shew our selves, after we are once grown so deform'd and frightful. At length came a young Country Girl, whose Name was *Damaris*, and who in Exchange for her Youth, ask'd the Crown. At first the Queen was angry, but in vain, for she was resolv'd at any Price to grow young again. 'Let us divide the Kingdom, *said she to Damaris*, I'll retain one half, and you shall possess the other; and certainly that must content you, who are but a poor Country Girl.' 'It will not content me, *reply'd Damaris*, 'I will have all or none; or resign your Kingdom, or I'll keep my ruddy Complexion, with my Condition, and you shall

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‘shall keep your hundred Years, and
 ‘as many again Wrinkles with Death at
 ‘your heels.’ ‘But shou’d I consent to
 ‘it, cry’d the Queen, what can I do with-
 ‘out a Kingdom?’ ‘You would do as I
 ‘do, reply’d the Girl; you would laugh,
 ‘sing, and dance.’ She said, and immedi-
 ately fell to Laughing, Singing and Dan-
 cing. The Queen, who was far from
 being able to do such a Thing, ask’d her,
 ‘how she would behave herself in her
 ‘Station, you are neither us’d to be old,
 ‘nor to reign.’ ‘No matter, answer’d
 ‘Damaris, but I would gladly try, for I
 ‘have always heard that ’twas a fine
 ‘Thing to be a Queen.’

Whilst they were thus discoursing, the
 Fairy came in, who said to the Wench,
 ‘Will you put yourself Prentice to the
 ‘Business of an old Queen, to see how
 ‘you like it?’ ‘With all my Heart,’ cry’d
 the Girland immediately Wrinkles cover’d
 her Forehead, her Hair grew white, and
 her Temper became sour and passion-
 ate, her Head shook, her Teeth dropp’d
 out, and she already appear’d a Woman
 of a hundred Years old. The Fairy o-
 pen’d a little Box, and took out of it a
 Crowd of Officers and Courtiers, richly
 clad, and who grew up as fast as they
 came out, and paid their Duties to the
 new Queen. A Feast is serv’d up on the
 Table,

Fab. 8. of the Dead. 67

Table, but she has lost her Stomach; she cannot chew, she is asham'd and astonish'd, she knows not what to say or do, her Cough is ready to choak her, she spits on her Chin, and she has a snotty Drop hanging at her Nose, and which she wipes off with her Sleeve. She views herself in the Looking-glass, finds herself grown uglier than an Ape. Mean while the true Queen was in a Corner of the Room, where she smil'd, and began to grow young. Her Hair and her Teeth grew again, her Complexion became fresh and ruddy, and by degrees she straightened; but she was dirty, her Petticoats short, and seem'd to have been dragg'd thro' the Ashes: She was not accusom'd to such an Equipage, and the Guards taking her for a dirty Scullion-wench, were about to drive her out of the Palace. Then *Damaris* said, 'You seem confounded at the Change, and so am I too; take back your Crown, give me my Peasant's Dress.' Immediately the Queen grew old again, and *Damaris* young. Scarce was the Change made, when both repented of it, but in vain, for the Fairy order'd that they shou'd remain in their own States their whole Life-time. The Queen daily wept, scarce did she ever feel the least Pain, but she wou'd cry, 'Alas! if I was *Damaris* now, I shou'd live in a
thatch'd

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‘thatch’d Hut, upon Chesnuts perhaps;
 ‘but then I should dance with the Shep-
 ‘herds, under the shady Elms, by the
 ‘Sound of the Flute. Of what use is a
 ‘downy Bed to me, since I cannot rest
 ‘in it? Nor can all those around me af-
 ‘swage my Pains.’ Fretting added to
 her Sickness, which twelve Physicians,
 who perpetually furrounded her, encreas’d,
 and at the End of two Months she died.
Damaris was dancing with her Compani-
 ons, upon the Banks of a chrystal Stream,
 when the News of the Queen’s Death
 was brought; then she was sensible that
 she had more good Fortune in losing,
 than Wisdom in chusing the Royalty.

Some time after, the Fairy came to *Damaris*, and gave her the Choice of three Husbands; one of ’em old, fretful, disagreeable, jealous and cruel; but rich, powerful, and a Lord, who neither Night nor Day would suffer her to stir out of his Sight. The second, handsome, genteel, lovely, good-humour’d, and of a noble Origin; but poor, and unfortunate in all his Undertakings. The last a Peasant, like herself, neither handsome nor ugly; who would love her, but not be overfond, and who would be neither rich nor poor. The Girl knew not which of the three to chuse, for she naturally lov’d fine Clothes, Equipage and Titles;
 but

but the Fairy said, 'Go, you are a Fool,
'do you see that Shepherd, he's your
'Man; the first wou'd be too fond of
'you, and you wou'd love the second too
'well, so that you wou'd be miserable
'with either of 'em; be satisfy'd that
'the third won't beat you: You had
'much better dance upon the Grass and
'Turf, than in a Palace, and be plain
'*Damaris* in the Country, than a great
'unhappy Lady; do not long after
'Greatness, and you will live happily all
'your Life-time with your Shepherd.'



F A B L E IX.

LYCON.

WHEN Fame with her brazen
Trumpet had proclaim'd the De-
parture of *Lycon*, to the rural Deities and
Shepherds of *Cynthia*, all the shady Groves
resounded with bitter Complaints, and the
neighbouring Echoes and Vales repeated
'em. No longer was the sweet Sound of
the Flute or Hautboy heard, the afflict-
ed Shepherds broke their Reeds, every
thing languish'd, the Verdure of the
Trees faded, the Skies which hitherto
had been serene, were now o'er-clouded,
and

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and the tempestuous North shook the Groves, as if the Winter was return'd. Nor were the rural Deities insensible of his Loss. The *Dryades* came out of the hollow Trunks of old Oaks, to regret *Lycon*. The afflicted Deities assembled beneath a spreading Tree, whose topmost Branches seem'd to touch the Sky, and whose diffusive Shade for many Ages past had cover'd its old Mother Earth. Around its spacious knotty Trunk, the Wood-Nymphs were once wont to sport and dance; but now, alas! they came to relate their Misfortunes. *Lycon*, cry'd they, is leaving us; we shall never, never see him more. Our cruel Fortune hurries him away, and he is going to be the Ornament and the Delight of another Grove, more happy than ours. We must never hope to hear his charming Voice again, never see him bend the stubborn Bow, and with his Arrows pierce the swiftest Birds. *Pan* himself unmindful of his Flute, and the Fauns and Satyrs forgetting their Dances, came up to them; the very Birds droop'd their Wings, and gave over Singing. No Notes were heard but that of the Owls, and other ill-boding Birds: *Philomela* and her Companions remain'd silent. But on a sudden, *Flora* and *Pomona*, Hand in Hand, with smiling Countenances appear'd

pear'd in the middle of the Grove; the one crown'd with Flowers, which also sprung up beneath her Footsteps; the other in her Hand carried the Horn of Abundance, in which there were all the Fruits which the Autumn gives Mankind as a Reward of their Labours. 'Take Comfort, said they to the Assembly of the dismay'd Deities, *Lycon* indeed is going, but he does not forsake this Mountain dedicated to *Apollo*; in a little while you shall see him cultivating our fortunate Gardens. His own Hands shall plant green Trees, Roots for the Nourishment of Man, and Flowers for his Delights. Forbear, ye nipping North-Easts, ever to blast with your poisonous Breath the Gardens in which *Lycon* shall take an innocent Delight; he shall prefer plain Nature to Luxury, shall love this Place, and quit it with Regret.'

These Words were no sooner spoken, but their Grief was changed into Joy, the Praises of *Lycon* were sung. 'He will, said they, be a Lover of Gardens, as *Apollo* was of Flocks, when he follow'd those of *Admetus*.' A thousand Divine Songs fill'd the Grove, and the Name of *Lycon* resounded from the Forest, and was heard in the Country at a distance: the Shepherds repeated it on their Pipes, and in the warbling of the Birds there was some

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something that sounded like *Lycon*. The Earth was adorn'd with Flowers, and enrich'd with Fruit. The Gardens which expect him, are cover'd with the Ornaments of the Spring, and the Gifts of the Autumn. The very Looks which *Lycon* from afar off casts upon the agreeable Mountain, makes it fertile. There, after having pluck'd up the wild Weeds, and barren Thistles, he shall gather the Olive and the Myrtle, expecting the time when *Mars* shall in another place make him gather Laurels.



F A B L E X.

Of a Young Prince.

SO L having once perform'd his daily Course, and left the spacious heavenly Plains, had plung'd his fiery Coursers in the *Hesperian* Waves. The Horizon was border'd with Purple, and the Air enflamed with the ardent Rays which *Sol* had left behind: the parching Dog-star dry'd up the Ground, the sickning Plants languish'd for Water, the drooping Flowers hung down their Heads, nor could their wither'd Stocks support 'em: the
Air,

Fab. 10. *of the Dead.* 73

Air, which the poor Creatures drew, was like lukewarm Water: Nor cou'd the Night, which often with its Shades diffuses Coolness thro the Earth, allay the excessive Heat of Day; nor on weary fainting Man distill the Dew which usually she gives him when *Vesper* shines behind the other Stars; or pour her Poppy Waters on the Eyes of the whole Creation, to give failing Nature Sleep and Rest. *Phæbus* alone, clasp'd in his *Thetis's* Arms, enjoy'd a sweet Repose, till the swift Hours had prepar'd his Chariot, and *Aurora*, with her rosy Fingers, had unbarr'd the Orient Gates; then he perceiv'd the sad Effects of a prodigious Storm, which for the whole Night had terrified Mankind; the Heavens were overspread with Clouds, which still retain'd the noisome Scent of the sulphureous Vapour, which to the Lightnings had afforded Flame, and to the angry Thunder Noise. The blustering Winds had with impetuous Force broke from the hollow Cave in which they were confin'd, and still disturb'd the Air; the Vales were fill'd with rapid Torrents which fell with Violence from the neighbouring Mountains: nor did the God, who with his glorious Rays enlightens Nature, think this so sad a Spectacle as what he then beheld; a young Pupil of the Muses, dear to the God

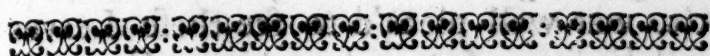
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himself,

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himself, and whom the Tempest had depriv'd of Sleep, when first he had began to close his Eyes. *Phæbus* was just about to stop his Steeds, and to delay the Approach of Morn, that he, who all Night had been depriv'd of Sleep, might yet enjoy a little Rest: 'He yet, cry'd *Phæbus*, shall repose, Sleep yet shall close his Eyes, appease his Rage, and give him Health and Strength enough to imitate the Actions of *Alcides*; it will inspire him with a certain Tendernefs and Love, the only Virtue he will stand in need of. Let him but sleep and laugh, and his Temper soften. Let him delight in Company and Play, let him love Mankind, and deserve to be belov'd by 'em, he'll be adorn'd with all the Graces both of Body and of Mind.'





F A B L E XI.

Of young Bacchus and a Faun.

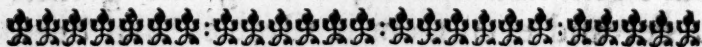
WHILST old *Silenus* was instructing young *Bacchus*, the little Deity was cultivating the Muses in a Grove, whose Silence was never interrupted but by the Purling of Streams, and the Warbling of Birds. So thick were its shady Boughs, the Rays of *Phæbus* ne'er could pierce 'em. The Child of *Semele* repeating his Lessons, sat beneath an old spreading Oak, from whose Trunk several Men had sprung during the golden Age, and even from it Oracles had been given, nor had Time with his sharp Scythe presum'd to cut it down. Behind this sacred Oak a young Faun stood, attentive to the Verses which the God repeated, and by a scornful Smile would make *Silenus* observe his minutest Faults: Immediately the *Nayades* and other Wood-Nymphs would also smile. The Critick was young, pleasant and wanton, his Head was crown'd with Vine-branches, and with Ivy-leaves, and his Temples adorn'd with Grapes; from his left Shoulder dependant to his right Side,

E 2

hung

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hung a large Bunch of Ivy-berries. *Bacchus* was well pleas'd to see these Leaves and Fruit consecrated to him. From his Waist downwards, the Faun was cover'd with the shaggy Spoil of a Lion, which he had slain in the Forest, and in his Hand he held a Shepherd's knotty Crook. His Tail behind was playing on his Back; but as the God could no longer bear his scornful Smiles and Looks, being laugh'd at if all his Expressions were not smooth, neat and elegant, with an angry Voice he cry'd out, 'How dare you laugh at the Son of *Jove*?' The Satyr, without discomposing himself in the least, reply'd, 'How dares the Son of *Jove* then blunder?'



F A B L E XII.

Of the Nightingale and Linnet.

UPON the perpetual verdant Bords of the River *Alpheus*, there stands a sacred Grove, in which three *Nayades* pour from their Urns their noisy Waters, and refresh the springing Flow-ers. There the Graces often go to bathe themselves, the Trees are never injur'd by the blustering Winds, which still re-
spect

Fab. 12. *of the Dead.* 77

spect them, and they are fann'd only by the gentle Zephyrs. The Nymphs and Fauns dance there a nights, while *Pan* plays on his Flute. The Sun himself cannot pierce through the interwoven Branches of the Trees. Here Silence, Shadiness and Coolness, are to be met with Night and Day. Amidst the verdant Leaves might *Philomela* with her plaintive Voice be heard, singing her former Misfortunes, incapable of receiving any Comfort. On the other hand, a young Linnet was warbling with delight, and reminding the Shepherds of the returning Spring. Even *Philomela* herself began to grow jealous of the delightful Songs of her Companion. One day they spy'd a young Swain, whose Face they never in that Grove before had seen. To them he appear'd graceful, noble, a Lover of the Muses, and of Harmony. At first they took him for *Apollo* in the same Disguise, as when he follow'd the Flocks of *Admetus*, or at least for some young Hero sprung from a divine Race. The sweet Birds, inspir'd by the Muses, immediately began to sing thus:

' Who is that Swain, or that unknown
' God, whose Presence thus adorns our
' Groves? He is mov'd by our Songs, he
' is a Lover of the Muses, and they will

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'soften his Heart, and make him one
 'day as lovely as he is now noble.' Then
Philomela went on alone, 'May the Vir-
 'tues of this young Hero grow up as a
 'Flower does in the Spring-time. Let
 'suitable Diversions of the Mind employ
 'some of his Hours. May the Graces
 'dwell on his Lips, and the Wisdom of
 '*Minerva* in his Heart.' To this the
Linnet answer'd, 'May the Musick of
 'his Voice be equal to that of *Orpheus*,
 'and his glorious Actions exceed those
 'of *Hercules*. Let his Heart be fill'd
 'with the Courage of *Achilles*, without
 'his Fierceness. Let him be good, wise,
 'kind, benign to Mankind, and belov'd
 'by 'em, and may the Muses fill his
 'whole Soul with Virtue.' Then the
 inspir'd Choristers of the Air went on
 together thus, 'He is pleas'd with our
 'melodious Songs, and they enter his
 'Heart, as the refreshing Dew does the
 'parch'd Earth. May the Gods make
 'him courteous and perpetually happy.
 'May his Hand hold the Horn of Abun-
 'dance, and under him the golden Age
 'return. May his Heart diffuse Wis-
 'dom upon all Mankind, and let the
 'Flowers still spring up under his Foot-
 'steps.'

Whilst the Birds sung thus, the Ze-
 phyrs held their Breaths, the Flowers
 droop'd

droop'd their Heads, and the Rivulets which flow'd from the three Urns stopp'd their Course. The Fauns and Satyrs prick'd up their sharp Ears to listen. Echo repeated their Words, and all the *Dryades* came hastning out of their verdant Trees to admire him whose Praises *Philomela* and her Companion were singing.



F A B L E XIII.

The Dragon and the two Foxes.

A Treasure being hid in a deep Cave, a Dragon watch'd it Night and Day. Two crafty Foxes, who had always made Thieving their Business, by their Flatteries soon work'd themselves into his Favour, and so sooth'd the Dragon up, that he made them his Bosom Confidants. *We must not always look upon the most Complaisant, as the truest Friends.* They talk'd to him with respect, admir'd every one of his Whims, were of his Opinion in every thing, and in their sleeves laugh'd at their Cully. One day the Dragon fell asleep, and they immediately strangled him, and took possession of his Treasure; but now the Difficul-

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ty was how to share it; for Villains never agree, but in the Execution of Villany. One of 'em began to moralize thus, 'What good will all this Money do us? 'The least Bit of Flesh would be much 'more serviceable; Gold is a little too 'hard to be eaten or digested. Men 'surely must be Fools to delight in 'Riches, but don't let us be Imitators of 'their Folly.' The other pretended that these Reflections had made an Impression on him; he told his Companion, 'That 'he would live as became a Philosopher, 'and *Bias*-like, carry all his Wealth about 'him.' They both pretended to leave the Treasure, but each returning, met with the other, quarrell'd, and tore each other to pieces. One of 'em dying, said to the other, who also lay expiring, 'What would you have done with the 'Money?' 'The same thing that you 'would have done with it,' reply'd he. A Man accidentally passing that Way, being inform'd of the Occasion of their Quarrel, told 'em, 'They were both 'Fools.' 'And so is your whole Race, 'reply'd one of the Foxes: 'Tis not in 'your power, more than ours, to feed 'upon Gold; and yet for the sake of it, 'you put one another to death. 'Hitherto, at least, the Foxes have had 'Wisdom enough to reject the Use of 'Money.

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‘Money. That which was brought in
‘amongst you, for Convenience sake, has
‘prov’d your greatest Misfortune; and
‘whilst you are seeking imaginary Wealth,
‘you lose that which is really good.’



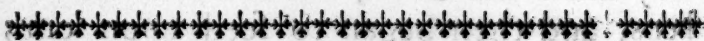
F A B L E XIV.

The two Foxes.

TWO Foxes one Night by Strata-
gem enter’d a Hen-roost, where
they kill’d the Cock, the Hens and Chic-
kens, and then began to feed upon ’em;
the one who was young, and hot-headed,
was for devouring them all, the other,
who was old and covetous, was for sa-
ving some of ’em for another time, and
said to the other, ‘Experience, *Child*, has
‘made me wise, I have seen many things
‘since my being in the World. Let us
‘not consume all our Wealth in one
‘Day. This we may look on as a
‘Treasure which we have fortunately
‘found, and we must therefore spare
‘it.’ To this, the young one answer’d,
‘For my part, I am resolv’d, whilst
‘I am here, to eat as much as will
‘serve me a whole Week; for who would
‘be mad enough to pretend to return hi-
E 5 ther?

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'ther? The Master of these Fowl wou'd 'certainly watch for us, and kill us.' After this short Discourse, each one follow'd his own Fancy; the young one eat till he burst himself, and had scarce Strength enough left to reach his Hole before he died. The old one, who thought it much better to govern his Appetite, and to live sparingly, return'd the next day, and was killed by the Farmer. Thus every Age has its peculiar Vice: the Young are hot and insatiable in their Pleasures; as for the Old they are obstinate, and their Avarice is incorrigible.



F A B L E XV.

The Wolf and the young Sheep.

SOME Sheep were safely feeding in an Enclosure, their Dogs asleep, their Shepherd beneath the Shade of a spreading Elm, was playing on his Pipe with some neighbouring Swains. A half-starv'd Wolf, thro the Pales of the Enclosure, was observing the Flock, when a young unexperienced Sheep, who never had seen any thing, enter'd into Conversation with him. 'What are you seeking for here? said he to the Glutton; 'The tender springing Grass,

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‘Grass, *reply’d the Wolf*; for nothing, you
 ‘know, is more pleasant than to feed in a
 ‘verdant Pasture enamell’d with Flowers,
 ‘and to quench one’s Thirst in a Chrystal
 ‘Fountain: here I have met the one and
 ‘the other, and never desire any thing
 ‘farther. I am an Admirer of Philosophy,
 ‘which teaches us to be satisfied with a
 ‘very little.’ ‘Why then, *reply’d the Sheep*,
 ‘those accuse you falsely, who say that
 ‘you feed on Flesh, seeing that a little
 ‘Grass will satisfy you; if this be true,
 ‘henceforwards let us live like Brothers,
 ‘and feed together.’ The Sheep said, and
 leap’d over the Enclosure, when immedi-
 ately the grave Philosopher laid hold of,
 and devoured him. You must always mis-
 trust the smooth Speeches of those who
 boast of their Virtue, and judge Man by
 his Actions, not by his Words.





F A B L E XVI.

The Cat and the Rabbits.

A Certain Cat which always put on a faintish Face, one day enter'd into a very fruitful Warren. The Conies, alarm'd at the sight of him, ran into their Burrows. As Puss was watching at the Mouth of one of 'em, the Conies sent their Deputies to know what he wanted, who stood parlying with him in the very narrowest Place of the Burrow: but Puss softning his Voice, told 'em that he was only come to acquaint himself with the Manners and Discipline of their Nation, that he was a Philosopher, and travell'd from Place to Place, to study the several Customs of each kind of Animals. The foolish credulous Deputies return'd to the Assembly, and reported that this venerable Stranger, who ought to be rever'd for his modest Mein, and his majestick Fur-Mantle, was a sober pacifick Philosopher, without the least Grain of Self-Interest, who had travell'd much, and seen many wondrous Things; that certainly it would be a Pleasure to hear him talk, nor was there any Danger of his devouring

devouring them, since he believed the Metempsychosis of *Brachman*, and consequently eat no Flesh. The whole Assembly was mov'd with this fine Speech; in vain an old Rabbit, and who hitherto had been their Oracle, represented how much he suspected this grave Philosopher. In spite of all he cou'd urge, they went to salute the *Braman*, who at once strangled six or seven of them. The others, frightened and ashamed, ran to their Burrows. Mean while the Cat returns to the Mouth of that where he had held his first Parly, and protested to 'em that what he had done, he had done against his own Will, and urg'd by Necessity; that henceforward he wou'd feed on other Creatures, and would enter into an eternal Alliance with them. The Rabbits consented, but kept out of the reach of his Paws. They enter into a Treaty, and amuse him, whilst one of the nimblest of them goes out by the back Hole of the Burrow, and tells the Story to a Shepherd who often us'd to catch some of these Rabbits who fed on Juniper Berries. The Shepherd provok'd at the Cat for destroying his Warren, come running with his Bow, and whilst the Cat was unmindful of every thing but the means of catching some more of these Rabbits, he pierced him with an Arrow, and Puss expiring, said, 'Those who have once
' prov'd

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‘prov’d deceitful, are never believed by
‘any body ; they are hated, fear’d, and
‘at last betray’d by their own Wiles.’



F A B L E XVII.

The Two Mice.

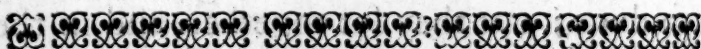
A Mousè who was weary of perpetually living in Fear and Danger, and seeing how many of her Nation a destructive Cat daily slew, call’d her Companion out of a Hole, and said to her, ‘As I was gnawing a Book a few days ago, I read something in it of a very fine Country call’d the *Indies*, where our Nation is better usèd, and more in Safety than they are here. In that Country their wise Men believe that the Soul of a Mousè may have formerly been the Soul of a great General, a King, or a Philosopher ; and after the Death of the Mousè will perhaps enter the Body of a beautiful Lady. If I don’t grossly mistake, they call this the *Metempsychosis*. In this Opinion they treat all kind of Animals with fraternal Love ; we see Hospitals built there for Mice, and who have Allowances to live on. Come, Sister, let us

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'us go to this Country where the People
'are so wise, and where our Merit will
'be rewarded.' To this the other re-
ply'd, 'But are there no Cats, Sister, in
'these Hospitals? if there are, they wou'd
'cause many Metempsychoses, as you call
'em, in a very little time, and at once
'send our Souls to animate a King or a
'Hero; an Honour I am not over fond of.'
'Do not let that terrify you, *reply'd the*
'former, the Cats have their particular
'Houses as we have ours, and their Hos-
'pital of Invalids is at a distance from
'ours, and therefore let us go.' So said,
so done; out they set together, and in the
night-time got on board a Ship, which
was going a long Voyage, by the help of
the Cables which were tied to the Shore.
The Sails are hoisted, and they are pleased
to see themselves at a distance from the
Shore, where cruel Cats exercise their
Tyranny; and after a prosperous Voyage
they arrived at *Surat*, not to heap up
Riches as the Merchants who were on
board, but to be well us'd by the *Indi-*
ans. Scarce were they got into a House
appointed for the Reception of Mice, but
they laid claim to the first Places. One of
them pretended that she had formerly
been a famous *Braman* upon the Coast of
Malabar, the other protested that she
had been a very fine Lady of the same
Country,

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Country, with beautiful long Ears. In short, they prov'd so haughty and insolent, that the *Indian* Mice cou'd no longer bear 'em, a Civil War arose, and the rest with one accord rush'd on our saucy pretending Strangers, who wanted to govern the others. And thus instead of being devour'd by Cats, they were kill'd by their own Sisterhood. 'Tis in vain to shun Danger by seeking distant Countries, if we want Modesty and Sense; 'tis but going afar off to seek one's Ruin, which we can but meet at home.



F A B L E XVIII.

The Beasts assemble to chuse a King.

THE Lion being dead, the Beasts all flock'd to comfort the Lioness his Widow, whose Cries and Roarings were heard all round the Country. After the usual condoling Compliments, they proceeded to the Election of a King, the Crown being placed in the midst of 'em. The Orphan Lion was too young and too weak to obtain the Royalty which so many powerful Creatures contended for: 'Let me grow up, said he, and then I'll shew

' shew you that I know how to reign, and
 ' make myself be feared ; mean while I'll
 ' read the History of my Father's glorious
 ' Actions, that I may one day rival him in
 ' Glory.' ' For my part, *cry'd the Leopard,*
 ' I expect to be crowned, seeing that I
 ' resemble the Lion more than any other
 ' Beast does.' ' I was dealt unjustly by,
 ' *cry'd the Bear,* when the Lion was pre-
 ' fer'd to me ; I am as strong, as brave,
 ' as cruel, and as bloody as he could be,
 ' and I have one particular Advantage
 ' over him, I can climb up Trees.' ' I
 ' appeal to your Judgments, Gentlemen,
 ' *said the Elephant,* if any one here can
 ' dispute the Glory of being as great, as
 ' strong, or as grave as I am.' ' I am the
 ' most noble and most beautiful of Crea-
 ' tures, *interrupted the Horse.*' ' I the most
 ' crafty,' *cry'd the Fox.* ' And I the swif-
 ' test,' *said the Stag.* ' Where, *said the*
 ' *Monkey,* will you find a King more agree-
 ' able, or more entertaining than I am ?
 ' Each day I shou'd divert my Subjects ;
 ' nay farther, I resemble Man, the real
 ' Lord of all Nature.' The Parrot, who
 ' was got in amongst 'em, interrupted the
 ' Monkey here, ' If you boast of your re-
 ' sembling Man, what must I do ? Your
 ' hideous Face is indeed an ugly distant
 ' Likeness of his, and you can make a few
 ' ridiculous Grimaces ; but I can talk like
 ' Man,

Man, and imitate his Voice, by which he demonstrates his Reason.' 'Hold your cursed prating, *reply'd the Monkey*, you speak indeed, but not like Man; for you still run on with the same thing, without knowing what you say.' The whole Assembly here, burst out a Laughing, at these ridiculous Imitators of Man, and the Crown was given to the Elephant, because he had the Strength and Wisdom, free from the Cruelty of the Beasts of Prey, and was not tainted with the abominable foolish Vanity of so many others, which always endeavour to appear what they really are not.



F A B L E XIX.

The Monkey.

AN old mischievous Monkey being dead, his Ghost descended to the gloomy Kingdom of the infernal God, where it begg'd for Liberty to return upon Earth. *Pluto* was willing to send it into the Body of a heavy stupid Ass, to make him forget all his mischievous subtle Tricks; but the Monkey play'd so many little Pranks, that the gloomy King of Hell could not forbear smiling, and gave

gave him the Liberty of animating any Body he pleas'd : Upon this, the Monkey chose to commence Parrot, ' And thus, ' *said he,* ' I shall still bear some resemblance to Man, whom I have so long ' imitated. Whilst I was a Monkey, I ' acted like him ; and when a Parrot, I ' shall talk like him.' Scarce was the Monkey's Soul enter'd into the Parrot, when a prating old Woman bought him, put him into a fine Cage, and plac'd her whole Delight in him : Thus our Parrot fared very well, and chatter'd all the day long with the old doating Woman, who scarce talk'd more sensibly than he did. To his new Profession, he added something of his old one ; he mov'd his Head in an antick Manner, made a vast Noise with his Bill, flutter'd his Wings, and with his Claws play'd a thousand Tricks, which something resembled his Monkey Grimaces. Every Hour of the Day, the old Woman would put on her Spectacles, to admire her Parrot ; she was very sorry for her Deafness, which made her lose many of Poll's Speeches, whose Wit she admir'd above every body's. This Parrot, spoil'd by the old Woman's Fondness, grew noisy and troublesome ; he flutter'd about so long in his Cage, and drank so much Wine with the old Woman, that he dy'd. His Soul again appearing before

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fore *Pluto*, the God was for sending him to animate the Body of a Fish, to silence him; but he play'd his Tricks over again, and Princes seldom can refuse the Petitions of Buffoons and Flatterers: *Pluto* therefore granted that he should become a Man; but asham'd to let him animate the Body of a wise Man, he sent him into that of a tedious, troublesome Speech-making Fellow, who was always lying, bragging, and playing apish Tricks, laughing at every body, and interrupting the finest and most solid Conversations; and when he had done, perhaps, said nothing, or what was worse, something very foolish. *Mercury*, who knew him in this new State, cry'd, 'So! so! Art thou there! Thou senseless Composition of a Monkey and Parrot! Take but thy ridiculous Gestures from thee, and some few Words which thou hast got by rote, without understanding 'em, and thou would'st be wholly unmann'd! What a foolish Man a pretty Monkey makes! How many Men are there, who with a foppish Gesture, a fashionable Air, and a Fluency of Words, want common Sense; yet pass for pretty Fellows.'

His Soul again appearing be-
 FABLE



F A B L E XX.

The two young Lions.

TWO young Lions had been brought up together in a Forest, their Age, their Shape, and their Strength, was the same; one of 'em was caught in the Snares of the Huntsmen of the Great Mogul, the other remain'd amongst the rocky Mountains. The former was carry'd to Court, where he liv'd luxuriously; each Day he had an Antelope given him to eat, and in his Den there was a soft Bed for him to lie upon. A white Eunuch was twice a day oblig'd to comb his long yellow Main: When he grew tame, the King himself often caress'd him; he became fat, smooth and handsome; on his Neck he wore a golden Collar, and in his Ears Diamond Ear-rings, with Pendants of Pearl. He despis'd the other Lions, who were kept near him, because they were not so much in Favour, and because their Dens were not as fine as his. This Prosperity swell'd his Heart with Pride; he thought that his Merit must be great, since he was so honourably treated; the Court-Air fir'd him

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him with Vanity and Ambition, and he fancy'd that had he remain'd in the Forests, he should have prov'd a great Hero. As he was no longer chain'd, he one day took an Opportunity of running away, and return'd to the Country, where he had been brought up, just at the Time when the King of all the Lions lay dead, and the States were assembled to chuse a Monarch. Amongst the many Pretenders to the Crown, there was one, who in Courage and Stateliness excell'd the others, and which prov'd to be that other Lion which had been brought up with our Courtier. Whilst his Companion was indulg'd at Court, he had often had his Courage exercis'd by pressing Hunger; he was accusom'd to seek his Food thro' Dangers and Difficulties: Often would he worry the Shepherds with their Flock; he was lean, bristly and frightful, his Eyes were fiery and blood-shot; he was light, strong and sinewy; he could climb, rush violently upon his Prey, and without concern fight against Darts and Javelins. The two quondam Companions being look'd on as the worthiest Candidates, desir'd that they might decide their Pretensions to the Crown, by single Combat; but an old wife and experienc'd Lioness, whose Counsels were respected by the whole Republick, persuaded

suaded 'em to place him on the Throne, who had study'd Politicks in a Court; several murmur'd at it, saying, 'That 'the preferr'd a vain licentious and effeminate Prince, to a Warrior, whom 'Toils and Dangers had distinguish'd.' But so great a Sway did the old Lionsess bear, that the Courtier was proclaim'd King. At first he gave himself up to his Pleasures, indulg'd himself in Luxury, and by Subtlety and Stratagem endeavour'd to conceal his Tyranny and Cruelty; he was soon hated, despis'd, loath'd and abhorr'd, and then the Lionsess said, 'Tis now high Time to dethrone him; 'I knew that he was unworthy of the 'Crown, but I was willing that you 'should have a King, whom Luxury and 'Politicks had spoil'd, that you might 'afterwards the better relish one, who, by 'his Patience and Courage, has deserv'd 'to reign; and now the Time is come, 'that you must make 'em fight for the 'Crown.' The two Champions were immediately brought into an enclos'd Field, and the whole Assembly stood to look upon a Shew which did not last long. The Politician trembled, and durst not come near the other, but shamefully ran away, and endeavour'd to hide himself. The other pursu'd, and overtook him; then the whole Assembly, with one unanimous

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nimous Voice, cry'd out, *Tear him to pieces*; 'No, reply'd the Lion, 'twould be as cowardly to apprehend any thing from 'so fearful an Enemy, as to put him to 'death. Let him live, he does not deserve Death from me; I shall know 'how to govern my Kingdom, and to 'keep him in subjection.' Nor did the valiant Lion merely boast; he ruled his People with Wisdom and Authority, whilst the other servilely cring'd, and made his court to him, extremely well satisfy'd if he could now and then have a Bit of Flesh given him, and spent his whole Life in an inglorious Ease.



F A B L E XXI.

The B E E S.

A Young Prince, in that Season when all Nature shows itself in the greatest degree of Perfection, retir'd one day into a very delicious Garden. He heard a great Noise, and looking about, perceiv'd a Hive of Bees. He approach'd that Object, which was entirely new to him, and observ'd with Amazement, the Order, Care, and Business of that little Commonwealth. The Cellulas began to be

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be form'd into a regular Figure, one Party of the Bees were storing those Cellulas with Nectar, and another was employ'd in the supplying them with Thyme, which they gather'd from among all the Riches of the Spring. Laziness and Inactivity were banish'd that State; every thing was in motion, but without any kind of Confusion or Disorder. The more considerable gave out their Orders, and were obey'd by their Inferiors, without any Manner of Murmur, Jealousy or Unwillingness. The Prince was extremely surpriz'd, as having never seen any thing like it before, when a Bee, who was consider'd by the rest as Queen, approach'd him, And 'the View you have before you, *said she*, must be very entertaining, but may be made more instructive. We suffer nothing like Disorder or Licentiousness among us. They are the most considerable among us, who by their Capacity and Diligence can do most for the Publick-Weal. Our first Places are always bestow'd where there is most Merit. We are taking pains all Day, and all Night, for the Benefit of Man. May you come one day to imitate us, and introduce that Order and Discipline among Men, which you so much admire in us.

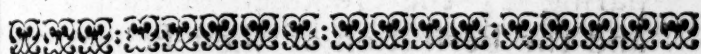


F A B L E XXII.

The Bee and the Fly.

ONE Day a Bee observ'd a Fly be-
 fore her Hive, and in a very passi-
 onate Tone, ask'd him, 'What he did
 'there? Is it for such Scoundrels as you,
 'to thrust your self into the Company of
 'the Queens of the Air?' 'You have
 'great Reason indeed, *reply'd the Fly cold-*
 '*ly*, to be out of Humour; I think Folks
 'are mad, that will have any thing to do
 'with so quarrellsome a Nation.' 'Why,
 '*said the Bee*, no Nation is so wise as we
 'are. We have the best Laws, and are
 'govern'd by the best Policy in the
 'World. We taste of nothing but the
 'most fragrant Flowers. We make no-
 'thing but the most delicious Honey:
 'Honey! which equals Nectar. Get
 'out of my sight, you Villain, that live
 'upon nothing but Ordure and Excre-
 'ment.' 'We live as well as we can,
 '*answer'd the Fly*; Poverty is no Vice,
 'but I am sure Passion is. The Honey
 'you make, is unexceptionably sweet;
 'but your Heart is all Bitterness. You
 'are very prudent in the making of
 'Laws,

'Laws; but at the same time, very unequal in your Conduct. To pique an Enemy, you'll kill your self, and do a great deal more Mischief to your own Person, than that of the Adversary. One had better have less considerable Talents, and use them with Discretion.'



F A B L E XXIII.

The Bees and Silk-worms.

THE Bees one Day flew up as high as the Throne of *Jupiter*, and address'd him to have some Regard to the Care they had taken of him, in the time of his Infancy, when they fed him with Honey, upon Mount *Ida*; and *Jupiter* was pleas'd to give them the Precedence of all little Creatures. *Minerva*, who presides over the Sciences, represented to him upon that Occasion, 'That there was a Species, that would dispute the Glory of profitable Inventions with the Bees.' *Jupiter* ask'd their Name, 'The Silk-worms, reply'd *Minerva*.' Immediately Orders were sent to *Mercury*, to have the Deputies of that little People summon'd to attend him, and the Wings of two Zephyrs were appointed to waft

F 2

them

them up, that *Jupiter* might hear what
 both Parties had to say for themselves.
 The Bee that was the Embassadress of
 that Nation, open'd the Argument, 'and
 'said a good deal of the Sweetness of
 'their Honey, which is *Mens Nectar*;
 'its universal Use; the great Art in pre-
 'paring it; the Goodness of their Laws,
 'and the Perfection of their Polity. No
 'other kind of Creature, *continu'd the O-*
 '*rator*, has the great Glory of nourish-
 'ing in a Cave, the Father of the Gods.
 'We are also of a very martial Spirit, of
 'which we give frequent Instances, when
 'our King determines upon a Battle.
 'I am amaz'd, that such vile insignifi-
 'cant Things as Silk-worms, should have
 'the Confidence to dispute this Point of
 'Honour with us. Creeping Insects, that
 'can do no more than crawl, whilst we can
 'take a nobler Flight, and soar on Wings
 'of Gold, into the Stars.' The Advo-
 cate on the other Side, for Answer, said,
 'That indeed, he must acknowledge they
 'were little; that they were without
 'Courage for War, without Law, and
 'without Polity: But every one of us,
 'is a Miracle of Nature, and we con-
 'sume our selves in a profitable Voca-
 'tion. Tho' we have no Laws, we live
 'in Peace one with another, and have
 'never had a Civil War among us, as is
 'frequent

frequent with the Bees, about the setting up of new Kings. We can shift our Forms like *Proteus*. Tho' we are little of Bulk, yet we are made of eleven Rings, interlac'd with all the Variety of Colours imaginable. We also contribute very much to the Clothing of Man, and are made use of for the Ornament of King's Thrones, and the Temples of Gods. The Silk we make, is strong and durable; not like Honey, which is corrupted in a very little Time. Then are we chang'd into a kind of Bean, but which retains a grateful Smell, with Motion, and Sign of Life. After these wonderful Metamorphoses, we become Butterflies, and our Wings are adorn'd with the most beautiful Colours; then, no longer inferior to the Bees, we soar upwards, and reach the very Heavens: And now great *Jove*, pronounce your Sentence! *Jupiter* being perplex'd, at last order'd, 'That the Bees should still be accounted the most honourable, by reason that they could plead Custom, Time out of Mind for it: I am too far indebted to 'em, to think of ever degrading 'em, said he; but yet I believe, that Mankind is more oblig'd to the Silk-worm, than to the Bee.'



F A B L E XXIV.

The young Owl.

A Young Owl, who had seen himself in a chrystal Fountain, and who thought himself more beautiful (I cannot say, than the Light of the Sun; for that to him was very disagreeable, but) than Night it self, would often be saying, 'I have sacrific'd to the Graces; when I was born, *Venus* put her Girdle round me; the Wanton Loves, follow'd by Smiles and Pleasures, are perpetually caressing me. 'Tis time that Hymen should give me Children, as beautiful as my self, to be the Delight of the Night, and the Ornament of our Groves. What pity would it be, if the most accomplish'd Race of Birds should be lost! Happy the Spouse who is to spend her Life with me!' Full of these Thoughts, he sends the Crow in Embassy, to propose a Match between him and the royal Daughter of the Eagle. With much ado, the Crow was persuaded to undertake this Business; 'I shall never be welcome, *said she*, when I come to propose so unequal a Match.

Do

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Do you think that the Eagle, who can
 'soar upwards, and gaze on the Sun,
 'will marry you, who cannot so much
 'as open your Eyes, whilst 'tis Day-
 'light? this would be the Means of your
 'never being together; one would be a-
 'broad all the Day, the other all the
 'Night.' The self-conceited Owl was
 deaf to all the Crow could urge, who,
 to satisfy him, at last went and propos'd
 a Match, between him and the young
 Eagle, and was well laugh'd at for her
 pains. The Eagle, however, sent word
 back to the Owl, 'That if he had a
 'mind to be her Son-in-law, he must
 'come and salute her, on the morrow,
 'after Sun-rising, in the middle of the
 'aerial Element.' The presumptuous Owl
 undertook it, but dazzled by the Rays
 of the Sun, he fell from his Height up-
 on a Rock: all the Birds pursu'd him,
 and pluck'd his Feathers off; and he was
 at last happy, in being able to hide himself.
 Some time after, he took to Wife a young
 Owl, whom he espous'd by Night, and
 thinking one another beautiful, and a-
 greeable, liv'd very contentedly together.
 We must not be self-conceited, nor aim
 at Honours, which we never were de-
 sign'd for.



F A B L E XXV.

Cleobulus *and* Fidelia.

A Musing Shepherd was leading his Flock to feed, on the verdant Banks of the River *Achelous*. The Fauns and Satyrs, whom the neighbouring Groves conceal'd, invited by the sweet Sound of his Flute, were dancing; the *Nayades* hid amongst the Rushes, lifted their Heads above water, to listen to his Songs. *Achelous* himself, leaning on his inclining Urn, shew'd his Head, on which there was but one Horn left, since his Combat with *Hercules*; and the melodious Sounds made him for a while forget his Pains. But the Swain was unconcern'd at the Admiration of the Water-Nymphs. He could think of nothing but the plain, modest, unadorn'd Shepherdess *Fidelia*, who had never shin'd with any borrow'd Lustre, and was deck'd only with those Beauties, which the Graces, with their own Hands had bestow'd upon her. All the other Shepherdesses were jealous of her. The Swain lov'd her, yet durst not tell her so; and admir'd her the more, for that severe
Virtue,

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Virtue, which hinder'd her from admitting Lovers : but so full of Contrivance is that Passion, that 'twill find the Means of being reveal'd, tho' not openly. The Shepherd finishing his other Songs, began one, which he hoped might move her Heart. He knew that she admir'd the Virtue of Heroes, who in Combat have acquir'd Honour ; and therefore under a fictitious Name, he rehears'd his own great Actions : for at that time, Heroes themselves would turn Shepherds ; nor did the most Valiant disdain, to lead a Flock to feed. The Swain began his Song thus ; ' When *Polynices* went to besiege the City of *Thebes*, and to pluck his Brother *Eteocles* from the Throne, all the Kings of *Greece* appear'd in Arms, and drove their Chariots against the Besieg'd. *Adrastus*, Father-in-law to *Polynices*, mow'd down whole Troops of Soldiers, and their Officers, as the Husbandman does a Field of standing Corn. On one side, the Prophet *Amphiaraus*, who had foreseen his Doom, was mixing himself in a Crowd, when suddenly the Earth open'd to swallow him, and he sunk down to the infernal Lake. As he was sinking, he deplor'd his Misfortune, and curs'd his faithless Wife. Not far from the Place were the two Sons of *Oedipus*, furiously engaging with

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' one another : as a Tyger and a Leopard,
 ' when they meet on Mount *Caucasus*,
 ' tear one another to pieces ; so did they,
 ' each seeming greedy of his Brother's
 ' Blood. During this horrid Combat,
 ' *Cleobulus*, who had follow'd *Polynices* to
 ' the War, fought with a valiant *Theban*,
 ' whom *Mars* had almost made invincible.
 ' The *Theban's* Arrow, guided by the
 ' God's own Hand, would have pierc'd
 ' the Heart of *Cleobulus*, had not he sud-
 ' denly leap'd aside ; then coming up to
 ' him, *Cleobulus* plung'd his Dagger into
 ' the *Theban's* Entrails, upon which his
 ' Blood began to flow, his Eyes grew
 ' dim, his Fierceness and his Strength
 ' forsook him, and Death effac'd all his
 ' Beauties. His Wife, from the top of
 ' a Turret perceiv'd him, and her Heart
 ' was pierc'd with a killing Sorrow.
 ' How happy was he, to die thus be-
 ' lov'd and deplor'd ! Like him I could
 ' die, with Pleasure could I like him be
 ' belov'd. Of what Service are Honour
 ' and Courage, Youth and Beauty, when
 ' we cannot move the Object of our
 ' Love ?' The Shepherdess, who had at-
 ' tentively listened to his Song, soon found
 ' that this Swain, and *Cleobulus*, who had
 ' overcome the *Theban*, were the same.
 ' The Glory he had acquir'd, the Beau-
 ' ties which shone in him, and the Pains
 he

he suffer'd for her, touch'd her Heart, which, with her Hand, she gave him. Soon after they were marry'd, and the neighbouring Swains, and rural Deities, envy'd their Happiness. They liv'd to an extreme old Age, and by their mutual Love, the Innocency of their Lives, and their Enjoyment of rural Diversions, they rivall'd *Baucis* and *Philemon*.



F A B L E XXVI.

Chromis and Mnasyles.

C. **T**HE Coolness of this Grove is exquisite, its Trees are large, their Leaves thick, and its Walks shady; no Noise is heard, but that of Nightingales singing their Love-Songs.

M. And yet there are other Beauties here, which excel those you have named.

C. What do you mean? Those Statues which are before us there? for my part, I don't like 'em at all; that first appears very rough.

M. It represents a Faun: but no more of it; one of our Shepherds, you know, has already said of it all that can be said.

C. Do

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C. Do you mean that other then, which seems to lean a little over the Fountain?

M. I would not talk of that neither; the Shepherd *Lycidas* has sung its Praises on his Flute, and who can undertake to commend after him?

C. You must certainly mean the Statue of the young Woman then.

M. I do. It has not that rustical Air, you see, which the other two have; and indeed, it represents a greater Deity, than either of 'em: 'Tis *Pomona*, or a Nymph at least. In one Hand she holds the Horn of Abundance, fill'd with the various Fruit which Autumn ripens; in the other, she carries a golden Urn, from which Pieces of Money confusedly fall: so that at the same time, she holds the Fruits of the Earth, the Riches of Nature, and those Treasures on which Mankind sets so great a Value.

C. What's the Reason that her Head is a little inclin'd.

M. Because all Statues, which are plac'd at any Height, to be view'd by People standing under 'em, are plac'd in the fairest Point of Light, when they are inclining towards the Spectator.

C. But what sort of a Head-dress is that? I think 'tis wholly unknown to our Shepherdesses.

M. 'Tis

M. 'Tis not a bit the less beautiful, or the less *a la negligée*, for all that. The Hairs are parted before, some few of 'em hang in their natural Curl on each Side, the rest are bound behind.

C. And why are her Cloaths so full of Folds?

M. 'Tis a Gown, which sits with the same negligent Air; a Girdle tucks it up, that the Nymph may walk with greater Liberty in the Grove. Your loose Folds are more a agreeable Drapery, than the narrow Habits which they now-a-days make. The Workman's Hand seems to have softened the Marble, to make the Folds appear the nicer. Under this Drapery, you may behold some Parts naked; so that at the same time, you see the Softness of the Flesh, with the Variety of the Garment-plaits.

C. So! so! You talk very learnedly of these Matters; but pray now, Was this Horn of Abundance pluck'd by *Hercules*, from the Head of the River *Achelous*? or, Was it the Horn of the Goat *Amalthea*, who gave *Jupiter* suck on Mount *Ida*?

M. That Question as yet remains undecided; but I must run to my Flock. Farewell.



DIALOGUES
OF THE
DEAD,

Both ANTIENT and MODERN.



DIALOGUE I.

Mercury and Charon.

In what manner those who are entrusted with the Education of Princes, ought to correct their growing Vices, and fill 'em with Virtues suitable to their Quality.

Ch. **W**HAT's the reason, *Mercury*,
you come so late? Do not
Men die as they did heretofore? or had
you

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you forgot your Wings behind you? Whom did you stay to rob? had *Jupiter* sent you a pimping? was you obliged to put on the Form of another *Sofia*? Why don't you answer me?

Mer. I have been deceiv'd, *Charon*; I stay'd in hopes of conducting Prince *Pierrocholes* hither: then you'd have had a good Fare.

Ch. He's very young.

Mer. Young as he is, he thought himself very ill, and cry'd as if Death had been staring him in the Face.

Ch. Well; and shall we have him?

Mer. He has so often deceiv'd me that way, that I cannot depend upon him; scarce was he in bed, when, forgetting his Pain, he fell to sleep.

Ch. His Distemper was not real then?

Mer. What he thought a very grievous, was but a very slight Illness; he has often alarm'd his People in the same manner. I have seen him in the Cholick, wishing that his Belly was cut off; and at another time, when his Nose bled, fancying his Soul was dropping into his Handkerchief.

Ch. How will he wage War?

Mer. As he does now, without Pain or Trouble—War at Chess: he has already fought above an hundred Battles.

Ch. Fatal War! which sends us no Subjects.

Mer.

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Mer. Notwithstanding this, if we can but throw aside his Wantonness and Effeminacy, I hope he will one day make a great Figure. He can rage and weep like *Achilles*, why then should he not be as courageous too? In his Frowardness he resembles him. They say that he loves the Muses, and that he has a *Chiron*, a *Phenix*.

Ch. But all this makes nothing for us; we want a young, rash, ignorant, unpolish'd Prince, who, despising Learning, shou'd love nothing but Arms; who, always ready to glut himself in Blood, shou'd place his Happiness in the Misfortunes of Mankind. Such a one would fill my Boat once a day.

Mer. So, so, you want one of those Princes, or rather one of those Monsters, who are greedy of Slaughter. This is of a milder Disposition; I believe he will love Peace, yet know how to wage War. In him you may discover the Principles of a good Prince, as in the Bud of a Rose you may perceive how beautiful the Flower will be.

Ch. But is he not hasty and boisterous?

Mer. He is so indeed, and to a strange degree.

Ch. What then do you mean by cultivating the Muses? He will never learn any thing, but spread Confusion where-
ever

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ever he comes ; many a murmuring Shade will he send us, but so much the better.

Mer. He is boisterous, but not mischievous ; he is curious, tractable, and has an excellent Taste for every thing that's fine : He loves good Men, and is beholden to those who correct him. If he can but once overcome his Hastiness and Laziness, he'll be wonderful : remember I foretel it thee.

Ch. Hasty and lazy ! these are palpable Contradictions ; sure you dream.

Mer. I do not, I'll assure you ; he is hasty, easily provok'd, and lazy in discharging his Duties : but he mends upon it every day ; he is certainly reserv'd for something great.

Ch. It seems then, we shan't have him yet.

Mer. No ; his Sickness proceeds more from Impatience than any real Pain. *Jupiter* designs that he shall long continue a Blessing to Mankind.





DIALOGUE II.

Hercules and Theseus.

The Manner in which these two Heroes reproach one another, is a short and ingenuous way of letting you into their History and Characters.

Thes. **Y**OU surprize me, *Hercules*; I thought you in the highest *Olympus*, seated with the Gods. It was reported that the Fire on Mount *Oeta* had consumed all that mortal part which was deriv'd from your Mother, and that nothing of thee remain'd but that which sprung from *Jove*. It was also said that you married the Goddess *Hebe*, who has now leisure enough, since *Ganymede* serves the Nectar in her stead.

Her. Don't you know that what you see of me is only my Ghost?

Thes. And what you see of me is only mine: but whilst that's here, no part of me can be in *Olympus*.

Her. That's because thou art not, as I am, the Son of *Jupiter*.

Thes. Very good, really! *Æthra* my Mother, and my Father *Ægeus*, would have

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have persuaded the World that I was *Neptune's* Son; as *Alcmena*, to cover the Fault she had been guilty of during *Amphytrion's* being at the Siege of *Thebes*, persuaded him that she had received a Visit from *Jupiter*.

Her. I think you very bold, thus to treat the Vanquisher of Monsters. I never could take such Jest.

Thes. But the threatning of a Shadow will scarce make me forbear breaking 'em. I am not in *Olympus* laughing at the immortaliz'd Son of *Jove*: and as for Monsters, I have vanquish'd some in my time as well as you.

Her. Wou'd you presume to compare your faint Actions with my Labours? The World can never forget the Lion of *Nemaea*, on which account the *Nemaean* Games were instituted; the *Hydra* of *Lerna*, whose Heads multiplied; the *Erymanthian* Boar; the *Stymphalian* Birds; the *Amazon*, whose Girdle I brought away; the Stable of *Auger*; the Bull which I dragg'd into *Greece*; *Cacus* whom I overcame; the Horses of *Diomedes*, who fed on human Flesh; *Geryon* the three-headed King of *Spain*; the Golden Apples growing in the Garden of the *Hesperides*; lastly, *Cerberus*, whom I dragg'd out of Hell, and forced to see the Sun.

Thes.

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Thes. And did not I overcome all the Vagabonds of *Greece*? Did I not drive *Medea* from my Father's House, kill the Minotaur, and find the way out of the Labyrinth, for which the *Isthmian* Games were instituted? And sure they must be allow'd to be equal with the *Nemæan* Games. Farther, I overcame the *Amazons* who besieged *Athens*. Add to this the Combat of the *Lapithæ*, *Jason's* Voyage for the Golden Fleece, the hunting of the *Caledonian* Boar, in which I had so great a share; and as well as you I have dared to descend into *Hell*.

Her. Yes; but your rash Enterprize was deservedly punish'd; you did not carry off *Proserpine*: *Cerberus*, whom I dragg'd out of his gloomy Cave, devour'd your Friend before your Face, and you remain'd a Captive. Have you forgot how *Castor* and *Pollux* forc'd their Sister *Hellen* from you? Nay, you let them carry off your Mother *Æthra*. How diminutive a *Hero* must he be, who suffers this to be done? Lastly, you was banish'd *Athens*, and forc'd to fly to the Isle *Scyros*, where *Lycomedes*, knowing how apt you was to engage yourself in unjust Undertakings, threw you headlong from the top of a Rock by way of Prevention. A glorious Close of Life!

Thes.

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Thef. Was thine more glorious? You lov'd *Omphale*, and for her sake handled a Distaff, then forsook her for young *Iole*; and thus violated your Faith given to *Dejanira*. Did you not suffer 'em to give you the Shirt dipt in the Blood of the Centaur *Nessus*; then, growing furious, hurl poor *Lychas*, who had never injur'd thee, from the top of Mount *Oeta*, into the Sea? You desired *Philoctetes* too to conceal your Burying-place, that the World might believe you a God. Was this Close of Life more glorious than mine? Before I was banish'd *Athens*, I had drawn all its Inhabitants from their Villages, where they liv'd after a barbarous manner, to civilize them, and lay 'em under the Restraint of Laws, within the Walls of a Town. As for your part, far from being a Legislator, all your Perfections were placed in finewy Arms, and brawny Shoulders.

Her. My Shoulders have borne the World upon 'em, to ease *Atlas* of the Burden, and my Courage has always been admired. True, I have lov'd the Women too well, but can you upbraid me with it? You who so ungratefully forsook *Ariadne*, who in *Crete* had sav'd your Life. Do you think that I never heard the Name of the *Amazon Antiope* mention'd, to whom you prov'd faithless? *Egla*, who succeeded her,
did

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did not fare better. You carried *Helen* away by force, but her Brother found the means to punish you for it. *Phadra*, so far blinded you, that you had *Hippolytus* put to death, whom the *Amazon* bore you. Several others possess'd thy Heart, yet never possess'd it long.

Thef. But I never handled a Distaff like him who boasts of having carried the World on his Shoulders.

Her. That soft and effeminate Part of my Life which I led in *Lydia*, I'll not pretend to vindicate ; but in all the rest of it, you must own me something more than Man.

Thef. So much the worse for you, that being more than Man in every other Circumstance, you shou'd act so much beneath yourself in this. But then all these boasted Labours were perform'd only in obedience to *Euristheus*.

Her. 'Tis true that *Juno* had made me subject to all his Commands: 'tis the Fate of Virtue to be deliver'd up to the Persecution of the Wicked and Envious; but her Persecution has only been the means of exercising my Patience and my Courage. On the other hand, you have often been guilty of unjust Actions: happy the World, if you had never found your way out of the Labyrinth.

Thef.

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Thes. By that I deliver'd *Athens* from the annual Tribute of seven young Men, and as many Maids, which *Minos* had laid upon 'em for the Death of *Androgeos* his Son. Alas! my poor Father *Ægeus*, who expected me, fancying that he saw the black Sail instead of the white one, threw himself headlong into the Sea, and when I landed I found him dead: from that time forwards I govern'd *Athens* with Wisdom.

Her. How could you govern it, since you was every day embark'd in some new Expedition; and that by your Loves you involv'd all *Greece* in War?

Thes. Let us talk no more of Love, 'tis but a shameful Subject, and as far as I can see, we are not much behind-hand with one another.

Her. I own it with all my heart, and yield to thee in Eloquence; but what decides of our Worth, is, you are now in Hell at *Pluto's* Mercy, whom you have highly provok'd, and I am in *Olympus* rank'd with the immortal Gods.





D I A L O G U E III.

Achilles and Chiron.

A lively Picture of the Danger of too much youthful Fire in a Young Prince born to command.

Achill. **W**HAT Service have all your Instructions done me, and how am I the better for having received them? You never talk'd to me of any thing but Wisdom, Courage, Glory, and Heroism: but notwithstanding all your fine Discourses, here am I a vain empty Shadow. Would it not have been much better for me to have liv'd long and voluptuously at the Court of King *Lycomedes*, disguis'd, like a Maid, with the Princesses his Daughters?

Ch. Well; and would you beg leave of the Fates to return amongst these Ladies? You shall spin, but at the same time you shall lose all the Glory you have acquir'd. *Troy* shall be besieged a second time, and *Homer* shall sing the Praises of thy inveterate Enemy, the proud *Agamemnon*; even *Thersites* shall not be forgotten: but as for your part, you shall be buried in Oblivion.

Achill.

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Achill. Agamemnon run away with my Glory! I be buried in Oblivion! I cannot bear the thoughts on't; I had rather fall again by the Hand of the inglorious Paris.

Ch. Then the Instructions that I gave you concerning Virtue, are not wholly to be despised?

Achill. I own it, and would willingly return into the World, that I might make use of those Instructions.

Ch. What wou'd you do there this second time?

Achill. What wou'd I do there? I wou'd avoid quarrelling with Agamemnon, and by that means save the Life of my Friend Patroclus, and the Blood of so many Grecians, who fell by the destructive Sword of the Trojans, whilst I was rolling on the Sands of the Sea-shore.

Ch. But did I not tell thee beforehand that thy Passion would make thee guilty of all these Follies?

Achill. True; you told me of it an hundred times over; but when did Youth hearken to Advice? It believes nothing but just what it sees. Oh would I were young again!

Ch. You would be as passionate and untractable as heretofore.

Achill. I would not, I give you my word.

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Ch. Did you not promise me a hundred, and a hundred times to that, that you'd grow more moderate when you came before *Troy*? How well you kept your word there!

Achill. I own I did not.

Ch. And you wou'd be the same was you to grow young again; you would promise just as you did before, and keep your word as you did then.

Achill. Youth then must be a strange Distemper.

Ch. And yet it is a Distemper that you'd willingly be sick of again.

Achill. True; but how charming would Youth be, was it capable of Reflection and Moderation. You who understand Remedies so well, do you know no Cure for this impetuous Heat, by far more dangerous than a burning Fever?

Ch. The only Remedy is to distrust one's self, to hearken to those who are wiser, and to ask their Advice; by one's past Faults to take care and avoid the same for the future, and often to implore the Assistance of *Minerva*, whose Wisdom is above the Valour of *Mars*.

Achill. Well, all this I'll do, if *Jupiter* will give me back the same flourishing Youth I once enjoy'd: do you, at the same time, pray him that he would restore your Life; and that I may be sub-
ject

Dial. 4. of the Dead. 123

ject to your Will, as *Hercules* was to that of *Euristheus*.

Ch. With all my heart. I'll make the Request to the Father of the Gods, and I am well assur'd that he will grant it. After a long Series of Years, you shall live again, and be born with a Genius, Greatness of Soul, Courage and Love for Poetry. You shall have a *Chiron* near you, and we shall see what use you'll make of his Precepts.



DIALOGUE IV.

Achilles, Homer.

An agreeable Manner of infusing into the Heart of a young Prince, a Love for Learning and Glory.

Ach. I Am heartily glad, O illustrious Poet! that through my means you are become immortal; my Quarrel with *Agamemnon*, my Grief for the Death of *Patroclus*, my Combats with the *Trojans*, and my Victory over *Hector*, have given you one of the finest Subjects for a Poem, that ever was heard of.

H. I own, that the Subject is fine; but others as good might have been found.

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found. Nor needs this much Proof, since I my self actually found another: The Adventures of the sage and patient *Ulysses*, do not fall short of the Rage of the haughty *Achilles*.

A. And dare you compare the crafty and deceitful *Ulysses*, to the Son of *Thetis*, more terrible than *Mars*? Be gone! ungrateful Poet! or——

H. You have forgot, perhaps, that 'tis in vain for Shades to put themselves in a passion; nobody will mind 'em; nor can any Arms be now of service to you, but sound Reasoning.

A. Why then, do you come to disown, that you are indebted to me for your best Poem? The other, is a meer Rhapsody of old Womens Tales, every Line in it languishes, and you may plainly discover the decay'd Poet, whose Fire is quite extinguish'd, and who never knows when to have done.

H. You are like a vast number of others, who, ignorant of the different Kinds of Writing, think that an Author droops, as soon as he passes from a lively rapid Stile, to one more soft and smooth. Perfection in Writing, consists in observing your various Characters. To vary your Stile, as Occasion requires; and to soar, or droop, *à propos*, and by this Contrast, Characters will be more agreeable, and
more

Dial. 4. of the Dead. 125

more distinguish'd. You must know how to sound the Trumpet, to tune the Lyre, and play on the rural Pipe. I suppose you would have me describe *Calypso*, with her Nymphs in the Grotto, or *Nausica* on the Sea-shore, after the same manner that I would Heroes, and even Gods themselves, fighting before the Gates of *Troy*. Talk of War, and keep within your own Element; but never pretend to judge of Poetry in my Presence.

A. How proud you are, poor blind Man! You take advantage now of my Death!

H. No more than I do of my own: I consider you as the Shade of *Achilles*, myself as the Ghost of *Homer*.

A. Oh! could I but make this ungrateful Ghost sensible of my former Strength!

H. Since you talk so much of Ingratitude, I'll take the pains to undeceive you: You have furnish'd me with a Subject, which I might have found any where else; but I have given you a Name, which another could not have given you, and which will never be forgotten.

A. How! Do you imagine that without the Assistance of your Verses, the great *Achilles* would not have been admir'd, in all Nations, and in all Ages!

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H. Intolerable Vanity! and that for having shed more Blood than another, at the Siege of a Town, which was not taken, but after thy Death! How many Heroes have subdu'd Nations, and conquer'd Kingdoms? Notwithstanding this, they are bury'd in Oblivion, and their Names are forgotten. The Muses only can make heroick Actions immortal. A King, who is ambitious of Glory, must acquire it by these two Means, first, by his Virtues he must deserve it, and then he must make himself be belov'd by the Sons of *Parnassus*, who will transmit his Name to all Posterity.

A. But 'tis not in the power of Princes always, to have great Poets. It was accidentally, and long after my Death, that you resolv'd upon Writing your *Iliad*.

H. That's true; but when a Prince is a Lover of Learning, there will arise, during his Reign, many great Men; his Favours, and his Rewards, will raise a noble Emulation amongst them. Let but a Prince love and encourage the Muses, and there will soon appear enow ready to praise whatever is praise-worthy in him. If a Prince be without a *Homer*, 'tis because he does not deserve to have one; it must be his want of Taste, that occasions Ignorance and Barbarism. Barbarism!

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barism! which dishonours a whole Nation, and must deprive the Prince of all Hopes of having his Actions made immortal! Do you not know, that *Alexander*, who lately came down hither, wept, because he had not a Poet to do that for him, which I have done for thee? That was because he had a true Taste of Glory; for your part, you owe me all yours, and yet you upbraid me with Ingratitude. 'Tis in vain to put your self into a passion now, your Anger when before *Troy*, was fit to furnish me with a Subject for a Poem; but I cannot sing your present Rage, and consequently you would reap no Honour from it. But remember this, Fate having depriv'd you of all other Advantages, you have nothing now remaining, but the glorious Name which my Verses have given you. Farewell, when you are in a better Humour, I'll come, and in this Grove rehearse to you some Lines of the *Iliad*, particularly the Defeat of the *Greeks*, during thy Absence; the Confusion of the *Trojans*, when they saw thee appear to revenge the Death of *Patroclus*, even the Gods themselves, astonish'd to see thee so like almighty *Jove*, when arm'd with Thunder. After that, say if you dare, that *Achilles* does not owe his Glory to *Homer*.



D I A L O G U E V.

*Achilles, Ulysses.**The Character of these two Heroes.*

Ulyss. **A** Good Morning to the Son of *Thetis*. I am at length descended to these dismal Abodes, after a long Life, to which you was hurry'd in the Flower of your Age.

A. My Life has been short, because the unjust Fates would not suffer me to acquire more Glory, than they allow Mortals to acquire.

Ul. Yet have they suffer'd me to live long, amidst an infinite Number of Dangers, from which I have always extricated my self with Honour.

A. A fine Honour, always to prevail by Stratagem! For my part, I never knew how to dissemble, I only knew how to conquer.

Ul. And yet after thy Death, I was judg'd the most worthy of having thy Armour.

A. Ay, but you obtain'd it by your Eloquence, not your Courage; I shudder when I reflect upon it, that an Armour
made

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made by *Vulcan*, and given me by my Mother, has been the Reward of a subtle Talker.

Ul. Know that I have done greater things than thou hast. You died before the City of *Troy*, whilst 'twas in all its Glory, but I overthrew its Walls.

A. It is more glorious to perish by the unjust Anger of the Gods, after having overcome one's Enemies, than by hiding one's self in a Horse's Belly, to finish a War, and to deceive one's Enemies under the Cloak of the religious Mysteries of *Minerva*.

Ul. Have you then forgotten, that the *Greeks* are indebted to me, even for *Achilles* himself. Had it not been for me, you wou'd have spent an inglorious Life, amongst the Daughters of King *Lycomedes*. All your great Actions are owing to me, as I forc'd you upon 'em.

A. But I did 'em, whilst you never did any thing but by Fraud. If I was amongst the Daughters of *Lycomedes*, 'twas because my Mother *Thetis*, who foresaw that I should perish at the Siege of *Troy*, hid me there to save my Life; but as you were not to fall, why did you dissemble Madness with your Plough, when *Palamedes* so artfully discover'd the Cheat. O what Pleasure there is in seeing the Deceiver deceived! If you remember, he

G 5

laid

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laid *Telemachus* before you, to see if you would drive the Plough over your own Son.

Ul. I remember it; but I lov'd *Penelope*, and was unwilling to leave her. Was you not guilty of far greater Follies, for the Love of *Briseis*, when you left the *Grecian* Camp, and was the Occasion of the Death of your Friend *Patroclus*?

A. But when I return'd, I reveng'd *Patroclus*, and conquer'd *Hector*. Whom, in your whole Life, did you overcome, excepting *Hirus*, that *Ithacan* Beggar?

Ul. And the Lovers of *Penelope*, and the *Cyclops Polyphemus*?

A. You over came those Lovers by Treachery; they were effeminate Men, sunk even in Pleasure, and almost always drunk. As for *Polyphemus*, you ought never to mention him. If you had but dar'd stay his Coming, he would have made you dearly pay for the Eye you bor'd out, whilst he was asleep.

Ul. But I have borne, during the Space of twenty Years, both at the Siege of *Troy*, and in my Return home, all the Misfortunes, and was expos'd to all the Dangers that can exercise the Courage and Wisdom of Man. But where did you ever show any Conduct? There never was any thing in thee, but an impetuous Madness, a Fury which brutal Men

have

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have call'd Courage, and which the un-
manly *Paris* at last conquer'd.

A. But you, who so much boast of your Prudence, was you not foolishly put to death by your Son *Telemachus*, whom *Circe* bore you? You had not Foresight enough to make your self known to him. A fine sort of a wise Man, this, to call another Fool!

Ul. Go, I leave thee with the Shade of
Ajax, as brutal as thy self, and as jea-
lous of my Glory.



DIALOGUE VI.

Ulysses, Grillus.

The State of Man would be worse than that of Beasts, was it not for the Comforts of solid Philosophy, and true Religion.

UL. **A**RE you not over-joy'd, my dear *Grillus*, to see me again, and to be in a Condition of re-assuming your antient Form.

Gr. I am really so, at seeing you again, Fav'rite of *Minerva*; but as for the re-assuming my antient Form, you'll excuse me if you please.

Ul. Alas !

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Ul. Alas! Child, do you know how you are now made? You are far from being finely shap'd, I'll assure you. Your Body is thick-set, and prone to the Earth; your Ears long, and dangling down; your Eyes very small, and scarce half open'd; your Snout horrid, your Phys. very unpromising, and your Hair coarse and bristly: in short, if you don't know it yet, let me tell you, that take you all together, you are a very frightful sort of a Body; and if you have but the least Spirit, you'll think your self very happy in being able to recommence Man.

Gr. You may talk as long as you please, but I'll assure you, I can't do it; I like the swinish Trade much better. 'Tis true, my Shape is none of the finest, but 'tis only forbearing to look in a Glass, and in the Humour I am, there is no great Danger of my seeing my self in the Water; for I love a Mire, far beyond a chrystal Fountain.

Ul. And does not this Beastliness affright you? You live upon Nastiness, wallow in unwholesome Places, and always stink so wretchedly, that whoever comes near you is ready to puke.

Gr. No matter, every thing depends upon Fancy; the Smell of this Nastiness to me is Amber, the Taste Nectar.

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Ul. I vow I blush for you; have you already forgotten all that is noble and advantageous in human Nature?

Gr. Tell me no more of human Nature, what you call noble is imaginary; all its Evils are real, whilst its Blessings are plac'd in the Idea. My Body is filthy, and cover'd with Bristles; but I no longer stand in need of Cloathing, and you would be more happy in the Course of your Adventures, was your Body as hairy as mine, and if like me, you stood in need of no Garments: my Food I find every where, even in the most fulsome Places; nor War, nor Law-Suits, nor any other Evils of Life vex me; I want neither Cook, Barber, Taylor, nor Architect: I am free and easily satisfy'd; why then wou'd you lead me into all the Necessities of Mankind?

Ul. 'Tis true, that Man's Necessities are great, but he has invented Arts by which he can satisfy 'em, and which turn to his Honour, and give him Delight.

Gr. It is better to be free from all these Necessities, than to be Master of the most excellent Means for supplying 'em; as it is better to enjoy a perfect Health, without the Assistance of Physick, than to be sick, though you have the

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the best Remedies apply'd for your Cure.

Ul. But dear *Grillus*, do you esteem as nothing Eloquence, Poetry, Musick, the Knowledge of Arts, and of the whole World, that of Numbers and Figures? Have you renounc'd our Country, its Sacrifices, Feasts, Games, Dances, Combats, and the Crowns which are the Rewards of Conquerors? prithee answer me.

Gr. My swinish Temper is so happy, that I am above all those fine things. I had rather grunt, than be as eloquent as you are; and what puts me more out of conceit with Eloquence, is, that yours which is equal to *Minerva's*, does not in the least affect me. I do not endeavour to persuade any body else, nor do I desire to be persuaded. Verse I care as little for as I do for Prose, all those things are grown insipid to me. As for Wrestling, and Chariot-Races, I willingly leave 'em to those who are as fond of a Garland, as a Child of a Rattle. I am no longer active enough to win the Prize, nor shall I envy it in any one less burden'd with Fat and Lard. I have lost all relish for Musick, and 'tis by our Taste of things we judge of 'em; your Taste makes you relish it, mine makes me loath it. Of this no more. Return to *Ithaca*.

A

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A Hog's Country is every place where Acorns are to be found. Go reign, see *Penelope* again, and punish her Lovers. My *Penelope* is a Sow, not far from here, she reigns in my Sty, and nothing disturbs our Empire. How many Kings in their lofty Palaces, cannot attain the Happiness I now enjoy. The People call them lazy, and unworthy of the Throne, when, like me, they resolve not to torment Mankind.

Ul. You don't consider that a Hog is always expos'd to the Mercy of Men, and is fated only to have his Throat cut; so that with your fine way of reasoning, you will soon end your Life, and those Men amongst whom you will not be rank'd, will eat your Bacon, your Puddings, and your Gammons.

Gr. True, this is the Danger of my State, but has not yours its Perils also? I expose my self to Death, for the sake of an agreeable Life, whose Pleasures are real; you expose your self to a more sudden Death, for the sake of an unhappy Life, and whose Glory is chimerical: from hence I infer, that one had better be a Hog than a Hero. Was *Apollo* himself one day to sing your Victories, his Song would not ease your Pains, or preserve you from Death. The Life of a Hog is certainly by much the more preferable.

Ul. And

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Ul. And are you senseless, and brutish enough, to despise Wisdom, which makes Men almost equal to the Gods?

Gr. You mistake, 'tis that very Wisdom which makes me despise 'em; for 'tis impious to believe that they resemble the Gods, seeing that they are blind, unjust, deceitful, mischievous, unhappy, and deserve so to be; arm'd in a cruel manner against one another, and as much Enemies to themselves, as they are to their Neighbours. Of what advantage is that Wisdom so much boasted of? Does it reform Men's Morals? All the use they make of it, is to flatter, and to gratify their Passions. Had not one better be without Reason, than to have it only to authorize the most unreasonable Actions? Talk no longer of Man, he is the most unjust, and consequently the most irrational Animal. Without flattering myself, a Hog is a clever Creature enough, he neither coins false Money, nor draws false Contracts, he never forswears himself, has neither Avarice nor Ambition, Honour never makes him undertake unjust Conquests, he is ingenuous without Malice, and spends his whole Life in Eating, Drinking and Sleeping. If all the World was like him, all the World would sleep quietly, and you would not be here. *Paris* had never carry'd *Helen* away,

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away ; the *Greeks* would never have conquer'd *Troy*, after a ten Years Siege ; you never had wander'd thus by Sea and Land, expos'd to the Caprice of Fortune, nor would you now stand in need of conquering your own Kingdom. Talk to me therefore no longer of Reason, for Man is fill'd with Folly : had not one better be a Brute, than a wicked Fool ?

Ul. I vow I can't sufficiently admire your Stupidity.

Gr. A fine Wonder indeed, that a Hog should be stupid, let every one preserve his own Character ; do you preserve that of being a disquiet, eloquent, imperious, subtle Disturber of the Publick Repose. The Nation to which I belong is modest, silent, Enemy to Subtilty, and to fine Speeches ; without Reasoning they directly go to the Enjoyment of Pleasure.

Ul. Yet dare not you disown, but that Immortality, which is reserv'd for Men, raises their Condition infinitely above that of Beasts : I am struck dumb with Admiration at the Blindness of *Grillus*, who values as nought the Delights of the *Elysian* Fields, where Men live happy after their Deaths.

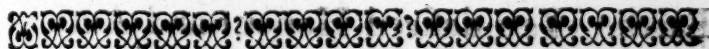
Gr. Hold, if you please ; I am not so much of a Hog as to renounce Human Nature, if you could shew me that Man enjoy'd a true Immortality : but to be
nothing

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nothing but a Shadow, a whining Shadow, which even in the *Elysian* Fields cowardly regrets the Pains of the World, I own that such a Shadow of Immortality is not worth constraining one's self for. *Achilles* in the *Elysian* Fields plays at Coits on the Grass, but he wou'd give up all his Glory, which is but a Dream, to be the ignominious *Thersites* amongst the Living. *Achilles* so undeceived now on the account of Honour, is nothing but a Shade: he is no longer himself, you find nothing in him of his Courage and Sentiments; and all that remains tends only to dishonour him: that empty Shadow is no more *Achilles*, than this is my Body. Do not therefore, eloquent *Ulysses*, flatter yourself that you can deceive me by a false Appearance of Immortality; I would enjoy something more real, for want of which, I resolve to remain in the Condition I now am. Shew me that Man has something in him more noble than his Body, and free from Corruption; shew that the Faculty of Thinking is not inherent in Matter, but shall subsist after the Dissolution of this unweildy and ill-contrived Piece of Mechanism: in short, shew me that what remains after this Life, is a truly happy Being; prove that the Gods are not unjust, but that after this Life there is a solid Reward for Virtue, which
has

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has been miserable here on Earth; and immediately, divine Offspring of *Laertes*, I will with you share your Dangers, contented leave the Styres of *Circe*, and become Man, and Man always fore-arm'd against Pleasure: but by no other means shall you compass your Ends. I would rather be a fat Hog, satisfied with Filthiness, than be a weak, vain, inconstant, deceitful, mischief-making, unjust Man, who hopes for nothing after Death, but to be a melancholy whining Shade, unsatisfied with its own Condition.



DIALOGUE VII.

Romulus, Remus.

*Greatness, acquir'd by Crimes, can afford
neither Honour nor solid Happiness.*

Rem. **A**T length, Brother, you are reduced to my Condition; 'twas scarce worth your while to put me to death for this: those few Years that you have reigned alone, are at an end, and nothing now remains of them; you wou'd have spent them with much more Tranquillity, cou'd you have liv'd peaceably, and shar'd the Authority with me.

Ro. Had

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Ro. Had I been thus moderate, I had never founded so powerful a City, nor gain'd such Victories as have made me immortal.

Rem. It had been much better for you to have had less Power, and more Justice and Virtue; I appeal for the truth of this, to *Minos* and his two Collegues, who are now going to judge you.

Ro. That's very hard; on Earth no one would have dar'd to judge me.

Rem. My Blood, in which you have imbru'd your hands, will condemn you here below, and blast your Reputation on Earth. You desired Honour and Authority; that Authority has just pass'd thro your hands, and slipt away from you like a Dream. As for Honour, you never will possess any; here is no pretending to be great, without first being honest; and you must shun Crimes which are unworthy of Men, before you aspire to the Virtues of the Gods: you had the Inhumanity of a Monster, yet pretended to be a Hero.

Ro. You would not unpunish'd have talk'd after this manner to me, whilst we were tracing out our City.

Rem. I am to my cost sensible of the truth of that; but how came you to descend to us? 'twas reported that you was become immortal.

Ro. My People has been foolish enough to believe so.

D I A-



D I A L O G U E VIII.

Romulus, Tatius.

True Heroism is inconsistent with Fraud and Violence.

T. I Am arriv'd here a little sooner than thou art, but at length we are both come, and I don't see that you are a bit forwarder in your Affairs than I am in mine.

Ro. The difference between us is very great; I have the Honour of having founded a City which shall endure for ever, and whose Empire shall have no other Limits than those of the Universe; I have overcome the neighbouring People; I have form'd an invincible Nation out of a Company of refugeed Criminals: what hast thou done that may be compared with these Wonders?

T. Fine Wonders indeed! to assemble a Company of Thieves and Robbers, to make one's self chief of a Gang of Banditti; unpunished to ravage the neighbouring Countries, treacherously to carry off their Women, to assassinate one's own Brother: these are things, I must confess,
which

which I have not done. Your City will last as long as it shall please the Gods, but 'tis rais'd upon a very poor Foundation. As for your Empire it may easily be extended, for you have taught your Citizens nothing but how to usurp other Men's Goods. They now stand in need of a Prince to govern them, more moderate and just than thou wert; and 'tis reported that my Son-in-law *Numa* has succeeded thee; he is wise, just, religious, and bountiful: this is the Man they stand in need of to reform the Republick, and to repair thy Faults.

Ro. It is an easy matter to spend one's Life in judging Law-Suits, appeasing Quarrels, and civilizing a City; but 'tis an inglorious Life: the true Hero is he who spends his time in extending his Conquests, and gaining new Triumphs.

T. A very fine piece of Heroism truly, to assassinate all those whom we are jealous of!

Ro. How! to assassinate! I hope you don't suspect that I had you put to death.

T. Suspect it; no, no, I don't in the least suspect it, but I am very certain of it: you could no longer bear that I should share the Kingdom with you; all those who since me have cross'd the *Styx*, have assur'd me that you have not endeavour'd

to

to discountenance such an Opinion; no Sorrow for my Death, no Care taken to revenge it, and to punish my Murderers. But you have met with the Fate you deserv'd; when we teach impious Men to assassinate a King, they will make no great difficulty of sacrificing a second.

Ro. Well; and had I put you to death, I should but have follow'd the same treacherous Example which you set me, in deceiving the Virgin *Tarpeia*; you agreed with her to let you come up with your Troops to surprize the Rock, which from her was call'd the *Tarpeian* Rock: you promis'd her for a Reward, what the *Sabines* wore on their Left Arms; she expected to receive the precious Bracelets which she had seen; instead of that, all their Bucklers were thrown upon her, with which she was immediately smother'd. That, that, was a treacherous and cruel Action.

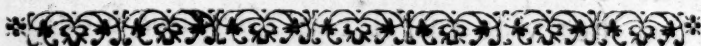
T. Yours, in putting me to death, was a blacker piece of Treason, for we had sworn an eternal Alliance, and united our two People; but I am reveng'd. Your Senators found the means of repelling your Boldness and Tyranny; there did not remain the least Particle of your mangled Body. Probably each one of the Senators carried off a piece under his Robe: this was the means of your commencing

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mencing God, you appear'd to *Proculus* with immortal Majesty : Are you not satisfied with this Honour, you that are so ambitious ?

Ro. Not overmuch really : but there is no Remedy to my Misfortunes, they mangle me, and then they adore me ; this is in a manner deriding me. If I was living, I'd——

T. 'Tis in vain to threaten, Shadows are impotent. Farewell, thou wicked Wretch, I forsake thee.



D I A L O G U E IX.

Romulus, Numa Pompilius.

The Glory of a wise and peaceable King, is more solid than that of an unjust Conqueror.

Rom. **Y**OU have staid a great while before you came here ; your Reign has been very long.

N. P. That was because it has been peaceable. The means of attaining an extreme old Age on the Throne, is to do Evil to no one, never to abuse Authority, and so to behave ourselves, that it shou'd be no one's Interest to wish our Death.

Rom. But when you reign with so much Moderation, you live obscurely,
and

Dial. 9. *of the Dead.* 145

and die ingloriously. You have the trouble of governing Men, without tasting the Pleasures of Authority. It is far better to conquer, to bear down all that opposes you, and to aspire to Immortality.

N. P. But pray what does your Immortality consist in? I had heard that you was rank'd amongst the Gods, and drank Nectar at the Table of *Jove*: How comes it about that I find you here?

Rom. To tell you the truth, the Senators, grown jealous of my Glory, began to mistrust me, and loaded me with Honours after they had torn me in pieces; they chose rather to adore me as a God, than to obey me as their King.

N. P. What was not *Proculus*'s Story true then?

Rom. Don't you know how many of those things are impos'd upon the People? You know more of this than any body else, who perswaded them that you was inspir'd by the Nymph *Egeria*. *Proculus* seeing the People incens'd at my Death, quieted them with this fabulous Story. Men love to be deceiv'd, and Flattery will appease their greatest Pains.

N. P. Did all your Immortality then consist in the Stabs you received?

Rom. No; I had Priests, Altars, Victims, and Frankincense.

H

N. P.

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N. P. But this Frankincense is no Restorative ; spite of it you are but a vain and impotent Shadow, without Hopes of ever seeing the Light again. You see therefore that nothing is so solid as being good, just, moderate, and belov'd by one's People. In this manner you may live long, and enjoy Tranquillity ; 'tis true, you have no Sacrifices offer'd you, nor are you reckon'd immortal : but to make you amends, you enjoy Health, reign without Trouble, and do good to the People whom you govern.

Rom. But you was not young when you began to reign.

N. P. I was forty Years old, and that prov'd my Happiness ; had I ascended the Throne sooner, I should have been without Experience, and without Wisdom, expos'd to my own Passions. Power is dangerous in the hands of one who is young and hot ; you have fatally experienced the truth of this, who in your Passion kill'd your own Brother, and made yourself hated by all your Citizens.

Rom. Since you have liv'd so long, you certainly had a good and faithful Guard always round you.

N. P. No, I'll assure you ; the first thing I did, was to get rid of the 300 Guards, call'd the *Celeres*, whom you had chosen. A Man who must be courted

to

Dial. 9. of the Dead. 147

to accept of Royalty, who accepts of it only for the Publick Good, and is willing to lay it down again, need not fear to die like a Tyrant. For my part, I thought I did the *Romans* a Favour when I accepted of the Government; I liv'd in Poverty to enrich the People; all the neighbouring Nations would have wish'd to have been under my Government. When this was my Condition, did I stand in need of Guards? As for my part, I was a poor Mortal, and no body thought it their Interest to give me that Immortality which the Senate thought you worthy of. My Guard was the Love of my Citizens, who look'd on me as their Father. Cannot a King trust his Life to a People, who trust him with their Goods, their Repose, and their Preservation? Such a Confidence was but equal on each side.

Rom. To hear you talk, one would think you had been made a King in spite of yourself, and you impos'd upon the People in that, as you did on the account of Religion.

N. P. They came to fetch me out of the Solitude in which I liv'd at *Cures*: at first I represented to 'em, that I was not in the least fit to govern a warlike People, always us'd to Triumphs; that they wanted a *Romulus* still ready to conquer.

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To this I added, that yours and *Tatius's* Death, did not make me overfond of succeeding these two Kings: and lastly, I represented that I never had so much as been present at a Combat. Spite of all this, they persisted in their Sollicitations, and at last I yielded; but I still lived poorly, plainly, and moderately on the Throne, without preferring myself to any of the Citizens. I reunited the *Romans* and the *Sabines*, insomuch, that you cannot now perceive that they ever were two Nations. I have restor'd the Golden Age. The People not only in the Neighbourhood of *Rome*, but even throughout *Italy*, were sensible of the Plenty, which by my means was diffus'd thro the Land. Agriculture, once esteem'd, has civiliz'd the Savage People, and fix'd them to their Country, without exciting that turbulent Desire in 'em of invading their Neighbours Lands.

Rom. This Peace and this Plenty serves only to puff a Nation up with Pride, to make 'em untoward to their King, and to soften 'em, insomuch that they never will be able to support the Fatigues and the Dangers of War. Had any body waged War with you, what had you done, you that never so much as saw a Combat? I suppose you must have desired
the

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the Enemies to stay till you had consulted your Nymph *Egeria*.

N. P. If I did not know how to wage War like you, I knew how to avoid it, and make myself be belov'd and respected by my Neighbours. I have given Laws to the *Romans*, which making 'em just, sober, and laborious, will always make 'em formidable to those who would attack 'em. All that I fear, is, that they shou'd still have too much of that Spirit of Rapine and Violence which you infus'd in 'em.



D I A L O G U E X.

Xerxes, Leonidas.

'Tis Wisdom and Valour that makes a State invincible, and not the Number of Subjects, or the unlimited Authority of Princes.

X. I Intend thee a great Honour, *Leonidas*; you may still belong to my Retinue here on the Shores of *Styx*.

L. The chief Intent of my coming here, was to repel thy Tyranny, and never to see thee more. Go seek thy Wives, thy Eunuchs, thy Slaves, and thy Flatterers;

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rers; such are the fittest Company for thee.

X. Did you ever see so insolent a Brute? a Beggar who never had any thing but the Name of a King, without the Authority! a Captain of the Banditti! Are you not ashamed to compare yourself to so potent a King? Have you forgotten how I cover'd the Earth with my Army, and the Seas with my Fleet? Did you not know that my Soldiers cou'd not quench their Thirst without draining Rivers?

L. How dare you boast the Number of your Forces? Three hundred *Spartans*, whom I commanded at the *Thermopylae*, were slain by thy innumerable Army, but not conquer'd; they never fell until they were weary with Slaughter. Do you not see around you those wandring Shades that cover the whole Shore? These are the twenty thousand *Persians* whom we have slain. Ask 'em how many Men one *Spartan* is worth, or at least how many of yours. 'Tis Courage, not Multitude, that makes an Army invincible.

X. Thy Action was a rash and desperate one.

L. No, it was a wise and a generous one: We thought it our Duty to devote ourselves to certain Death, to shew how dangerous it was to undertake to enslave the
the

Dial. 10. of the Dead. 151

the *Greeks*, and to give all *Greece* time to arm, and conquer, or perish like us. And indeed this Example of Courage dismay'd the *Persians*, and re-animated the affrighted *Grecians*. Our Death was well employ'd.

X. Oh, how griev'd I am, that I did not enter into *Peloponnesus*, after having ravaged *Attica*; I wou'd have reduced thy *Lacedæmon*, as I did *Athens*, to *Ashes*. Wretched impudent Fellow, I would—

L. This is not a fit time either to flatter, or to offer Affronts, we are in the Region of Truth. Do you still imagine yourself a potent Monarch? Thy Treasures are far off, thou hast no Guards, no Army, no Pomp, no Pleasure; your Ears no longer will be sooth'd with Praise; you are naked, alone, and just about to appear before *Minos's* Judgment-Seat, but still thy Shade is haughty and proud; thou wert not more arrogant when thou hadst the Sea lash'd: indeed you richly deserv'd to be lash'd yourself for that extravagant Action. Do you remember those golden Chains which you threw into the *Helle-spont*, pretending thereby to enslave the Winds? A pretty sort of a Fellow, truly, to subdue the Seas! But soon after you was glad to return hastily to *Asia*, in a Boat like a Fisherman. This is what the intolerable Vanity of that Man will come

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to, who endeavours to force the Laws of Nature, and forgets his own Weakness.

X. Alas! I see (but too late) that those Kings who think that every thing is in their power, are Slaves to their own Passions. How can a Man resist his own Power, and the Flattery of those by whom he is surrounded? What a Misfortune it is to be born amidst so many Dangers!

L. And therefore I esteem my Royalty more than yours: I was a King, upon condition that I shou'd lead a hard, sober, and laborious Life, like my People. I was a King only to defend my Country, and to put the Laws in force; my Sovereignty gave me the power of doing Good, without permitting me to do what was Evil.

X. Yes; but then you was poor, and liv'd without State, and without Authority: any one of my Peers was richer and more powerful than thou wert.

L. 'Tis true, that like you, I could not have pierc'd Mount *Athos*; nay, I believe that every one of your Peers defrauded his respective Province of more Gold and Silver than could have been found in all our Republick: but our Arms, without being gilt, have pierc'd those soft and effeminate Men, on whose innumerable Multitude you rely'd.

X. And

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X. And yet had I immediately enter'd into *Peloponnesus*, all *Greece* would have been subdued; no City, not even thine, cou'd have resisted me.

L. That I confess; and for this reason I despise the Power of a raw, undisciplin'd, barbarous Nation, which either stands in need of good Counsels; or when they are given, knows not how to execute 'em, but prefers shallow and deceitful Advices before 'em.

X. The *Greeks* were for making a Wall to shut in their *Isthmus*, but that Wall was not yet built, and I might easily have enter'd.

L. True, the Wall was not built, but you, I am sure, was never design'd to prevent any of their Undertakings; your Weakness was of more Service to the *Greeks*, than their own Strength.

X. Had I taken this *Isthmus*, I would have shewn——

L. You would have been guilty of some other Blunder, for some you must have made, being so deprav'd by Pride, Sloth, and a Hatred of sincere Counsels; and you might have been surpriz'd with much more ease than the *Isthmus*.

X. But I was neither cowardly nor mischievous, as you imagin'd.

L. You naturally had a share of Courage and Good-nature; the Tears which

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you shed at the sight of so many thousand Men, of whom not one was to see another Age, are a sufficient Proof of your Humanity; this was the finest Action of your Life: had you not been too powerful, and too happy, you might have been an honest Man.



DIALOGUE XI.

Solon, Pisistratus.

Tyranny often proves more fatal to the Monarch, than to the People.

S. **S**O! You thought if you cou'd but make your Fellow-Citizens your Slaves, you shou'd be a very happy Man. How well have you succeeded? You despised all the Counsels I gave you, and trampled upon my Laws. What have you reap'd from your Tyranny, but the Curses of the *Athenians*, and the just Tortures which you must now endure in Hell?

P. And yet I govern'd with Moderation enough: true, I wou'd govern and sacrifice every thing that my Authority was jealous of.

S. This

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S. This is what you may truly call a Tyrant, he does not injure for the sake of injuring, yet never boggles at doing ill, provided he believes 'twill serve to encrease his Grandure.

P. I was willing to acquire Honour.

S. What Honour! to enslave your Country, to be accounted by Posterity an impious Wretch, without Faith, Justice, or Humanity! You ought to have acquir'd Honours by the same Means that many other *Grecians* have acquir'd it, by doing good to your Country, and not by oppressing it as you have done.

P. But when a Man has Greatness of Soul, Genius and Eloquence sufficient to govern, 'tis hard to spend one's Life in a Dependance on a capricious People.

S. That I agree to; but then you ought to rule the People by the Authority of the Laws. You very well know that I myself was of the Royal Blood: Did I shew any ambitious Desire of governing *Athens*? far from that, I sacrificed my All to have the wholesome Laws put in execution: I liv'd poor and retir'd, and never employ'd any Means but Persuasion and a good Example, which are the Arms of Virtue. Did you act thus?

P. I did not, but 'twas because I intended to leave the Kingdom to my Children.

S. And

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S. And you have finely succeeded ! the only Inheritance you have left 'em, is the publick Hatred. The most generous Citizens have merited Statues and immortal Honours, for having stabb'd one of thy Sons : the other is fled, and in a servile manner is forc'd to implore the Assistance of a Barbarian King against his own Country. This is the Heritage you have left your Children. Had you, instead of that, left 'em the Love of their Country, and taught 'em to despise Pomp, they still might have liv'd happily amongst the *Athenians*.

P. But must one live ingloriously, and in Obscurity ?

S. Is Glory to be acquir'd by Crimes only ? We must seek it in the Battles which we fight with our Enemies, in all the moderate Virtues of a good Citizen, and in the Contempt of every thing that intoxicates and softens a Man. O *Pisistratus* ! Honour is a fine thing ; happy are those who know how to find it : but how pernicious a thing it is to seek for it, where it is not to be found !

P. But the People had too much Liberty, and a People too free, is more insupportable than the worst of Tyrants.

S. You ought then to have assisted me in somewhat restraining the Liberties of the People, by establishing my Laws, and
not

Dial. II. of the Dead. 157

not trample the Laws under foot, to tyrannize over the People. You have acted like a Father, who, to make his Son tractable and obedient, shou'd sell him into Bondage for Life.

P. But the *Athenians* are too jealous of their Liberties.

S. 'Tis true, the *Athenians* are even immoderately jealous of their Liberties, but then they really belong to 'em; but were you not more jealous of a Tyranny, which in no manner of wise belong'd to you?

P. I could not bear to see the People subject to Sophisters and Rhetoricians, who prevail'd over those who were wiser than themselves.

S. And yet it was far better for the People to be impos'd upon by Sophisters and Rhetoricians, by their Arguments and Eloquence, than to have the Mouths both of good and evil Counsellors clos'd, and by that means the People oppress'd, and nothing but your Passions minded. But what Pleasure cou'd you enjoy in such a Power? What can be the Charms of Tyranny?

P. To be able to do every thing, to be fear'd by every body, and at the same time to stand in fear of no one.

S. Senseless Man! You had reason to fear every body; and you experienced
it

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it when you fell from the height of your Fortune, and found so much difficulty in rising again: you experienc'd it a second time in the Person of your Children. Who had most reason to fear, the *Athenians* or you? The *Athenians*, who, bearing the Yoke of Slavery, detested and abhorr'd thee, or you who ought always to apprehend being betray'd, dethron'd, and punish'd for your Usurpation? You certainly then had more reason to fear, than this Captive People to whom you had made yourself so formidable.

P. I confess it, and own that I never met with any solid Pleasure in Tyranny; yet had I never Courage enough to lay it down: had I lost my Authority, I should infallibly have pined away.

S. Acknowledge then that Tyranny is as destructive to the Tyrant as to the People; there is no Happiness in possessing it, and yet a Misery in losing it.





DIALOGUE XII.

Solon, Justinian.

*A just Idea of Laws fit to make a People
good and happy.*

J. **N**othing is equal to the Majesty of the *Roman* Laws: amongst the *Greeks* you have been accounted a great Legislator, but had you liv'd amongst us, your Glory wou'd have been very much eclips'd.

S. Why so? Shou'd I have been despis'd in your Country?

J. No, but the *Romans* have very much excell'd the *Grecians*, both in the Number and Perfection of their Laws.

S. In what have they excell'd them?

J. We have an infinite number of wondrous Laws, and I shall be honourably recorded in all succeeding Ages, for having compil'd the whole Body of Laws in my *Code*.

S. I have often heard *Cicero* say, since his descent hither, that the Law of the twelve Tables was the most perfect that ever the *Romans* had; you'll allow me, I hope, to observe, that these Laws were
transferr'd

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transferr'd from the *Greeks* to the *Romans*, and that the greatest part of 'em came from *Lacedæmon*.

J. They shall come from where you please ; but they were too plain, and too short, to be compar'd to our Laws, which have foreseen, decided, and put every thing in order, with abundance of Particulars.

S. For my part, I thought that good Laws were to be clear, plain, short, and proportion'd to the Understanding of all the People, who may easily comprehend 'em, remember 'em, love 'em, and obey 'em, at all Times, and in all Places.

J. But short, and plain Laws, do not sufficiently shew the Learning of Counsellors, or afford Matter for intricate Debates.

S. I must confess, I thought that Laws were made to avoid intricate Questions, and only to preserve good Morals, Order, and Peace amongst the People ; but you tell me that they ought to exercise the subtle Wits of Lawyers, and afford Matter for Pleading.

J. *Rome* has produc'd many learned Counsellors, whereas, in *Sparta*, there was nothing but ignorant Soldiers.

S. I should have thought that good Laws were those where no Counsellors are wanting, and under whose Protection
the

Dial. 12. *of the Dead.* 161

the most ignorant may live, without being forc'd to consult Sophisters upon the Sense of different Texts, and the Manner of reconciling 'em. I should infer, that Laws could be good for nothing, which stood in need of so many learned Men to explain their Meaning, when even they themselves could never agree in it.

J. And therefore to reconcile 'em I made my Collection.

S. *Tribonius* was telling me Yesterday that he did it.

J. True, but he did it by my Orders; an Emperor never compiles such a Work as that himself.

S. As for my part, who have reign'd as well as you, I thought that the chief Duty of him who govern'd the People, was to give Laws which should restrain both King and People, and make 'em both honest and happy. To command Armies, and to gain Victories, is nothing in comparison of the Glory of a Legislator. But to return to *Tribonius*: he has compil'd the Laws of different Ages, which have often been chang'd; but you never had a Body of Laws all fram'd at the same Time, and upon the same Plan, to mould the Morals, and the entire Government of a Nation. 'Tis a Collection of private Laws, to determine the reciprocal

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procal Pretensions of private Persons. The *Greeks* only have the Honour of having fram'd Laws to train up a People by the Principles of Philosophy, and by them to direct all their Policy, and all their Governments. The Multitude of your Laws, which you so much boast of, firmly persuade me, that either you had none that were good, or that you could not preserve 'em in their primitive Simplicity. That a People may be well govern'd, they ought to have few Laws, and few Judges; you shall seldom find Men capable of judging. The Multitude of Judges corrupt every thing, nor are the Multitude of Laws less pernicious. They are no longer understood or obey'd, when there are so many, People accustom themselves apparently to revere, and at the same time under frivolous Pretences to violate 'em. The Vanity of Men, sets 'em upon making Laws formally, and with Pomp; but their Avarice, and other Passions, make 'em despise them, whilst subtle Sophisters explain 'em just as they are feed to do it. From hence proceeds *Cavilling*, a Monster born to devour Mankind. I judge of Causes by their Effects; the Laws of no Country appear good to me, but where there's no Pleading, and where plain and short Laws may be understood, without Glosses.

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Gloſſes and Commentaries. I would have neither Wills or Adoptions, Diſinheriting, Borrowing, Selling or Exchanging. I would have a ſmall Tract of Ground allotted each Family, which it ſhould be in no body's power to alienate, and the Magiſtrate ſhould equally divide this Eſtate according to Law, amongſt the Children, after the Father's Death. When Families multiply ſo faſt, that the Land is too little for 'em, I would ſend a Colony of People into ſome deſert Iſland. This ſhort and eaſy Rule obſerv'd, there would be no need of all your Codes, and I would only think of regulating Men's Manners, of educating Youth ſoberly, patiently, laboriouſly and courageouſly, and I would teach 'em to deſpiſe Luxury, Dangers and Death. This would be far better than drawing up Bonds, and refining upon Contracts.

J. By ſuch dry Laws, you would totally deſtroy the Eloquence of Counſellors.

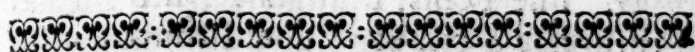
S. I ſhould love dry and unpoliſh'd Laws, far better than an Eloquence which diſturbs Mankind, and in the end deſtroys their Morals. Never were ſo many Laws ſeen as in your Time, never was the Empire ſo ſoft, effeminate, degenerated, and unworthy of the antient *Romans*, who ſo very much reſembled the
Spartans.

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Spartans. For your own part, you was a deceitful, wicked, impious Destroyer of good Laws, always swell'd with Vanity and Falshood, and your *Tribonius* was as wicked, a dissolute double-dealing Fellow as your self. But to return to the Laws, they are such no longer than they are understood, belov'd and respected, and their Goodness consists in making People good and happy. But your Collection of 'em has made no one either good or happy; from whence I conclude, that they deserve to be burn'd. You grow passionate, your Imperial Majesty believes it-self above Truth; but you are a Shadow, to which, without running any risque, one may say any thing. However, I'll leave you, and give you Time to cool.



D I A.



D I A L O G U E XIII.

Democritus and Heraclitus.

These two Philosophers are compar'd together, and the latter allow'd to be the most Humane.

Dem. I Can never relish so grave a Philosophy.

H. Nor I so gay a one. A wise Man can see nothing in the World but what must be displeasing to him.

D. You are too serious, upon my word, in these Affairs.

H. And you by much too merry ; with that scornful Face you resemble a Satyr, more than a Philosopher : Are not you mov'd at the Blindness and Corruption of Mankind ?

D. Not near so much as at their ridiculous Impertinence.

H. But do you consider that when you laugh, 'tis at all Mankind, with whom you live and converse ; 'tis at your Friends, your Family, nay, even at your self.

D. The

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D. The Fools I laugh at, are such as I care not a pin for ; and I think my self wise in laughing at 'em.

H. Those who have either Wisdom or Humanity in 'em, cannot laugh at Fools. Besides, are you certain that you are not as extravagant as they are?

D. That cannot be, whilst in every thing I think so differently from 'em.

H. There are Follies of various Kinds, and whilst in your Opinions you differ so much from the rest of Mankind, you run perhaps into another extreme as foolish as theirs.

D. You may think what you please of the matter, and if you have any Tears left, may shed some for me ; as for my part, I'll still laugh at Fools, and are not all Men such? Ha!

H. Alas, 'tis but too true, they are, and that afflicts me ; we both agree in this, that Mankind strays from Reason : When I perceive this, I endeavour to shun their Example, and to follow Reason, which teaches me to love 'em, and this Love fills me with Compassion for 'em. Am I to blame because I pity those of my own Species, my Brethren, who are a part of my self? Should you go into an Hospital, could you laugh at the maim'd and the wounded? Believe me, the Sores of the Body are nothing, when compar'd

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compar'd to those of the Mind. Your own Cruelty would confound you, had you laugh'd at an unhappy Wretch, oblig'd to have his Leg cut off; and yet you are cruel enough to laugh at the whole World, for having lost their Reason.

D. The Man who has lost a Leg, deserves to be pitied, because it was an Accident, and not of his own seeking; but he who forfeits his Reason, loses it thro' his own Fault.

H. And therefore deserves our Pity, by so much the more as a Madman who plucks out both his Eyes, would deserve it above one who accidentally became blind.

D. Come, don't let us quarrel, we are both justifiable. The World is ridiculous, and therefore I laugh at it; 'tis pitiful, and therefore you weep over it. Our different Tempers make us behold Objects in different Lights; but certain it is, that the World is very much in the wrong. If we would have our Thoughts and Actions praise-worthy, we must think and act in a manner very different from the Multitude; and he who pleads the Authority and Example of the Generality of Mankind, for what he does, is a Madman.

H. You

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H. You are very much in the right of it, but yet you are cruel, and delighted at the Misfortunes of others: your Actions plainly shew that you neither love Mankind, nor the Virtue which they forsake.



D I A L O G U E XIV.

Herodotus, Lucian.

To be too credulous is a Vice, to be wholly faithless a greater.

H. **A** Good morning to you Friend: So, your laughing days are over, I hope. How many famous Men have you set a talking, whilst they cross'd the Ferry in *Charon's* Boat; but 'tis your turn, at last, to visit the *Stygian* Shore. I do not blame you for having ridicul'd Tyrants, Flatterers, and wicked Men; but why should you trouble yourself about me?

L. Why, when did I ridicule you? or hast a mind to pick a Quarrel?

H. In your true History, and several other Places, you treat what I have said as fabulous.

L. Am

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L. Am I to be blam'd for that? How many things have you advanc'd upon the bare Testimony of Priests, and such like People, who are always fond of something mysterious and ridiculous?

H. You impious Wretch! You had no Notion of Religion.

L. There was need of one more pure, and less trifling, than what was taught us of *Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Apollo*, and the rest of the Gods, if you would have made Men of Sense faithful: I think you the most impious for having believed such Stuff.

H. But you despised Philosophy as much as Religion; nothing was sacred to you.

L. I despised the Gods, because the Poets described 'em as much more corrupt than the Race of Mankind; and for the Philosophers, they only pretended to a Love of Virtue, but their Souls were full of Vice: had they really been Philosophers, I should have respected 'em.

H. How have you treated *Socrates*? Was it his fault, pray now, or yours? Will you answer that?

L. I own that I have plaid a little upon those things of which he stood accus'd, but I never condemn'd him seriously.

H. And must you play upon so great a Man, when, at the same time, the Calum-

ny was so gross and apparent? But confess the truth; Did not you make it your whole Business to laugh at every thing? to shew every thing in a ridiculous Light? yet never gave yourself the trouble of establishing any thing serious and solid in the room of what you was laughing out of doors.

L. You mistake me: Did I not lash Vice, and satirize Great Men who made an ill use of their Power? Have I not preached up the Contempt of Riches and Pleasure?

H. 'Tis true that you have spoken well of Virtue, but 'twas only for an opportunity of censuring the Faults of all Mankind, which favours more of the Satirist than the Philosopher; and when you commended Virtue, you never took care to derive it from Religion and Philosophy, from which it has its beginning.

L. You argue much better now than you did whilst travelling; however, the truth of the matter is, I was too faithless, and you were too credulous.

H. You are the same Man still, making a Jest of every thing; 'tis time that your Shade, *Lucian*, should have a little more Gravity in it.

L. Gravity! I have seen so much, that I am weary of it: I was surrounded with Philosophers, who, without Shame, without

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out Moderation, without Friendship, without Faith, and without Justice, valued themselves upon being grave.

H. You speak of the Philosophers of your Age, who were degenerated, but—

L. But what! would you have had me seen those who were dead several hundred Years before I was born? I do not, like *Pythagoras*, remember my having been at the Siege of *Troy*; every body is not an *Euphorbus*.

H. Jestings again? thus you answer the most solid Arguments; I wish that for a Punishment of your Incredulity, the Gods wou'd send your Soul to animate the Body of some Traveller, then you wou'd be convinc'd of the truth of what you have call'd fabulous.

L. And then enter the Body of some Philosopher of each different Sect, one after another, that I might be of the several Opinions which I have ridicul'd. A very pretty thing, Faith! but all of a piece with several other things that you have advanc'd.

H. Go, I leave thee, nor am I griev'd when I reflect that you have dealt no worse by me, than by *Homer*, *Socrates*, *Pythagoras*, and *Plato* himself, from whom you first learnt the Art of writing Dialogues, tho you have made use of 'em to ridicule his Philosophy.



DIALOGUE XV.

Socrates, Alcibiades.

*Natural Endowments do but dishonour a Man,
unless they are back'd by Virtue.*

S. SO, you are still the same agreeable Person! Who is it that you intend to charm here in Hell?

A. And you are still the same Cenfor of Mankind; whom wou'd you reform, you that are always endeavouring to reform somebody?

S. I am discouraged from attempting to reform Mankind, seeing that all the pains I have taken to incline you to Virtue, have prov'd fruitless.

A. Wou'd you have had me liv'd poor and retir'd like yourself, and never have concern'd myself with Publick Affairs?

S. And, pray, Sir, which was the honestest part, not to have concern'd yourself with 'em, or by letting 'em alone, not to have confounded 'em, and so become the Enemy of one's Country?

A. I like the part that I have acted much better than yours: I have been beautiful, magnificent, loaded with Honours,

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nours, and have liv'd in Pleasures. I was the Terror of the *Persians*, and of the *Lacedemonians*; nor cou'd the *Athenians* find any other means of saving their City, than by recalling me. Had I been with 'em, *Lyfander* never had enter'd their Port. You was poor, ugly, flat-nos'd, and bald, and your whole Life was spent in censuring Men's Actions. *Aristophanes* has expos'd you upon the Stage; you was taken for an impious Wretch, and you were put to death.

S. You have ty'd up a fine Bundle together, prithee let us undo it, and examine every Crime in particular. You were beautiful, but you made a shameful use of your Beauty, and in Luxury you drowned all your good natural Qualities; you have done your Country great Services, but you have also done it a great deal of Mischief; and when you did Good or Ill, you acted on a Principle of vain Ambition, and consequently you can reap no real Glory from it. The Enemies of *Greece*, to whom you gave yourself up, dar'd not trust you, nor cou'd you trust them. Had it not been far more glorious for you to have liv'd poor and contented in your own Country, and patiently to have suffer'd all that wicked Men generally inflict upon those who follow Virtue? 'Tis better to be ugly and wise, as I was,

than beautiful and debauch'd as you were. The only thing I can be upbraided with, is my love to you, and my having been dazzled by a Temper as fickle and inconstant as yours was: your Vices have been a dishonour to the philosophical Education which *Socrates* gave you. These, Sir, are my Crimes.

A. But your Death proves your having been an impious Wretch.

S. Those may justly be call'd impious, who have broken the Statues of the Gods to pieces. 'Twas far more honourable to swallow Poison for having taught the Truth, and thereby provok'd Mankind who hate it, than to meet one's Death in the Bosom of a Courtizan, as you did.

A. Your Raillery is always very satirical.

S. Who can have any patience with a Man who seem'd design'd to do a vast deal of Good, but who has done altogether as much Mischief, and who still is endeavouring to insult Virtue?

A. So, so; the Shade of *Socrates* and Virtue, are then, it seems, but one and the same thing: presumptuous Man!

S. You may esteem *Socrates* as nothing, if you please, Sir; but after having deceived all the hopes I had form'd of filling your Soul with Virtue, don't come
hither

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hither to laugh at my Philosophy, or to boast of your Actions; for tho they have made a Figure, they have been very irregular: nor have you any reason to triumph, Death has made you as ugly and disagreeable as myself. What Fruit have you now in all your Pleasures?

A. Alas! 'tis too true; there is nothing of 'em remaining now but Shame and Remorse——But where are you going? Will you leave me already?

S. Adieu to thee: when fir'd with Ambition you went to *Sicily*, *Lacedemon*, and into *Asia*, I never follow'd you; 'tis not therefore just that you shou'd now follow me to the *Elysian* Fields, where I am going to lead a peaceable and happy Life with *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and the other Sages.

A. Alas! my dear *Socrates*, must you be torn from me? Where must I go?

S. With those vain and empty Shades, whose Lives have been a perpetual Mixture of Good and Evil, and never follow'd Virtue, for any considerable time at once. You were born to pursue her, but you have preferr'd your Passions to her; now she'll forsake you, and you shall eternally regret her.

A. Alas! my *Socrates*, you have lov'd me dearly, will you take no pity on me?

You know better than any body else, that my natural Disposition was good.

S. And therefore you are inexcusable; you were born to do Good, and you have liv'd to do Evil; I lov'd you for the sake of your Virtue, but lov'd you to the endangering of my Reputation: my love for thee has caus'd me to be suspected of monstrous Crimes which all my Doctrines have condemn'd; to you I sacrificed my Life and Honour. Have you forgotten the Expedition of *Potideus*, at which time I was always near thee? a Father cannot be more tender of his Son, than I was of you; in all Engagements I was still at thy side: one day, the Combat being doubtful, you was wounded; immediately I threw myself before thee, to cover thee with my Body, as with a Shield; I sav'd thy Life, thy Liberty, and thy Arms: by this Action I purchas'd the Crown, but desir'd the Leaders of the Army to give it you. I never had any Passion but for your Honour, nor cou'd I have ever believ'd that you wou'd have prov'd your Country's Disgrace, and the Source of all its Misfortunes.

A. I hope, my dear *Socrates*, that you have not forgotten how at another time when our Army was defeated, you were flying on foot, and with much difficulty crept away; and tho I was on horseback, I stopp'd

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stopp'd to keep those Enemies back, who otherwise must have overtaken and overwhelm'd thee: let us set one good Turn against the other.

S. With all my heart: If I remind you of what I have done, 'tis not with a design to reproach thee, or to boast of what I have done for thee, but only to let you see what Pains I have taken to make thee good, and what a poor Return I have met with for all my Pains.

A. You cannot upbraid the Actions of my first Youth: often, whilst I was listening to your Instructions, my Heart melted within me, and my Eyes were filled with Tears; if, drawn away by company, I sometimes left you, you wou'd pursue me as a Master does his flying Slave: Did I then ever offer to resist you? I hearkned to no body but you, and fear'd no one's Displeasure but yours. One day, indeed, I must confess I laid a Wager that I wou'd give *Hipponicus* a slap in the Face; I did it, but went afterwards, and, begging his pardon, stript myself before him that he might scourge me with Rods; but he seeing that it was only thro a light and wanton Temper that I had offended, forgave me my Offence.

S. Then you acted only like a young hot-brain'd Fool; since that, you have acted like a Villain, without the least regard

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regard to the Gods, to Virtue, or to your Promise ; like a Villain, who to satisfy his Ambition, sets his Country in a blaze, and who debauches the Manners of the Inhabitants of foreign Places : be gone, you raise Horror and Compassion ; spite of your own Disposition to be good, you chose to be wicked ; and of this I never shall be comforted. But let us part, the three Judges will soon pronounce your Sentence ; but be it what it will, there never more can be any Union between us two.



DIALOGUE XVI.

Socrates, Alcibiades.

In a good Government, People ought to be taught to respect the Laws, to love their Country, and Mankind.

S. YOU are, I see, become wise at your own and the expence of those whom you have deceiv'd : you might very well be the worthy Hero of a second *Odyssée* ; for in your Travels you have seen the Manners of as great a Number of People, as ever *Ulysses* did in his.

A. I do not so much stand in need of Experience, as I do of Wisdom ; and tho
you

you laugh at me, you cannot deny but that a Man must improve very much by travelling, and seriously studying the Manners of Mankind.

S. 'Tis true that a Mind might be improved by such a Study, but it must be that of a Philosopher who can seriously apply himself, and who is not, like you, sway'd by Pleasure or Ambition: a Man free from Prejudice or Passion, cou'd examine and see what was laudable amongst every People, and what Good or Evil every Law had been the cause of. A Philosopher, returning from such Travels, wou'd make an excellent Legislator; but you were never capable of giving Laws, your Talent lay in breaking 'em: you were yet a very Youth, when you advis'd your Uncle *Pericles* to undertake a War, that he might avoid giving an account of the Publick Fund. I'm afraid, that even after your Death, you wou'd be but a poor Observer of the Laws.

A. No more of this, I beseech you; my Faults are all to be cast in *Lethe's* Streams: Let us now talk of the Manners of different People. Wherever I have been, I have met with several Customs, and very few Laws; all the Barbarians walk by no other Rule than the Example of their Fathers: even the *Persians*, whose Morals, in the time of *Cyrus*, are so much
boasted

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boasted of, have no sign left of that former Virtue; their Courage and Magnificence shew a good natural Disposition, but corrupted by vain Ostentation and Effeminacy; their Kings, who are ador'd, and to whom Incense is offer'd up, can never be really just, or thoroughly acquainted with the truth of things; nor can a Human Soul, with Moderation, enjoy a Power as unlimited as theirs is: they imagine that every thing is created for their use, and they dispose of the Lives, Honours, and Estates of other Men. Nothing can be more barbarous than this Form of Government; there are no Laws in force, the Will and Pleasure of one Man, whose Passions are all flatter'd, are his and their only Law.

S. Such a Government was not at all agreeable to a Genius as free and bold as yours was; but don't you think that the *Athenian* Liberty was carried quite into the other Extreme?

A. The *Spartan* Government was that I liked the best.

S. Did not the Slavery of the *Ilotes* appear very inhuman to you? Come, boldly acknowledge the Truth, lay your Prejudices aside, and own that here the *Greeks* are in some degree Barbarians. Is it meet that one half of Mankind shou'd treat the other as Beasts of Burden?

A. Why

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A. Why not? provided they are, a conquer'd People.

S. Tho conquer'd, they still are a People, and the Laws of Conquest are not of so great a force as those of Humanity. Nothing can be a greater piece of Tyranny than what you call a Conquest, unless the conquer'd Nation was overcome in a just and legal War, and unless the Conqueror takes care to give 'em good Laws. The *Lacedemonians* ought not therefore to treat the *Ilotes* so inhumanly, seeing that they are Men as well as themselves. How horrid and barbarous it is, to see one People sporting with the Lives of another, and perpetually disquieting 'em! As the Head of a Family ought never to be so taken up with the thoughts of making his Family great, as to disturb the Repose of a whole People for the sake of it, of which he and his Family are but a Member: so ought not the Head of a Nation, hurried away by the Wildness of Ambition, and a brutal Conduct, place a false Glory in encreasing the Power of his People, and troubling the Repose of, and enslaving the neighbouring People. Any one Nation is as much a Member of the whole Race of Mankind, as any one Family is of a particular Nation. Every Man is far more obliged to Mankind in general, our great Commonwealth, than

to our own private Country. 'Tis therefore far more unjust for a People to act offensively against another, than for any private Family to act against the Commonwealth. To renounce Humanity, does not only denote Unpoliteness and Barbarism, but also the savage Blindness of Rogues and Banditti; and in such a Case we not only lose the Characters of Men, but become Destroyers of Mankind.

A. You grow angry, Sir; in the other World you seem'd to be better humour'd, your satirical Ironies had something more pleasant in 'em.

S. I cannot be pleasant upon so serious a Subject; the *Spartans* have entirely forsaken all the peaceable Arts, to give themselves wholly up to War: and as there is no greater Evil under the Sun than War, they are capable of nothing but doing evil, they value themselves upon it, and contemn every thing that does not tend to the Destruction of Mankind, and that is not useful to encrease the brutal Glory of a handful of Men call'd *Spartans*. Others must till the Earth for their Nourishment, whilst they are ravaging the neighbouring Lands: they will not live soberly, that they may live justly; but on the other hand, they are hard-hearted and cruel to all who do not belong to their own Country, as if they did not belong

to the Commonwealth of Mankind, more justly than to that of *Sparta*. War is an Evil which dishonours Mankind, and cou'd we but for ever bury all our Histories, we ought to conceal from Posterity that Men have been capable of killing one another. All Wars are properly Civil Wars, 'tis still Mankind shedding each other's Blood, and tearing their own Entrails out: the farther a War is extended, the more fatal it is; and therefore the Combats of one People against another, are worse than the Combats of private Families against a Republick. We ought therefore never to engage in a War, unless reduced to the last Extremity, and then only to repel our Foes. Was not *Lycurgus* ashamed to alter the Customs of a People, bred up in all the sweet and innocent Occupations which flourish in peaceable times, so as to make 'em only fit for the Destruction of Mankind?

A. You are in the right now in growing angry; but to these wou'd you prefer a People like the *Athenians*, who cou'd so egregiously refine upon Pleasure and Luxury? one had better bear with the rough unhewn Dispositions of the *Spartans*.

S. You are very much changed of late, and are no longer that Man so cried down for his Luxury; the *Stygian* Shores make strange Alterations, I see; but perhaps
you

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you speak thus through Complaisance; for during the whole Course of your Life, you have been a *Proteus* in your Morals. But be that as it will, I must confess, that a People, who by the Contagion of their own Morals, implant Luxury, Injustice, Fraud and Effemina-cy, in another Nation, are more guilty than those whose only Business, and whose only Merit 'tis to shed their Blood; for Virtue to Men, ought to be dearer than Life. *Lycurgus* ought therefore to be prais'd, for having banish'd all luxurious Arts from his State; but is inexcusable, for having banish'd Agriculture, and other Arts, at the same time, necessary to a sober and frugal Life. Is it not a Shame, that a People should not be able to supply themselves with Necessaries, but be oblig'd to another People for tilling the Earth for their Nourishment?

A. Well, here I'll confess my self in the wrong; but do you not prefer the severe Discipline of *Sparta*, with that just Subordination which subjects their young Men to the old, before the unbridled Wisdom of the *Athenians*?

S. A People corrupted by an excess of Liberty, is more insupportable than any Tyrant, nor is any Master more insolent, than the Many, when they triumph over the Laws; a just Medium ought in this
Case

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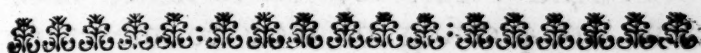
Case to be observ'd. There should be unchangeable written Laws sacred to the whole Nation, from which those that govern should derive their Authority. They might do all the good which these Laws could authorize, but never violate 'em to do evil. This is the Order that Men for their mutual Happiness ought to establish, were they not blind, and their own Enemies. But some, like the *Athenians*, destroy the Laws, lest they should give too much Authority to the Magistrates, whose Business it should be to put these Laws in force; others, like the *Persians*, have so superstitious a Veneration for their Laws, that they make themselves Slaves to the Magistrates, and they, instead of governing by the Laws, govern by their own Wills, which becomes a positive Law. Thus both the one and the other shoot wide of the Mark, which ought to be a Liberty and Property, deriv'd from the Laws, of which the Magistrates ought only to be the Defenders. He who governs, ought to be in the greatest Subjection to the Laws, for without them he is nothing, and his Person is sacred only, as he is a living Law, given for the Good of Mankind, and free from Prejudice, Passion and Interest. By this you may see how much of Barbarism, even the *Greeks*, who despise

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despise the Barbarians, have in 'em. The *Peloponnesian* War, in which for the Space of twenty eight Years every thing was destroy'd by Fire and Sword, through the ambitious Jealousy of the two Republicks, is too fatal a Proof of this Truth. Have not you your self sometimes flatter'd the grave and implacable Ambition of the *Spartans*, sometimes the more vain and wanton Ambition of the *Athenians*. *Athens*, with a lesser Power has done greater Things, and for a long while triumph'd over all *Greece*; but at last it dwindled away at once, because the despotick Power of a People is a blind and foolish Power, always acting against it self, and never grows absolute, and above the Laws, but it destroys it self.

A. I see, that *Avitus* was very much in the right of it, when he made you drink the poisonous Draught. Your Politicks were more to be fear'd, than your new Religion.





D I A L O G U E XVII.

Socrates, Alcibiades and Timon.

A just Medium between the Man-hating Character of Timon, and the corrupt Character of Alcibiades.

Alc. I Am surpriz'd, dear *Socrates*, to see you have such a Relish for this Man-hater, this Bugbear.

S. I am the more surpriz'd, to see him accustom himself to my Company.

T. I am accus'd of being a Man-hater, nor do I deny it. Observe how Men are form'd, and then judge whether or no I am in the wrong. He that hates Mankind, hates a mischievous Brute, a Company of Fools, Rogues, Flatterers, Traitors and ungrateful Wretches.

A. A fine *Billingsgate* Vocabulary! But can you think that 'tis better to be wild, scornful, unfociable, and always satirical? As for my part, I am diverted in the Company of Fools, and pleas'd in that of wise Men. In my turn I endeavour to please them, and I suit my self to all Companies, in order to make my self agreeable to all.

T. And

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T. And I suit my self to none, since none are pleasing to me; to me every thing goes awry, and is intolerable, every thing provokes me, and excites my Rage. You, like *Proteus*, can assume all kinds of Shapes, but remain long in no one. These easy Changes denote a Heart without any Principles of Justice or Truth. With you, Virtue is nothing but a fine Name, nor have you any one inherent in you. What at *Athens* you approve, at *Lacedemon* you condemn; in *Greece* you are a *Grecian*, and in *Asia* a *Persian*; nor are you constrain'd by your Gods, your Laws, or your Country. You are guided but by one Rule, which is the Passion of pleasing, dazzling, and lording it over Mankind; of living in Delicacies, and embroiling every State. O Heavens! must such a Man be suffer'd to live? and must other Men admire him? *Alcibiades* was belov'd by most Men whilst he was deluding 'em, and by his Crimes plunging 'em into so many Misfortunes. As for my part, I hate *Alcibiades*, and all those Fools who love him, and it would grieve me to be belov'd by such who have no Notion of loving any thing but what is evil.

A. A very obliging Declaration truly! however, I am not in the least angry at it. You set me at the Head of Man-kind,

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kind, and thereby do me a great deal of Honour. My Party is stronger than yours, but you are valiant, and do not fear, tho' alone, to encounter the whole Race of Mankind.

T. I should be ashamed was not I alone, when I behold the Baseness, the Cowardice, the Lightness, Corruption and Heinousness of all Men upon the Face of the Earth.

A. Do you except no one amongst 'em?

T. Not one, and you less than any other.

A. What, not your self? Do you hate your self?

T. Yes, whenever I surprize my self committing a weak Action, I then hate my self.

A. You do well; but are very much in the wrong for not always hating yourself. What can be more detestable in a Man, than his forgetting that he is a Man; who loaths his own Nature, who looks on every thing with Horror, Detestation, and such a frightful Melancholy, that it converts every thing into Poison; who renounces all manner of Society, tho' Man was born only to be sociable.

T. Then give me Men who are plain and upright, full of Justice and Goodness; such will I love, always frequent, and even adore like Gods inhabiting the Earth.

Earth. But whilst you only give me Men who do not deserve the Name, who by their Subtlety should be Foxes, and by their Cruelty Tygers; whose Face indeed, and Shape, and Voice are human, but whose Hearts are monstrous, and like those of *Syrens*; such as these, Humanity it self will teach me to shun and abhor.

A. What? you must have a Race made on purpose for you. Had not one much better suit one's self to Mankind, such as it is, than hate it till it suits us? So critical a melancholy Temper makes you spend your Life very uneasily, makes you be despis'd, laugh'd at, and forsaken, and you never can relish any Pleasure. As for my part, I give my self wholly up to the Customs and Imaginations of every People; thus I meet with Pleasure every where, and influence Men just as I please. I cannot relish that Philosophy, which teaches a Man to make an Owl of himself. In this World we must make use of a more worldly Philosophy. Good Men are to be gain'd by virtuous Motives, the Voluptuous by those of Pleasure, and Rogues by the Motives of Interest. This is the true way of living; all other Notion of Life is visionary, and founded upon black Melancholy, for which I can prescribe nothing better than a few Grains of *Hellebore*.

T. By

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T. By such a Speech you annihilate Virtue, and ridicule all good Morals. In a Republick, whose Polity is good, such a Man would not be suffer'd; but alas! where is that Republick on Earth? O my dear *Socrates*! when shall we see yours? to-morrow? Oh I would willingly go thither to-morrow, was there any such one! Come my *Socrates*, let us go and found this Colony of pure Philosophers, far from any known Part of the World, somewhere in the *Atlantick* Island.

A. You forget your self, when you talk of going there; you must first be reconcil'd to your self, with whom you say you so often jar.

T. You may laugh at it if you please, but nothing I'll assure you is more certain, than that I often hate my self, and that very justly. As often as I find my self so soften'd by Pleasures, as to be able to bear with the Vices of Men, and see my self inclin'd to be complaisant to 'em; when I find any Sparks of Interest and Voluptuousness kindling in me, or of Love for an empty Reputation amongst Fools and Villains; then do I begin to fancy my self almost like 'em; then try, condemn, detest, and am no longer able to bear my self.

A. And

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A. And pray now, how is this Breach made up? do you chuse any Arbitrator?

T. After having condemn'd, I correct and reform my self.

A. So! so! what a pretty Company there must be within you; first, a Man who is corrupted and drawn away by bad Examples; then another who snarls at, and falls out with the first; then comes a third, who correcting the first, reconciles him to the second, and—

T. You may be as merry as you please upon the matter, I own that there is not such a Company in you. There is in your Heart but one supple deprav'd Man, who disguises himself in a hundred different Shapes; but always with the same Designs to do evil.

A. Then there is upon the Face of the Earth no one good but your self, nor are you so but at certain Intervals of Time.

T. I know nothing good upon the Earth, or worthy of being lov'd.

A. If you know nothing good, nothing in your self or others, but what is shocking; if Life be thus displeasing, you ought to get rid of it, and take your leave of such troublesome Company. Is it not Madness to live for the sake of being vex'd at every thing, and snarling from Morning to Night? Don't you know

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know that there are running Nooses and Precipices enow at *Athens*?

T. I should certainly do what you now endeavour to persuade me, was I not afraid of pleasing Men, who are unworthy of being pleas'd.

A. And could you leave every body without regret? Do you except no Man? Pray consider of it before you answer me.

T. I should leave *Socrates* indeed with some little regret, but——

A. But what? Don't you know that he is a Man?

T. I don't know it, and am often inclin'd to believe that he is not, for he bears but a very little resemblance to other Men: he appears to me, to be void of Interest, Ambition and Artifice; and on the other hand, to be just, sincere, and still the same. Were there ten Men in the World like him, I really believe they would reconcile me to Mankind.

A. If that be your Opinion of him, you may easily believe what he says; then prithee ask him, whether or no he believes that true Reason will allow you to be a Man-hater as you are.

T. To satisfy you, I will; and though he has always been too easy, and too sociable, yet can I safely engage my self to follow his Advice. When I behold Man-
K kind,

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kind, my dear *Socrates*, and then turn my Eyes from them, and cast 'em on you, I am inclin'd to believe that you are *Minerva*, who having assum'd the Form of Man, is come down to instruct the Inhabitants of this City. Answer me, I beseech you, without disguise; would you advise me any more to mix my self in the infected Society of blind, wicked and deceitful Men?

S. No, I would never advise you to engage your self in the Assemblies of the People, in licentious Feasts, or in Societies of a Number of the Citizens; for Multitudes are always corrupt. An honest and peaceable Retreat, where a Man is free from his own, as well as from the Passions of other Men, is the properest State for a Philosopher: but we must love Mankind, and, spite of their Defects, endeavour to do 'em good; we must serve 'em without any view of Interest, for they will prove ungrateful. But to live in the midst of 'em, only to deceive 'em, to dazzle 'em, and to make 'em serviceable to our Passions, is the worst of Villany, and he who goes about it, draws on himself those Misfortunes which he so richly deserves. To live at a distance from, yet near enough to do good to Men, is acting like a benign Deity on Earth. The Ambition of *Alcibiades*

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ades is destructive, your Misanthropy a weak Virtue, or rather the effect of a fretful Temper. That Severity, that Impatience at other Men's Vices, proceeds from a Self-love, which grows thus impatient, when we cannot mould their Minds just as we please. Philanthropy is a Virtue void of Impatience and Interest, and teaches us to bear with evil without approving it. Regardless of its own Ease and Convenience, it looks upon its own Frailties, and by them learns to support those of others. 'Tis never deceiv'd by the most deceitful, or most ingrateful of Men; for it never hopes for, or expects any thing from 'em. It never desires any thing of 'em, but what is for their own good; nor is it ever weary of this disinterested Goodness, but imitates the Gods, who have given Man a Life and Being, though they do not stand in need of his Victims and Incense.

T. But 'tis not through any inhuman Temper that I hate Mankind; spite of my self, I do it because they are detestable. I hate their Depravations, and consequently their Persons, because they are deprav'd.

S. Well, suppose this to be true; if you hate only what's evil in Man, why do you not endeavour to deliver him from this Evil, and love him well enough to

make him good? A Physician hates a Fever, and all other Distempers incident to Man; but he does not hate the Patient. Man's Vices are the Distempers of his Soul; then be a wise and charitable Physician, who, far from hating a sick Man, endeavours to cure him. The World is a large Hospital, in which every Object ought to move your Compassion. Wrath, Avarice, Envy and Ambition, are Sores more dangerous to the Soul, than any Boiles, Wounds or Ulcers, can be to the Body. Cure all the Sick whom you can cure, and pity those who shall prove incurable.

T. 'Tis an easy matter, my dear *Socrates*, to discover the Sophistry of this Argument. There is a vast deal of difference between the Vices of the Soul, and the Distempers of the Body: these last we suffer without being able to prevent 'em; they are not of our own seeking, and therefore we deserve to be pitied. As for our Vices, we may prevent them, and they are of our own seeking. Such Evils should be chastised, and are fitter to move our Anger than our Pity.

S. I confess that Distempers incident to Man are twofold; one kind is involuntary, and therefore innocent; the other voluntary, and which of consequence makes the Patient guilty, seeing
that

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that an evil Disposition is the worst of Evils, and Vice the most deplorable of Distempers. The wicked Man, by making others suffer, suffers himself, thro' his Malice, and is drawing on his Head the most cruel Tortures which the just Gods can inflict on him; such a one ought therefore to be pitied, more than an innocent sick Man: Innocence is the Health of the Soul, and will heal, or at least comfort you in the most sensible Pains. Would you not pity a Man, because he labours under the most grievous Distemper? If his Pain lay in his Hand, or Foot, you would compassionate him; but have no pity left for him, when the Gangrene has reach'd his Heart.

T. Well; I acknowledge that we must pity the Wicked, but not love 'em.

S. We must not love their Wickedness, but we should their Persons, in order to cure 'em. By what you say your self, you love Mankind without knowing it; for Pity proceeds from our seeing a belov'd Person in Affliction. Do you know what 'tis that hinders you from loving wicked Men? 'tis not your Virtue, but the Imperfection of your Virtue: An imperfect Virtue sinks under the weight of other Men's Imperfections. Our Self-love hinders us from always bearing with what is so contrary to our own Taste

and Manners. We are angry with the Ungrateful, because through a Principle of Self-love we want our Favours to be acknowledg'd. Virtue in perfection, takes a Man off from himself, and makes him capable of always bearing with the Weakness of others. The farther we are remov'd from Vice, the more patient we become, and willing to remove it from others. Virtue when imperfect is mistrustful, criticising, severe and implacable; but when its chief aim is another Man's Good, then 'tis kind, affable, compassionate, and always the same; nothing surprizes, nothing shocks it.

T. 'Tis an easy matter to talk, but very difficult to act thus.

S. O my dear *Timon*! blind and foolish Men thought you were a Man-hater, through a too great excess of Virtue; but I maintain, that had you been more virtuous, you would have done what I tell you. You would not have been thus led away by a wild and melancholy Humour, nor by your Dislike of, or Impatience for the Faults of Men. You love your self too well, and therefore you cannot love other Men who are imperfect, and whom you might very well forgive, as the Gods do, were you perfect your self. Why do you not patiently bear with what the Gods, far better than you, bear?

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bear? This Nicety is a real Imperfection. That Reason which can bear with nothing but what is reasonable, and can't suffer the Unreasonableness of other Men, scarce deserves the Name of Reason.

A. Faith, *Timon*, you and your austere Virtue are both confounded. Living to one's self, and not being able to bear with any thing, but to be shock'd at every thing, proceeds from Self-love. When we are not so fond of our selves, we give our selves freely up to others.

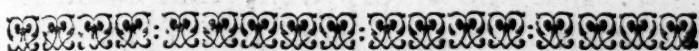
S. Hold, if you please, *Alcibiades*, you are misconstruing what I said. There are two ways of giving our selves up to other Men. The first is, when we make our selves belov'd, and gain the Confidence of Men, only in order to make 'em good. This way is entirely divine. The other is, when we endeavour to please Men, to dazzle 'em, and flatter 'em, in order to usurp an Authority over 'em. We no longer can be said to love them, but our selves. We act by a Principle of Vanity and Interest, and we only apparently give our selves up to others, that we may wholly possess them. Like a Fisherman we throw a baited Hook into the River, and whilst we pretend to feed the Fish, we are catching 'em. All your ambitious Tyrants, Magistrates and Politicians appear benign,

and generous; and whilst they pretend that they are giving themselves up to, they are catching the People. They lay their Hooks in Feasts, in Companies and publick Assemblies. They are not sociable for the Interest of Mankind, but in order to abuse all Men. Like Courtezans, they make use of flattering and crafty Insinuations, to corrupt Mankind, and to enslave all those whom they stand in need of; and the best things when corrupted become the worst. Such Men are the Bane of Society. The Self-love of a Man-hater is only wild and unprofitable to Mankind, but that of this Man-lover is traitorous and tyrannical. You promise your self to meet in him all the Virtues necessary to the Support of Society, whilst they propose no other End but that of making their Fellow-Citizens subservient to 'em. The Man-hater may affright, but will never hurt you: As a Serpent, who hides himself under the Flowers of the Field, is more dangerous than a wild Beast, which as soon as it sees you, flies towards his Den.

A. Prithee Timon let us make off, we have each one of us had a good Sermon; let those that can, profit by it, I am afraid we shall be but little the better for it. You will still be enrag'd against Mankind, and for my part, I'll go, and be-
twixt

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twixt the *Grecians*, and the King of *Persia*, put on as many different Forms as ever *Proteus* did.



D I A L O G U E XVIII.

Alcibiades, Pericles.

The greatest Endowments of Nature, without Virtue, are esteem'd as nought after Death.

Per. **D**EAR Nephew, I am heartily glad to see you again; I ever had a great deal of Friendship for you.

A. That you have given me Demonstration of, from my very first Infancy; but I never stood so much in need of your Assistance as I now do. *Socrates*, whom I just now left, gives me Reason to apprehend something from the three Judges, before whom I am going to appear.

P. Alas! my dear Nephew, we are no longer now at *Athens*; those three inexorable old Men despise Eloquence. I myself have felt the Effects of their Rigour, and I foresee that you cannot escape it.

A. Are there no ways of winning upon these three Men? are they insensible of Flattery, of Pity, of all the Graces of
K 5 Oratory,

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Oratory, Poetry and Musick? not mov'd by subtle Arguments, or the Rehearsal of great Actions?

P. You know very well, that could Eloquence prevail, (and this I may say without Vanity) I should come off as well as any other: but talking to 'em is in vain. Those Flatteries by which the *Athenians* were won, those subtle Turns in Discourse, those insinuating ways by which Men are taken, by falling in with their Humours and Passions, are of no service here. Their Ears are stopp'd, and their Hearts of Brass cannot be mov'd. Though I dy'd in the unhappy *Peloponnesian* War, yet am I punish'd for it here below. They ought to have forgiven me such a Fault, in the Commission of which, I lost my Life; and which I was led into by your Persuasions.

A. True, I advis'd you to undertake this War, rather than be oblig'd to make up your Accounts. When you govern a State, your own Ease, Reputation and Interest, are to be the first things consulted, let the Publick shift as it can; otherwise, who would be fool enough to undergo the Toils of Government? who would watch Night and Day, that others might sleep in Peace? Can your
Judges

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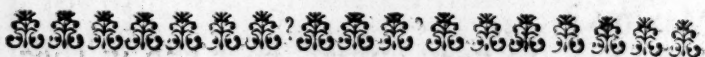
Judges here below be angry at such Maxims?

P. Yes, so very angry, that tho in that cursed War I lost the Confidence of the People, and died of the Plague, yet have I suffer'd terrible Punishments here; for having unseasonably disturb'd the Publick Quiet. By this you may judge, Cousin, how well you are like to come off.

A. This is sad News indeed. When those upon Earth are vex'd at any thing, they wish themselves dead; but now I am dead, I cou'd heartily wish myself alive again.

P. And well you may; you are no longer array'd in that loose trailing Purple Robe, which the Ladies of *Sparta* and *Athens* so much admir'd; you will not be punish'd for your evil Actions only, but also for the evil Counsels you have given me.





D I A L O G U E X I X .

Alcibiades, Mercury, and Charon.

*The Character of a Young Prince corrupted
by Voluptuousness and Ambition.*

C. **P**Rithee, what Man have you got there? how high he carries it? Pray now, what has he done to make him take so much State upon himself?

M. He was beautiful, well made, learned, valiant, eloquent, and fit to please the Taste of every Man. Never was Man so supple, he cou'd shift his Form as easily as *Proteus*. Amongst the *Athenians* he was nice, learned, and polite; at *Sparta* he was rough, severe, and laborious; in *Asia* as soft, effeminate, and magnificent as a *Persian*; in *Thrace* he was always on horseback, and drank as hard as *Silenus*: and by these Means, whatever Country he was in, he has embroil'd and overturn'd every thing.

C. But won't he overturn my Boat too, 'tis very old and very leaky? Why did you bring such a one with you, 'twas far better to have left him amongst the Living, he wou'd have been the occasion of War,
Slaugh-

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Slaughter, and Desolation, and wou'd have sent many a Shade here; but as for his own, I am really afraid of it. What's his Name?

M. Alcibiades. Did you never hear of him?

C. Alcibiades! Most of the Shades that come down here can talk of nothing else, and make sad Complaints of him. Is he not the same Man, who, flying to *Sparta*, after having been guilty of so many impious Actions at *Athens*, corrupted the Wife of King *Agis*?

M. The very same.

C. I wish he does not do the like with *Proserpine*, for he is handsomer, and has a better Tongue than our infernal King; but, faith, *Pluto* is not to be jested with in such a Case.

M. Such as he is, I deliver him to you. If he does but make as great an Uproar in Hell, as he has all his life-time upon Earth, this will no longer be the Kingdom of Silence. But ask him himself, what 'tis he intends to do here. Prithee, *Alcibiades*, tell *Charon* how 'tis you intend to behave yourself here below.

A. Who, I? I pretend to govern every body here: I wou'd advise *Charon* to insist upon a double Fare, and counsel *Pluto* to wage War with *Jupiter*, and make himself the Master of the Gods, seeing that
Jupiter

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Jupiter does not govern Mankind as he ought to do, and that the Empire of the Dead is greater than that of the Living. What does he do yonder in *Olympus*, whilst he neglects the things on Earth, and lets every thing go awry? We had better acknowledge him for the supreme Deity, who punishes the Vices of Men here below, and redresses every thing which his indolent Brother had neglected. As for *Proserpine*, I'll tell her some News from *Sicily*, which was once so belov'd by her, and on my Lyre I will sing those Songs which were there compos'd in honour of her; I will talk to her of the Nymphs who were gathering Flowers with her when *Pluto* forc'd her away. I will relate all my own Adventures to her, and 'twill be hard if I don't please her one way or other.

M. I wou'd venture to lay a good Wager upon your head, that you soon govern all Hell. *Pluto* will make you a Member of his Privy-Council, and will soon repent it; which will be some Satisfaction for the Injury you wou'd do me in dethroning my Father *Jove*.

A. You'll find that *Pluto* will be far from repenting it.

M. Why you have given very fatal Counsels in your life-time.

A. And very good ones too.

M. Meaning

M. Meaning the *Sicily* Expedition? How well the *Athenians* came off in following your Advice there!

A. True; I advised the *Athenians* to attack the *Syracusa*, not only that they might conquer *Sicily*, and afterwards *Africa*, but also that I might keep the *Athenians* in subjection under me. When we have to do with a light and inconstant People, we must never give them time to be idle; you must always keep 'em engaged in some intricate Business, that they may perpetually stand in need of you, and never have time to reflect upon, or censure your Conduct. But this Enterprize, tho a very difficult one, wou'd have succeeded, had I had the Management of it; but I was recall'd to *Athens*, upon a very foolish Business, to quell the revolting *Therma*. After my departure, *Lamachus* perish'd like a giddy-brain'd Fool; *Nicias* was a great indolent cowardly irresolute Fellow. Those who are so very fearful, have more reason to apprehend than any body else: they neglect all the Advantages which Fortune offers 'em, and fall into all the Inconveniences which they foresee. I was accused too of having, in a Debauch with some dissolute Fellows, represented the Mysteries of *Ceres*. To this they added, that I had acted the chief part, and represented the Priest; but this
was

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was a mere Tale of a Tub, they never cou'd convict me of it.

M. A Tale of a Tub! if so, why did you not appear and answer these Accusations?

A. I wou'd have done it; had the Accusation been of less moment; but my Life was concern'd here, and that I wou'd not have trusted in my own Mother's hands.

M. A cowardly Answer! are you not ashamed of returning such a one? You who were not afraid of trusting your Life, whilst very young, to the Mercy of a brutish Carman, yet durst not, when you grew up, trust it to the Judges; tho it was to clear your Honour. Upon my word, Friend, your Conscience must tell you that you were guilty.

A. The Reason of that is, a Child, playing in the Highway, won't give over his Play to let a Cart pass along, because his Temper is childish and stubborn, but he'll no longer be guilty of such things when he comes to the use of Reason. In short, I had cause to apprehend the Spite of those who envied me, as well as the Folly of the People, who are in a Passion as soon as they hear of any of you Deities being affronted.

M. The true Language of a Libertine! and I question not but you derided the
the

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the Myſteries of *Eleuſinian Ceres*: as for my Statues, I need not queſtion any thing about 'em, I am ſure you daſh'd 'em to pieces.

C. I'll not receive ſuch an impious Enemy of the Gods into my Boat, this Bane of Human Society.

A. But you muſt receive me, or where wou'd you have me go?

C. Return upon Earth again, torment the Living, and make a noiſe there; this is the Abode of Silence and Repoſe.

A. For Heaven's ſake let me not wander on the *Strygian Banks* like thoſe who are depriv'd of Burial; my Soul has always been too haughty to bear ſuch an Injury: but after all, having receiv'd the Funeral Honours, I can force *Charon* to take me into his Boat. If I have done amiſs, let the infernal Judges puniſh me; but for that old Fool, I'll oblige him——

C. Since you come to that, Sir, I'll know in what manner you was buried, for your Death is variously reported: Some ſay that you were ſtabb'd whiſt in the Arms of a Courtezan; a fine Cloſe of Life to be proud of! Others ſay you were burnt, and till you have clear'd up this matter, I'll laugh at your Pride, and you ſhall not come into my Boat.

A. I can with pleaſure relate the Manner of my Death, by which I reap ſo great

great an Honour, and which crowns a glorious Life. *Lyfander*, knowing how much Mischief I had done the *Lacedemonians* by serving my Country in Battle, and negotiating their Affairs for 'em amongst the *Persians*, determin'd to desire *Pharnabaces*, who then commanded the Great King's Army upon the Confines of *Asia*, to put me to death. For my part, seeing that the Conduct of the chief *Athenians* was very rash, and they refusing to follow my Advice when their Fleet was in the River, near the *Hellespont*, I foretold their Ruin, which soon after follow'd, and then retired to a Place of *Phrygia*, which the *Persians* had given me to live in; there I spent my time contentedly, out of conceit with Fortune, which had so often deceived me, and thought of nothing now but diverting myself; *Timandra* the Courtezan was with me: But *Pharnabaces*, not daring to refuse me for a Sacrifice to the *Lacedemonians*, sent his Brother *Magnaus* to cut my Head off, and burn my Body; but he, and all the *Persians* with him, durst not enter the House where I was, and therefore they set it on fire about me, not daring to attack me. As soon as I saw what their design was, I threw my Clothes, and even all the Furniture of the House, upon the Fire; then wrapping my Cloak round my Left-hand,

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hand, and in my Right-hand holding my drawn Sword, I threw myself thro the Flames without being hurt, my Cloak only a little sing'd, and came into the midst of my Enemies, who immediately flew from me; but flying, shot so many times at me, that they pierced me thro and thro with their Arrows, and I fell down dead: but no sooner were these Barbarians gone, when *Timandra*, taking my Body, and wrapping it up, gave it the most honourable Burial she could.

M. Is not this *Timandra* Mother to *Lais* the famous *Corinthian* Courtezan?

A. The same. This, *Charon*, is the History of my Death and Burial: is there any difficulty concerning either of 'em yet remaining?

C. A very great one, which I am afraid you won't be able to clear up. It seems there was no other way of your escaping from the midst of the Flames, but by throwing yourself, like a desperate Wretch, headlong amongst your Enemies; and yet *Timandra*, who staid in this burning House, was well enough to bury you. Besides this, I have heard several Shades say, that neither the *Persians* nor the *Lacedemonians* put you to death; but that, according to your old Custom, having debauch'd a young Woman of a noble Family, the Lady's Brother, to revenge
this.

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this Dishonour done their House, had you burnt.

A. Be that as it will, you can't deny but that I have been burnt as well as the other Dead.

C. But you have not been buried, good Sir; I find you are evading and quibbling, you have certainly been a very shuffling Fellow.

A. I have been burnt as the other Dead are, and that's sufficient. S'd death, wou'd you have had *Timandra* brought my Ashes, or sent you an Affidavit of my Burial? but to end this Dispute, I appeal to the three Judges, let them decide it: come let us go and plead our Cause before 'em.

C. A very cunning Fellow, indeed! I must carry you over to them that you may plead your Cause, which by these means you wou'd have gain'd.

M. To tell you the truth of the matter, as I came along I saw the Urn wherein 'twas said this Courtezan had enclosed her Lover's Ashes; a Man who knew so very well how to charm the Ladies, could never be without a Burial; he has had all the Honours of it paid him too, has been wept over and regretted much more than he deserved.

A. So, here's positive Evidence now; *Mercury* has seen my Ashes in their Urn:
now,

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now, *Charon*, I command you to take me into the Boat, refuse me any longer at your peril.

M. I pity him for having any thing to do with so wicked an Incendiary; 'twas you who kindled the great and horrid War in *Greece*; you are the cause that the *Athenians* and *Lacedemonians* have been under Arms to injure each other, by Land and Sea, for the space of 28 Years.

A. Now you accuse me wrongfully, this was my Uncle *Pericles*'s doing.

M. *Pericles* indeed undertook this fatal War, but he did it by your Advice. Don't you remember your going one day to his House, and the Servants telling you that you cou'd not see *Pericles*, he was very busy in making up his Accounts with the *Athenians*, and shewing how in his Administration he had dispos'd of the Publick Revenues: To this you answer'd, that instead of giving an Account, he ought to be thinking of the means of avoiding one. The Means you found out for him, was to put every thing into Confusion, and to wage a War. *Pericles* was foolish enough to follow this Advice, he waged a War, and perished in it, as did the greatest part of your Country, which thereby lost its Liberty. After this, 'twas no wonder if *Archestratus* said that all *Greece* put together, was not able
to

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to contain two *Alcibiades's* : nor was *Timon*, the Man-hater, less pleasant on this Occasion, when enraged against the *Athenians*, in whom he cou'd perceive no Remains of Virtue ; and meeting thee one day in the Street, he saluted thee, and taking thee by the Hand, said, ' Courage, my Lad ; let but your Authority encrease, and you will make all the Misfortunes which this People deserve, fall heavy on them.'

A. Must you mind all that's said by a surly melancholy Fellow, who hates Mankind.

M. Well we'll let this surly Fellow alone : Cou'd any one but a Rogue give the Advice we were talking of ?

A. Prithee, *Mercury*, don't you talk of Rogues, we know you are a profess'd one, and let me tell you, it ill becomes a sharpening God to reprove Men for a little Dishonesty or Pilfery.

M. For Heaven's sake, *Charon*, carry him over as quick as you can, we shall get nothing by talking to him ; however, take care he does not surprize the three Judges, and even *Pluto* himself. Tell them, from me, that he is a Villain capable of making the Dead revolt, and of overturning any the most peaceable Empire. The Punishment he deserves, is to be debarr'd the sight of Women, and condemned to ever-

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everlasting Silence, for he has made a vile use both of his Beauty and of his Eloquence.

C. Never fear, I'll do his business for him, and I am afraid he'll spend his time but poorly amongst the Dead, when no longer able to carry on any subtle or villainous Intrigue.



D I A L O G U E XX.

Dionysius, Pythias, and Damon.

True Virtue can love nothing but what is virtuous.

Di. **Y**E Gods! what do I see; can that be *Pythias* arriving here? 'Tis he himself; he's coming here to die, and to deliver his Friend from Death.

P. Yes, 'tis *Pythias* himself; I went only to pay the Gods what I had vow'd, to regulate my own domestick Affairs according to Justice, and to bid my Children a long Farewel, that I might die in Peace.

Di. But why do you return? are you not afraid of Death? or do you, like a desperate Wretch, come to throw yourself headlong upon it?

P. I

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P. I come to suffer Death, and tho I do not deserve it, yet was this no reason why I shou'd let my Friend die for me.

Di. You love your Friend then better than yourself.

P. No, but I love him as well as myself; and 'tis not just that he shou'd die to deliver me from Death, since I, not he, was condemn'd by you.

Di. But you pretend that Death is no more your Desert than his.

P. True: we are both equally innocent, and 'tis as just a thing to kill me, as 'twould be to kill him.

Di. How then can you say that 'tis not just he shou'd die in your stead?

P. In you, I say, 'tis equally unjust to put either *Damon* or me to death; but it would be unjust in *Pythias* to let *Damon* suffer that Death, which, by the Tyrant, was prepar'd for *Pythias* only.

Di. And so you come upon the appointed Day to save the Life of your Friend by losing your own.

P. I come, on your account, to be unjustly dealt with, as is usual from Tyrants; and on *Damon's* account, to deal justly by him, and deliver him from a Danger to which he had expos'd himself thro his Friendship to me.

Di. Well, *Damon*, confess the truth now; was not you afraid that *Pythias* wou'd

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wou'd not return, and that you must suffer for him?

Da. I was but too certain that he wou'd return punctually to the time, and rather chuse to lose his Life, than break his Word. Wou'd to God his Friends and Relations, spite of himself, had kept him at home, he now wou'd live to be their Comfort, and I shou'd have that of dying for him.

Di. Are you weary of Life then?

Da. I am whenever I see a Tyrant.

Di. You shall not long be troubled with the sight of one, I'll send you to instant Death.

P. Alas! excuse the Transport of a Man afflicted with the thoughts of losing his Friend: remember that I only am condemn'd to Death, which to deliver my Friend from, I come prepared to suffer.

Di. I cannot bear with two Men who thus despise their Lives and my Power.

Da. Can you not bear with Virtue?

Di. Not with such a haughty and scornful Virtue, which despises Life, is fearless of Danger, and unmov'd at Riches and Pleasures.

Da. At least you see 'tis not unmov'd with Honour, Justice, or Friendship.

Di. Well, let *Pythias* be conducted to Death, we shall see if *Damon* will any longer despise my Power.

L

Da. Pythi-

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Da. *Pythias*, by coming back, and submitting himself to your Sentence, has deserv'd his Life from you, and I, by delivering myself up instead of him, have rais'd your Anger; be satisfied with the Death of one of us, and let me be the Person.

P. By no means, *Dionysius*, no body but myself has offended you, *Damon* never cou'd——

Di. Alas! what do I see? where am I? how great is my Unhappiness, and how much do I deserve it! Hitherto I have liv'd in Ignorance, my Days have been spent in Darknes and in Error; all my Power is not sufficient to force any one to love me; in a 30 Years tyrannical Reign, I can't boast of having acquir'd one Friend. These two Men, whom Fortune has plac'd in a private Station, love and confide in one another, are happy in each other's Friendship, and either wou'd willingly lay down his Life to save that of his Friend.

Da. How cou'd you have acquir'd a Friend, and never lov'd any body; you fear'd and tyranniz'd over Men, they in return fear and hate you: had you lov'd them, they wou'd now love you.

Di. *Damon*, *Pythias*, receive me amongst you, let me be the third Member of so perfect a friendly Society; I will not only
give

give you your Lives, but load you with Riches.

Da. Your Riches we value not, and as for your Friendship we cannot accept of it, till you become just and good; whilst you are otherwise, you may have trembling Slaves, and fawning Flatterers about you, but to be belov'd by free-born Souls, you must be virtuous, benign, sociable, sensible of Friendship, and capable of always living in the same equal Temper with your Friends.



DIALOGUE XXI.

Plato, and Dionysius the Tyrant.

The solid Happiness and Safety of a Prince, is placed in the Love of his Subjects.

Di. **A** Good morning to you, *Plato*, you are still the same Man as when I saw you in *Sicily*.

P. For your part, you are far from being the same, you don't shine here as you did upon the Throne there.

Di. You were a chimerical Philosopher, your Republick was nothing but a mere Dream.

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P. Nor has your tyrannical Government prov'd more solid ; that's fallen too, you see.

Di. 'Twas your Friend *Dion* that betray'd me.

P. You betray'd yourself ; when we make ourselves hateful, we have reason to apprehend every thing.

Di. 'Tis too toilsome to make one's self belov'd, we must take care to please other Men. Had not one better please one's self, and run the risque of being hated ?

P. When a Man, to gratify his Passions, makes himself hateful, he has as many Enemies as he has Subjects, and consequently can never be in safety. Confess the truth, did you sleep in peace ?

Di. I own I did not ; but the reason of that was, I had not put People enough to death ?

P. And don't you see that the Death of one drew the Hatred of others upon you ? Those who saw their Neighbours fall a Sacrifice, expected every day to meet their Fate ; nor was there any means of saving themselves left, but putting you to death by way of Prevention. You must either kill every one of your Subjects, or else be merciful, and endeavour to be belov'd. When your People love you, you no longer stand in
need

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need of Guards, but in the midst of 'em, are like a Father in the midst of his Children.

Di. I remember that you urg'd all these Reasons to me, when I was about to lay down my Tyranny, and become a Disciple of thine, but a Flatterer hinder'd me: and indeed 'tis a hard Task to renounce all Sovereign Power.

P. Had it not been much better to have renounc'd it of your own accord, and have become a Philosopher, than to have shamefully been driven from the Throne, and obliged to get a Living at *Corinth*, by keeping a School?

Di. But I never thought that I should have been driven from it.

P. How cou'd you presume that the Power would be long left in your hands, at a Place, where, for their own Safety, they were obliged to work your Destruction?

Di. I was in hopes that they wou'd not dare attack me.

P. When Men hazard less by attacking you, than by letting you live, there are enow who dare do it. Your own Guards in such a case have no other way of saving their Lives, but by sacrificing yours: but confess the truth now, did not you live more happily whilst poor and at *Corinth*,

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than you did in all your Splendor at *Syracusa*?

Di. You are in the right on't; the School-master at *Corinth* could eat and drink pretty well, but the Tyrant of *Syracusa* was always fearful and jealous perpetually desirous of cutting some body's Throat, extorting Money, or making new Conquests; Pleasures were no longer such to me, I had lost the relish of 'em, and yet greedily coveted 'em. But you, who are a Philosopher, tell me, was your Condition unhappy when I sold you into Bondage?

P. In my Bondage I enjoy'd the same Repose which you did at *Corinth*, with this difference however, that I had the satisfaction of suffering for the sake of Virtue, thro the Injustice of a Tyrant; and you were a Tyrant shamefully dispossest'd of your Power.

Di. Well, I see that I get nothing by talking to you; if ever I return again upon Earth, I'll either chuse a private Station, or I'll make myself be beloved by the People who are in subjection under me.



DIALOGUE XXII.

Plato, Aristotle.

A critical Dissertation upon the Philosophy of Aristotle, and the Solidity of Plato's Eternal Ideas.

A. HAVE you forgotten your *quondam* Disciple? do you not know me now?

P. How shou'd I see any thing of a Disciple of mine in you? You made it your whole Business to seem the Master of the whole School of Philosophers, and endeavour'd to deface the Memory of all those who preceded you.

A. That's because I started some new Notions, and explain'd 'em very distinctly; I never enter'd into a poetical Style in searching for the Sublime, nor run into Fustian: I never talk'd of your eternal Ideas.

P. All that you advanc'd was taken out of other Books, which you endeavour'd to suppress. I must confess that you writ in a neat, close, and pure Style, but at the same time dry, and incapable of making any one sensible of Divine
L 4. Truths

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Truths. As for my eternal Ideas, you may laugh at 'em as much as you please, but you can't do without 'em, if you wou'd draw any certain Conclusions. How can you affirm or deny any one thing of another, unless you have fix'd unchangeable Ideas of both these things? What is our Reason but our Ideas? If our Ideas may be alter'd, so may our Reason too: to-day the Whole would be bigger than a Part, to-morrow the Fashion of that Notion would be changed, and then a Part would be bigger than the Whole. These eternal Ideas, which you now would ridicule, are the first Principles of Reason, which are still the same. Far from being able to form any Judgment of these first Truths, we are judged by them, and they set us to rights whenever we err. If I say any thing that's extravagant, other Men immediately laugh at it, and I am ashamed. The cause of this is, that my Reason, and that of my Neighbours, in spite of me, sets me to rights, and which, like a strait Rule, amends a crooked Line which might have been drawn thus for want of tracing things back to their Ideas, which are the first and plain Notions of every thing. You never had any Principles solid enough, and therefore always walked in the Dark.

A. Is

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A. Is there any thing more plain than my Morals ?

P. I own that they are plain and fine ; your Logick is subtle, methodical, exact, and ingenious, but your Physicks are nothing but a heap of abstruse Terms of Art, and empty Names, fit to satisfy those Minds which can be satisfied with bare Words, and will fancy that they understand that which they know nothing of. On this Occasion you wou'd stand in need of clear Ideas, to avoid that Fus-tian which you upbraid others with : an ignorant Man of Sense will acknowledge that he does not know what your *first Matter* is, but one of your Disciples thinks that he has told us Wonders, and certainly satisfied us, when he tells us 'tis *neque quid, neque quale, neque quantum, &c.* With such a Jargon a Man fancies himself a great Philosopher, and despises the Vulgar. The *Epicureans*, who came after you, have argued with more Reason than you, upon the Motion and Form of those little Bodies, which, by their uniting, frame the composed Bodies. In their Natural Philosophy you find several probable Hypotheses : true, they never traced things back to the Idea and Nature of these Particles, or little Bodies ; they never prove any thing, but draw all their Conclusions from Hypothetical Po-sitions.

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sitions. This Philosophy, in its Principles, is indeed a mere Fiction, yet does it explain the nature of many things; your Physicks do not deserve the name of Philosophy, they are only an out of the way Jargon. *Tiresias* threatens you, that the day shall come when other Philosophers shall turn you out of the Schools in which you shall have reign'd for many Ages, and your Reputation at once will fall from its trowing height.

A. I was willing to conceal the Elements of my Natural Philosophy, that made me wrap it up thus.

P. And you have succeeded so very well, that few understand you; and those few that do, say you have no Meaning.

A. I had not time to search into the truth of every thing, and to make all the Experiments myself.

P. No Soul ever had so fair an Opportunity as yourself; you could make use of *Alexander's* Money and Authority: had I had the same Advantage, I shou'd have made some curious Discoveries.

A. You should have been complaisant to *Dionysius* the Tyrant, and then you might have had the same Advantages.

P. But I was neither a Courtier, nor a Flatterer; but did not you, who think that Princes ought to be managed by Complaisance, lose the Favour of your
Disciples

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Disciples by your ambitious Enterprizes?

A. Alas, I did! and even here below, tho sometimes he uses me with the same Confidence as he did one while on Earth, yet at other times he does not know me, and will scarce condescend to look upon me.

P. That's because he did not meet with the same Morality in your Conduct, which he did in your Writings. Confess the truth, you did not bear the least Resemblance to the magnanimous Hero which you describe.

A. And did not you treat of the Contempt we ought to have for all earthly fleeting things, when at the same time you liv'd splendidly.

P. I confess it; but then I was a Man of note, yet I liv'd with Moderation and Honour, and tho destitute of Authority, and free from Ambition, yet revered by the *Grecians*: but the *Stagyrite* Philosopher, who came to confound and turn every thing topsy-turvy in his Disciples Kingdom, is, consider'd in a philosophical Light, a very odious Fellow.



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D I A L O G U E XXIII.

Alexander, Aristotle.

Let the natural Endowments of a Young Prince be never so great, he is always in danger, unless he drives all Flatterers far from him, and accustoms himself betimes to govern his own Passions, and to love those who have Courage enough to tell him the Truth.

Ar. I AM heartily glad to meet with my Disciple ; how glorious a thing it is for me to have instructed the Conqueror of the whole World ?

Alex. Dear *Aristotle*, I am heartily glad to see you again ; I had not set eyes upon you since I left *Macedon* : but you know very well, that I never forgot you even in the midst of my Conquests.

Ar. Do you remember the time when you was so lovely a Youth ?

Alex. Yes ; methinks I am still at *Pella*, or at *Pydne*, and you coming from *Stagyræ* to instruct me in Philosophy.

Ar. But you forgot my Precepts, when your Heart was swell'd with your too great Prosperity.

Alex. I confess it, and you are not unacquainted with my Sincerity : now that

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that I am only the Shade of *Alexander*, I can plainly see that *Alexander* was too proud and too haughty for a Mortal.

Ar. You did not take my Hero for a Pattern.

Alex. No, indeed, your Hero was a mere Pedant, nothing true or natural in his Character, but in every thing affected and over-strain'd.

Ar. And was not you overstrain'd in your Heroism? When you were told that there was a Plurality of Worlds, you wept because you had not as yet conquer'd one of 'em; you subdued large Kingdoms, only to restore 'em to their own Monarchs, and ravaged the whole Earth that you might be talk'd of; alone you scaled the Walls of an hostile Town, and wou'd fain have pass'd for a Deity: was not this being over-strain'd?

Alex. So, I am come to School again, and you set every Truth before me, as you were wont to do at *Pella*; it had not been safe to have talk'd thus to me on the Banks of *Euphrates*, but on the *Stygian* Shore we can with patience hear a Censor speak. But tell me, *Aristotle*, for I think you know every thing, how comes it about that several Princes should have something so wondrous in 'em during their Infancy, yet when the time comes that they should make use of all

all those good Maxims which they have learnt, they then forget 'em? Of what profit is it that in their Youth they shou'd talk like Parrots, to approve of every thing that in itself is good; but as they grow up, and come into the World, Reason, which ought to grow up with 'em, seems to fly far from 'em?

Ar. Such a wondrous Youth was you; with how much Politeness did you converse with the Embassadors in your Father *Philip's* Court! You were then a Lover of Learning, you took delight in Poetry, *Homer* charm'd you, and your Heart was enflamed when you met with the virtuous and glorious Actions of Heroes. When you made yourself Master of *Thebes*, you respected the House of *Pindarus*, and when you enter'd *Asia*, you went to visit the Tomb of *Achilles*, and the Ruins of *Troy*. All these are Demonstrations of a humane and laudable Inclination, which again you shew'd, when you trusted your Life in the hands of *Philip* the Physician; but especially when you used the Family of *Darius* with such Tendernefs, the dying King comforted himself with the hopes of your being a Father to his Family. This is what a good natural Disposition, improv'd by Philosophy, made you do; the rest of your Actions I'll pass over.

Alex. No,

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Alex. No, no, speak 'em, speak 'em boldly, *Aristotle*; Complaisance wou'd now be ridiculous.

Ar. Your Luxury and Softness, your Suspicion and Cruelty, your Rage, and the violent Passion you flew into against your Friends, your listening so credulously to Flatterers who would persuade you that you was a God——

Alex. Oh! forbear. Wou'd to Heaven I had died after having conquer'd *Darius*.

Ar. What, before you had overcome the rest of the East?

Alex. I acquir'd less Honour by the Victory, than I did Shame in sinking beneath the Weight of Prosperity, and forgetting that I was a Man. But tell me, why are we so wise during our Infancy, and so unreasonable when we ought to be wise?

Ar. Because that whilst young, you are instructed, encouraged, and corrected by just and honest Men; but when you grow up, you abandon yourselves to the Mercy of the three worst Enemies, Presumption, Passion, and Flatterers.



D I A L O G U E XXIV.

Alexander, Clitus.

The fatal Weakness of Princes will not suffer their loyal Servants to speak sincerely to 'em, when they wou'd admonish 'em of their Faults.

C. **S**A V E you, great King, how long have you been come down to these dark Abodes ?

A. For Heaven's sake, *Clitus*, retire ; I cannot bear thy sight which thus upbraids me with my Fault.

C. *Pluto* has order'd that I shou'd still remain before thy eyes, as a Punishment for your having unjustly slain me : I am sorry for't ; for spite of what you have done, I still love you, but I never more must leave you.

A. O cruel Company ! must I always behold a Man who upbraids me with a Fault, the remembrance of which fills me with Confusion.

C. I can look on my Murderer, and cannot you look upon the Man whom you have slain ? I find that great Men are nicer than others, they would see no
one

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one but such as look pleased, can flatter, and pretend to admire them; 'tis in vain to be nice upon the *Stygian* Shore: you ought to have forgot this Quality, when you were depriv'd of Royalty; you have nothing left to bestow here, and consequently you'll meet with no Flatterers.

A. Curs'd Misfortune! on Earth I was a God; here, nothing but an empty Shadow, and merciless Ghosts upbraid me with my Crimes.

C. Why did you commit them then?

A. When I slew you, I was overcome with Wine.

C. A fine Excuse for a Hero and a God! that he who ought to have Sense and Reason enough to govern the whole World, should by Drunkenness lose his Reason, and make himself like a savage Brute! But confess the Truth, you were more intoxicated by Passion, and Vain-glory, than you were by Wine; you could not bear me, because I condemn'd your Vanity, for suffering divine Honours to be paid you, and for forgetting the Service that had been done you? Answer me, I am not afraid of being murder'd by you now.

A. Ye cruel Gods! why cannot I be revenged of you? but alas! I cannot even be revenged of the Shadow of *Clitus*, which brutally insults me.

C. You

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C. You are as passionate, and as fiery, as when upon Earth: but no body fears you here below; I can only pity you.

A. Gods! and is the great *Alexander* fallen so low, as to be pitied by that Slave *Clitus*? why is it not in my power to kill either him or my self?

C. They are both out of your power; Shades never die: you are now immortal, but not in the same manner as you pretended to be; you are now a Shadow like my self, and like the poorest of Mankind: Here are no Provinces to ravage, no Kings to trample under foot, no Palaces to burn in your drunken Fits, and no credulous Fools to believe the ridiculous Fables you might tell 'em, when you boast of being the Son of *Jupiter*.

A. You use me as you would the worst of Wretches!

C. Far from it; I look on you as a noble Conqueror, whose natural Disposition was excellent in it self, but corrupted by the Greatness of your Success. Are you offended, because I tell you the Truth? if Truth be so offensive, return on Earth, and seek your Flatterers.

A. Of what service is all my Glory, if *Clitus* himself can rail at me?

C. 'Twas your Passions that cast a blemish on your Glory, whilst you were alive; would you recover it here, be modest

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dest amongst the Shades, who can be neither gainers nor losers by you.

A. But you told me that you lov'd me.

C. I did your Person, but not your Faults.

A. If you love me, spare me!

C. 'Tis because I love you, that I do not spare you. When you appear'd so chaste before the Wife and Daughter of *Darius*; when you shew'd so much generous Compassion for that conquer'd Prince, you were praise-worthy, and then I prais'd you: but your Prosperity has made you unmindful of your true Glory.



D I A L O G U E XXV.

Alexander, Diogenes.

Flattery is destructive to Princes.

Diog. **I**S that *Alexander*, whom I see amongst the Dead?

A. The same indeed, *Diogenes*.

D. How! and do Gods then die?

A. Not Gods, *Diogenes*; but Men do, who are by nature mortal.

D. And do you then believe your self a mere Man?

A. And

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A. And do you think it possible that I could entertain any other thought of my self now?

D. You are very modest after Death; had you been so in your Life-time, your Glory would have been unfully'd.

A. Wherein did I ever so far forget my self?

D. Can you ask the Question, who when sprung from a glorious King, who conquer'd all *Greece*, you pretended that you were the Son of *Jupiter*; those only were welcome, who told you that *Olympias* had embrac'd a Serpent, and you rather chose to have that Monster for your Father, than to be descended from a long Race of *Macedonian* Kings, because in such a Race there was nothing but what was human. Did not you suffer the gross and infamous Flattery of the Priestesses of *Jupiter Ammon*, when she answer'd, that you blasphem'd in supposing that your Father could be murder'd; you made use of the wholesome Advice, and took great Care never more to be guilty of the like Impiety? You had not strength enough to bear the weight of all those Blessings, which Heaven had bestow'd upon you.

A. And can you think, *Diogenes*, that I was mad enough to believe all these ridiculous Fables?

D. Why

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D. Why then did you authorize 'em?

A. Because they authorized me. I despised them, yet made use of 'em, because they gave me an absolute Power over Mankind. Those who would not have car'd a pin for the Son of *Philip*, trembled before the Son of *Jove*. The People must be deceiv'd. Truth has but a very slender Power over their Minds: Fiction, an almighty one. The Answer of that Priestess, which you now deride, has been of more service to me, in my Conquests, than my Courage or Prudence. We must know Mankind, fit our selves to their Tempers, and lead 'em through those Paths in which they are able to walk.

D. Men of the Character you are now describing, deserve to be despis'd, as much as the Fiction of which they are so fond. That you might be esteem'd by such vile Men, you have had recourse to Falshood, which had made you more worthless than any of them.





DIALOGUE XXVI.

Diogenes and the Elder Dionysius.

A Prince, whose Happiness consists in the Gratification of his Appetites and Pleasures, can neither be truly bless'd in this World nor in the next.

E. D. I Am glad to meet with a Man of your Fame. *Alexander*, since his coming hither, has talk'd to me about you.

D. As for you, I had heard too much of your Fame upon Earth; you made the same Noise as an impetuous Torrent, which bears down all before it.

E. D. And is it possible that you could be happy in your Tub?

D. A certain Mark of my being Happy there, was my never seeking for any thing farther, and even my despising the Offers which the young *Macedonian*, whom you just now mention'd, made me. But confess the Truth, you was not happy in the Possession of *Syracuse*, and *Sicily*, since you endeavour'd to make your self Master of all *Italy*.

E. D. Your

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E. D. Your Moderation was nothing but Vanity and dissembled Virtue.

D. Your Ambition, Folly, and a towering Pride, which could not act with Justice, either towards your self or others.

E. D. You grow bold.

D. Do you imagine that you can still play the Tyrant here?

E. D. Alas! I am but too sensible that I cannot. I held the People of *Syracuse*, as I have often made my Boast, in diamond Chains; but the cruel Fates cut those Chains with the Thread of my Life.

D. I hear you sigh, and am persuaded that you also sigh'd when in the Height of all your Glory. As for my part, I never sigh'd whilst in my Tub; nor need I do it now, since I have left nothing on Earth worth sighing for. O poor Tyrant! How much have you lost by being rich! How much has *Diogenes* gain'd by being in possession of nothing!

E. D. All kinds of Pleasures offer'd themselves to me; my Musick was wondrous fine, my Table exquisite, and my Slaves without number. I had Perfumes, gold and silver Furniture, Pictures, Statues, Shews of all kinds, Men of Wit to converse with and flatter me, and Armies to overcome all my Enemies.

D. Add

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D. Add to this, Suspicions, Fears, Alarms, Jealousy and Rage, which prevented your enjoying all those Things you have named.

E. D. I confess it; but would you have had me liv'd in a Tub?

D. Could not you live like other Men, peaceably in your own House, and delight in the Study of Philosophy? But is it true, that in the midst of your Pleasures you always fancy'd that you saw a naked Sword hanging over your Head?

E. D. Let's talk no more on't; you want to insult me.

D. Will you permit me to ask you another Question, more home than the former?

E. D. I must permit it, as far as I see; for I know no means which I am now master of, that will prevent you.

D. Did you promise Rewards to all those who should invent new Pleasures? surely you must be violently greedy after Pleasure; but how strangely were you deceiv'd! You turn'd every thing topsy-turvy in your own Kingdom, with a design to make your self happy; yet were miserable at the same time for want of new Delights.

E. D. I was oblig'd to have new ones invented, when the old ones grew insipid, and lost their relish.

D. And

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D. And thus all Nature was not able to satisfy you. Where then could you hope to meet with any thing that could content your violent Passions? But tell me, could these new Pleasures cure you of your Suspicions, and stifle the Remorses of Conscience, which upbraided you with your Crimes?

E. D. No; but those who are sick, seek any means of assuaging their Pains; they try the Efficacy of new Remedies, to cure 'em, and to restore their lost Stomachs.

D. So you had lost your Stomach, and was half-starv'd at the same time; you loath'd what you had, and was greedy after what you could not come at. A fine State indeed, and which you labour'd hard to acquire and preserve! An excellent Recipe this, to make one happy! How can you presume to laugh at my Tub, where a little Bread and Water, and the Sun-shine satisfy'd me? When we know how to relish these plain and natural Pleasures, we are never without such Delights as cannot grow loathsome; but when we despise 'em, in vain we possess Riches and Power, for we can enjoy nothing.

E. D. This Truth is very afflicting, when I reflect on my Son, whom I have left to tyrannize after me. I had better

M

have

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have bred him up a poor Tradesman, satisfy'd with a very little, and able to bear the Strokes of adverse Fortune; then would he have met with some solid Pleasures, which Nature affords those who are placed in a mean State.

D. To give him a good Stomach, he should be oblig'd to fast; and to rid him of the trouble which his sumptuous Palace gives him, he should be sent to live in the Tub, which since my Death stands empty.

E. D. And he'll never be able to maintain that Power which has cost me so much trouble in procuring.

D. How is it possible that a Man bred up in the midst of effeminate Pleasures, and a too great Prosperity, should know any thing? Scarce is he capable of tasting any Delight, even when it falls in his way; every body must torment themselves to divert him.





D I A L O G U E XXVII.

Pyrro and his Neighbour.

The Falsity and Absurdity of Pyrronism.

Neigh. **A** Good Day to you, *Pyrro* ! they say that you have a great number of Disciples, and that your School is grown very famous ; will you receive me in it, and instruct me ?

P. I think I will.

N. What makes you say *I think* ? Don't you know your own Mind ? If you don't, I can't imagine who should ? or pray now, what is it that you do know ? you, who pass for so very learned a Man ?

P. Who I ? I know nothing.

N. What do People learn then, by attending your Lectures ?

P. Nothing at all.

N. Why do they attend 'em then ?

P. To be convinced that they know nothing. Is not that an excellent Piece of Knowledge, to be satisfy'd that one knows nothing ?

N. Indeed I think not : the ignorant unpolish'd Peasant is sensible of his Ignorance ; yet is he neither a Philosopher

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nor a wise Man: He is convinced of his Ignorance, far more than you are of yours, seeing that by this Affectation of Ignorance, you set your self above the rest of Mankind. This pretended Ignorance of yours, does not hinder your being presumptuous; whereas, the Clown, sensible of his Ignorance, really and sincerely mistrusts himself in every thing.

P. The Clown thinks himself ignorant of those Things only, which are too sublime for his Understanding, and which require Application and Study; but he does not know that he is ignorant of his Walking, Speaking or Living: I, for my part, am ignorant of all these things, and this Ignorance is founded on elementary Principles.

N. And you really are ignorant of all these things? Fine Principles, indeed, to have none at all!

P. Yes, I do not know that I live, or have a Being; in short, I am ignorant of every one thing without exception.

N. But don't you know, that you have the Faculty of Thinking.

P. I do not know it.

N. To be ignorant of every thing, is always to be in doubt, and never certain in any thing? is not that true?

P. It is, if any thing can be so.

N. To be ignorant, and to doubt, you acknowledge

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acknowledge are the same thing ; and again, to doubt, and to think, are the same : from whence I conclude, that your Ignorance, and Doubt, are certain Proofs of your having the Faculty of Thinking : And there is something certain, seeing that your very Doubt of it proves the Certainty of your Thinking.

P. But I am ignorant even of my Ignorance ; now you are finely caught.

N. If you are so, why do you talk of it then ? why defend, why teach it your Disciples, and endeavour to persuade 'em out of every thing they have hitherto believ'd ? If you are ignorant even of your Ignorance, you must never read Lectures upon it, nor despise those who think themselves acquainted with Truth.

P. Our whole Life can be nothing but one continu'd Dream ; perhaps at the instant of Death, we shall awake, and then see that all we believ'd real, was nothing but a Dream : as a Man who awakes on the sudden, finds all those Phantoms vanish'd, which, during his Dream, he fancy'd that he saw and touch'd.

N. You are afraid then that you sleep and dream with your Eyes open ; when you talk of any thing, you say perhaps, but even this perhaps denotes a Thought. Here nightly Visions must be the Visions of a dreaming Man ; 'tis therefore cer-

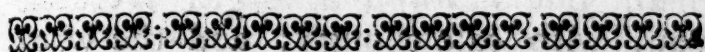
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tain that you dream, and dreaming cannot be the Action of a thoughtless Being. A thing which does not exist, can neither sleep, dream, doubt, deceive it self, be ignorant of every thing, nor say perhaps: thus spite of your self you must know something, and let the worst come to the worst, must acknowledge that you are a thinking dreaming Being.

P. This Subtlety is perplexing: you may be gone, I'll admit no such subtle troublesome Disciple into my School.

N. You will, and then you will not. Every thing, indeed, that you say, or do, gives the Lye to your affected Doubt. Your Sect is a Sect of Lyars; and I can assure you, that if you won't have me for a Disciple, I am even with you, and would by no means have you for a Master.





D I A L O G U E XXVIII.

*Pyrrhus and Demetrius-
Poliorcestes.*

*Temperance and Virtue, not Conquest and
Success, make the Hero.*

Dem. I Am come to salute the greatest
Hero, *Alexander* excepted, that
ever *Greece* produced.

P. Is not that *Demetrius*? it should be
he by the Picture that has been given me
of him.

D. Have you heard any mention made
of the great Wars which I have been ob-
lig'd to carry on?

P. Yes; but I have at the same time
heard mention made of your Softness, and
Effeminacy, during the time of Peace.

D. My great Actions have made suffi-
cient amends for that Fault.

P. In all the Wars that I waged, I
was still the same: I shew'd the *Romans*
that I knew how to assist my Allies; for
when they attack'd the *Tarentini*, I went
to their Assistance, with a formidable Ar-
my, and made the *Romans* feel the weight
of my Arm.

M. 4.

D. But.

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D. But *Fabricius* at length overcame you, with ease enough; and the whole World might see that your Troops were not to be compar'd to the *Roman* Forces. Your Elephants gain'd you the Victory in the first Battle, by spreading Confusion amongst the *Romans*, who were not accustom'd to this Manner of Fighting: Of the second Combat, you made a drawn Battle; but in the third, the *Romans* gain'd a compleat Victory; you were oblig'd to return to *Epirus*, and at last you dy'd by a Woman's Hand.

P. I died in Combat; but for your part, your Gormandizing and Debauches, brought you to the Grave. I own that you have carry'd on many a dangerous War, in which you came off with advantage; but you were follow'd to these Wars by a Company of Courtezans, as a Shepherd is by his Flock. For my part, I always appear'd unmov'd, even in my Misfortunes; and in this I think I excell'd *Alexander*.

D. And would you compare your entering into *Italy*, and being oblig'd to leave it shamefully, to his passing the *Danube* upon Goats-skins, forcing his Passage over the *Granicus*; with a few Soldiers, against an innumerable Host of opposing Enemies; to his always overcoming the *Persians*, whether in Defiles, or
open

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open pitch'd Battles, and taking their Towns; and in short, to his penetrating even into *India*, and making himself Master of all *Asia*.

P. These great Conquests of *Alexander*, were the Cause of his Death; for 'tis said, that *Antipater*, whom he had left at *Macedon*, in hopes of inheriting all his Dominions, had him poison'd at *Babylon*.

D. His Hope prov'd vain, and my Father shew'd him that he had to do with better Men than himself.

P. I must confess, I shew'd *Alexander* a bad Example; my Design was to conquer *Italy*, and his, to make himself Master of the whole World: but he had been far happier, had he stay'd at *Macedon*, than he was, when like a Madman he over-run all *Asia*.





D I A L O G U E XXIX.

Demosthenes, Cicero.

*A Parallel drawn between these two Orators,
wherein the Character of true Eloquence is
given.*

Cic. **A**ND so you would have it, that
I was but an indifferent Ora-
tor?

D. I do not say an indifferent one;
for 'tis not an ordinary Person that I
would boast of having excell'd: doubt-
less, you were a famous Orator, a Man
of excellent Parts; but you often wan-
der'd from your Purpose, which to keep
close up to, is the greatest degree of per-
fection in Oratory.

C. I suppose that you had no Faults
at all.

D. In Oratory, I think, I can be up-
braided with none.

C. And would you compare the rich-
ness of your Genius, to mine? your Dis-
courses were always dry and unadorn'd,
confin'd to narrow limits: you never en-
larg'd on any Subject. You used so short,
or if I may be allow'd the Expression, so
hungry

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hungry a way of talking, that one dares not retrench a Word from your Discourses; whereas the Copiousness of mine, shews a Richness and Fertility of Genius, which was the occasion of its being justly said, that nothing could be added to my Works.

D. Where nothing can be retrench'd, nothing but what was absolutely necessary has been said.

C. And where nothing can be added, nothing certainly is omitted, that can embellish the Work.

D. Your Works abound with more Flashes of Wit than mine, and that's the reason you value your self above me; is it not?

C. Yes, my Discourses are infinitely more adorn'd than yours; there's much more Wit, Turn, Art and Ease in 'em: I can dress the same thing up in twenty different Forms. Whilst the People were listening to my Orations, they were continually admiring my Wit, and surpriz'd with my Art; they shouted, and often interrupted me, to applaud and praise me: I suppose that you were listen'd to with Attention, and probably your Hearers never interrupted you.

D. What you say is true, and you are mistaken only in the Conclusion you draw: You fill'd the Assembly with
Thoughts

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Thoughts of your self; I, with Thoughts of the Business I was talking of. Your Hearers admir'd you, mine were taken up with Resolutions of doing what I was persuading 'em to. Your Flashes of Wit pleas'd, my Words like Thunderbolts bore every thing down before 'em. Your Audience cry'd out, How nobly he talks! mine, Come, let us march against *Philip*. They prais'd you, but were too elevated to praise me. Your Orations were adorn'd, mine without any Ornament. I had nothing in my Discourse but strong, plain and close Reasons, from whence I drew Conclusions, as piercing as the Lightning which cannot be resisted. When you were plain, grave, austere, without any apparent Art; in short, when you were *Demosthenick*, you were a perfect Orator: but when Wit, Turns and Art, appear'd in your Discourses, you were then barely *Cicero*, and you err'd from Perfection, when-ever you stray'd from my Character.





DIALOGUE XXX.

Demosthenes, Cicero.

The Difference between an Orator and a true Philosopher.

C. **I**N my Opinion you are but little the better for having liv'd in *Plato's* days, and been his Disciple.

D. Did you never observe any thing in my Orations, you who have read 'em so carefully, that savour'd of *Plato's* Maxims, and his Manner of persuading?

C. You mistake my Meaning, you were certainly the greatest Orator that ever *Greece* produced, but then you were nothing but an Orator. As for me, who never knew any thing of *Plato* but in his Writings, and who liv'd 300 years after his time, I endeavour'd to imitate him in his Philosophy: I brought the *Romans* acquainted with it, and was the first who introduced that manner of Writing amongst 'em. In short, I endeavour'd as much as possibly I cou'd to join Eloquence and Philosophy together in the same Person.

D. And

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D. And so you believe that you have been a very great Philosopher?

C. He is a Philosopher who loves Wisdom, and endeavours to make himself learn'd and virtuous; and, without Vanity, I think that I deserve the Title.

D. Of an Orator, you do; for you have been the most famous of your Nation, and even the *Greeks* who liv'd in your time admired you: but for that of a Philosopher, you must pardon me, 'tis not so easily acquir'd.

C. You don't know how much trouble it cost me, my daily Toils, and nightly Watchings, my Meditations, the Books which I have read, the Masters whom I have attended, and the Treatises which I have written.

D. All this does not make you a Philosopher.

C. What will then?

D. You must do what you flatteringly said of *Cato*, study Philosophy, not barely with a design to discover the Truth of Things, and to be able to argue as most Men do, but to practise it also.

C. And did not I do it? did not I live up to the Doctrines of *Plato* and *Aristotle*, which I had embraced.

D. Let *Aristotle* alone; perhaps I cannot allow of his being a Philosopher; I can entertain no great Opinion of a *Grecian*

cian always engaged to a King, nay to *Philip*; and as for the *Maxims of Plato*, I'll maintain that you never follow'd them.

C. During my Youth, and even the greatest part of my days, I must confess that I led the active and laborious Life of those whom *Plato* calls *Politicians*; but when the State of my Country was changed, and I could no longer be useful to it by being at the Helm of Affairs, I endeavoured to serve it by my Knowledge of the Sciences; and for that purpose retired to my Country-Seat, and spent my time in the Contemplation and Study of Truth.

D. That is to say, Philosophy was your *Pis-aller*, and when you cou'd no longer have any Share in the Administration, you endeavoured to distinguish yourself by your Learning; so that 'twas your own Glory, more than Virtue, that you aim'd at.

C. To speak the truth, I always lov'd Glory as the necessary consequence of Virtue.

D. Rather say, you coveted a great deal of Glory, and very little Virtue.

C. What grounds have you for judging so ill of me?

D. Your own Orations; for at the same time that you set up for a Philosopher, did not you make those fine Speeches,

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ches, in which you flatter'd your Tyrant *Cesar* more grossly, than ever *Philip* was flatter'd by his Slaves? and yet it is very well known how little you lov'd him: and this, your Letters written during his Life-time to *Atticus*, and produced after his Death, sufficiently shew'd.

C. 'Tis absolutely necessary to suit one's self to the Times, and to sooth a Tyrant, lest he should grow more tyrannical.

D. Spoken like an excellent Orator, but very poorly for a Philosopher! But pray now what came of your Philosophy after *Cesar's* Death? What was it that obliged you to engage yourself in State-Affairs again?

C. The *Roman* People, who look'd on me as on the only Prop and Defence of their Country.

D. Your Vanity persuaded you so, and made you at last the Bubble of a young Fellow. But to return to the Point; you have always been an Orator, never a Philosopher.

C. And was you ever any thing else?

D. No; nor never pretended to it; I deceived no body, for I was soon sensible that I must take to the Study of Rhetorick or Philosophy; either of 'em was sufficient to employ a Man's time. A Thirst of Glory always sway'd me, and I thought it a
fine

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fine thing to govern a whole People by my Eloquence; and when I was only a Citizen, and a Tradesman's Son, to be able to resist the Power of *Philip*: I had a value for the Liberty of *Greece*, and for the Publick Weal; but I must confess that I had a greater value for myself, and was very sensible of the Pleasure of receiving a Garland on the publick Theatre, and of having my Statue erected with a beautiful Inscription. Now I can behold things in a quite different Light, and am convinced of the truth of what *Socrates* said to *Gorgias*, *That Eloquence was not so fine a thing as he thought, shou'd it even gain its End, and make a Man absolute Master of the Commonwealth.* This is a Pitch we both arriv'd at, yet acknowledge the truth, we neither of us were the happier for it.

C. Our Lives, I own, have been filled with Toils and Dangers; scarce had I pleaded for *Roscius*, when I was obliged to fly into *Greece* to avoid *Sylla's* Anger. The Accusation of *Verres* also rais'd me up a great many Enemies. During my Consulship, the time of my greatest Glory, I was expos'd to the greatest Toils, and greatest Dangers. Several times my Life was manifestly hazarded, and the Hatred that I then drew upon me, ended in my Exile. In short, my Eloquence caus'd

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caus'd my Death, and had I not employ'd it so much against Authority, I shou'd still be alive. I make no mention of your Misfortunes, 'twou'd be in vain to recall 'em to mind; but I think we may both blame the Destinies, or rather our hard Fortunes which brought us into the World in so corrupt an Age, that we cou'd neither reform our Republicks, nor prevent their Ruins.

D. Our Judgments, not our Fortunes, are to be blamed, we undertook an impossible thing; for it was not the People who forc'd us to take the Administration of Affairs upon ourselves, nor did our Births engage us in it. I can forgive a Prince who is born to the Throne, for governing a State which the Gods have entrusted to his Care, as well as possibly he can, because by his Birth he is obliged to do it: nor can he disengage himself, let the State be in ever so bad a Condition. But a private Man ought to think of nothing but governing himself and his Family; he ought never to covet Publick Offices, or endeavour to attain 'em. If they force 'em upon him, he may accept of 'em for the Love he bears his Country. But as soon as his Hands are tied up from doing Good, and that his Citizens will neither be governed by Law nor Reason, he ought to return to his own private Station,

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Station, and deplore those publick Misfortunes which he cannot prevent.

C. So in your reckoning my Friend *Pomponius Atticus* was wiser than myself, or even than *Cato* whom we have so much cry'd up.

D. Doubtless *Atticus* was a true Philosopher: *Cato* was too obstinately bent upon the redressing the Grievances of a People who at the same time were resolved to lose their Liberties, and you too easily yielded to the Fortune of *Cæsar*; at least you did not preserve your Dignity as you ought to have done.

C. But is not Eloquence a fine thing, and a noble Gift of the Gods?

D. If you consider it in itself, it is a fine thing, but often corrupted in the use of it, when employ'd in flattering the Passions of the People, and gratifying our own: and what else did we, when we declaimed with so many bitter Invectives, I against *Midias* or *Eschinus*, and you against *Piso*, *Vatinius*, or *Anthony*? How often have our Passions and Interests obliged us to sin against Justice and Truth? The true Use of Eloquence is to set Truth in its fairest Light, and to incline others to follow their greatest Interest; that is, to cultivate Justice and all other Vertues. This is the Use that *Plato* has made of
his

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his Eloquence, and in which neither of us has follow'd his Example.



D I A L O G U E XXXI.

Coriolanus, Camillus.

Men are not born independent of, but subject to the Laws of the Country in which they are born and bred, and have, during their Infancy, been protected.

Cor. **Y**OU have been sensible of the Ingratitude of your Country, as well as myself: How foolish a thing it is to serve a useless People? Confess this freely, and excuse those who grow impatient.

Ca. I cannot excuse those who rise up in Arms against their own Country; we may retire, give way to Injustice, and wait for more favourable times, but 'tis impious to take up Arms against our Mother.

Cor. Those fine Names of Mother, and of Country, are nothing but mere Names; Men are born free and independent. Societies, with their several Subordinations and Politics, are nothing but human Institutions, which never can destroy Man's essential

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essential Liberty. If the Society to which we belong, grows unjust and faithless, we no longer depend upon't, but are again restored to our own natural Freedom, and are at liberty to chuse another Society more reasonable than the former, where we may enjoy some Repose, as a Traveller who goes from Town to Town as his Humour and Convenience directs him. All these fine Ideas of one's Country, were first implanted by insinuating ambitious Minds, who are desirous of lording it over others. Our Legislators wou'd persuade us strange things, but for all this we must still have recourse to natural Right, which makes every Man free and independent; for each Man, being born in this State of Independance on any other, pawns his Liberty, and enters into a Society of Men, upon condition that he shall be justly dealt by. When the Society fails in the execution of this Condition, that private Man is again restor'd to his Freedom, and the whole Earth belongs to him as well as to any other; he has nothing to do, but to preserve himself from the Invasion of any superior Power, and to enjoy his Liberty.

Cam. So, since your Descent hither, you are grown a subtle Philosopher; they say, that whilst among the Living, you were not so much addicted to Arguing:
But

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But are you not sensible of your Error? This Covenant with a Society may be somewhat probable, when a Man chuses a Country to live in; and yet he is liable to be punish'd by the Laws of that Nation, provided he be admitted into the Society, and deviates from the Customs and Morals of their Republick: but Children who are born in a Country, are not at their liberty to chuse one; the Gods have given them one, or rather have given them to such a Society of Men, which is their Country; that this Country may possess 'em, govern 'em, reward 'em, or punish 'em, as her own Children. 'Tis neither Choice, Polity, Art, nor any arbitrary Institution which makes Children subject to their Fathers, 'tis Nature's Work. The Parents, join'd together, form this Country, and they have an absolute Authority over the Children whom they have brought into the World. Dare you doubt of this Truth?

Cor. Yes, I dare; tho a Man be my Father, I am a Man as well as he is, and by the essential Rules of Humanity, as free as he is: I ought to be grateful to him, and bear him respect; but however, Nature has not made me dependent on him.

Cam. Fine Rules you lay down here for Virtue; every one must live according

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ding to his Fancy, and there will no longer be any Polity, Safety, Subordination, fix'd Society, or stable Principles for the establishing of Morals upon Earth.

Cor. There will still be Reason and Virtue impress'd by nature upon the Hearts of Men; if they make an ill use of their Liberty, so much the worse for them: but tho their Liberties, once abused, may turn to Licentiousness, yet it is very certain that by Nature they are free.

Cam. That I acknowledge; but you must own, at the same time, that the wisest of Men, having been made sensible of the Inconvenience of such a Liberty, and that there would be as many fantastical Governments, as ill-contriv'd Head-pieces, have thought it absolutely necessary to the Peace of Mankind, that the People every where shou'd be subject to Laws. Is it not true that there is a Regulation which wise Men, in all Countries, have made for the Foundation of Society?

Cor. All this is true.

Cam. And such a Regulation is necessary.

Cor. This too is true.

Cam. And this Regulation is not only wise, just, and necessary in itself, but also authorized by the universal Consent, or at least, by the major Part of Mankind.

If

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If it be thus necessary to human Life, there are none but untoward and unreasonable Men, who will offer to reject it.

Cor. I own it, but however 'tis arbitrary.

Cam. Whatever is essential to Society, to the Publick Peace, and to the Safety of Mankind ; whatever Reason necessarily requires, must be founded in the Reasonableness of Nature, and is not arbitrary: this Subordination is not therefore an Invention fit only to amuse weak Minds, but on the other hand is a necessary Band, which Reason supplies us with for regulating, pacifying, and uniting Men together. Reason, therefore, which is the true Nature of reasonable Creatures, requires that we shou'd be subject to Laws, and to certain Men, who supply the place of the first Legislators, whom they must obey, and with whom they ought to concur for their common Interest ; and to supply the Publick Necessities, and never to make use of their Liberty but according to the Dictates of Reason, to establish and confirm Society : Such a one is what I call a good Citizen, loves his Country, and is firm to the Interest of the Commonwealth.

Cor. You accuse me of Subtlety, and yet argue more subtilly than I did.

Cam. In-

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Cam. Indeed, I don't ; but we'll return, if you please, to Particulars. By which of my Propositions did I over-reach you ? I said that Reason was the Nature of Man ; is that true ?

Cor. Doubtless it is.

Cam. Man is not at liberty to act against the Dictates of Reason. What have you to object to that ?

Cor. Nothing at all.

Cam. Reason obliges us to live in Societies, and consequently in Subordination ; does it not ?

Cor. I am as sensible of that as you are.

Cam. We must therefore have fix'd Rules for the Behaviour of such Societies, which Rules are call'd Laws ; and we must have Men for the Guardians of these Laws, call'd Magistrates, to punish those who violate 'em, otherwise we shou'd have as many arbitrary Governments, as there are different Humours in a State ; and the most ill-contriv'd Head-pieces, would be the first that shou'd endeavour to overturn Laws and Morals, and to govern, or at least to live, according to their own fantastic Inclinations.

Cor. All this is evident.

Cam. 'Tis but reasonable, therefore, in Nature, that we shou'd make our Liberties subject to the Laws and Magistrates of that Society in which we live.

N

Cor. This

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Cor. This is undeniable; but then we may quit this Society.

Cam. If every one has the liberty of quitting that of which he was born a Member, in a very little time there would be no such thing as a well disciplin'd Society left.

Cor. Why so?

Cam. I'll tell you: the number of mischievous Heads is much the greater, and if they cou'd shake off the Yoke of their Country, they would go somewhere where they might live without Laws or Rules: and this greater number thinking themselves independent, would shake off all Authority wherever they came; nay, they wou'd go out of their Country to seek Aid and Assistance against their own Country, and from that time forwards, there would be no such thing as a constant and settled Society of People; and thus you wou'd destroy all Laws, and even Society itself (which, as yourself confess, Reason inclines us to) that you might indulge an immoderate Liberty, or rather the Licentiousness of Fools and Villains, who never think that they are free, unless they may unpunish'd bid defiance to Reason and the Laws.

Cor. I now perceive the Scope of your Argument, and begin to relish it.

Cam. Add

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Cam. Add to this, that the Foundation of Laws, and of a Republick, were afterwards authoriz'd by the common Consent, and universal Practice of Mankind, some few wild and barbarous People excepted; and thus Mankind in general have, for these several Ages, found themselves under an absolute Necessity of subjecting themselves to the Laws; and even Fools and Villains, who are not entirely harden'd in their Folly and Villany, are sensible of this Necessity, of living in Societies, and being subject to the Laws.

Cor. I understand you; you would have this Right of your Country so sacred and inviolable, that we must not dare to take up Arms against her.

Cam. 'Tis not I alone, but even Nature's self that would have it. What Motions did you feel in your Heart, when *Volumnia* your Mother, and *Vetturia* your Wife, spoke to you in behalf of *Rome*?

Cor. Nature pleaded for my Mother, but not for *Rome*.

Cam. But your Mother pleaded for *Rome*, and Nature for your Mother. These are the natural Bands which bind us to our Country. Could you attack the City of your Mother, of your Friends and Relations, without violating the

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Rights of Nature? I don't desire that you should enter into any Argument upon the matter, but tell me your Opinion, without so much as taking Time to reflect upon it.

Cor. True, we act against the Dictates of Nature, every time we take up Arms against our Country; but if it be not permitted us to attack it, at least you must acknowledge, that we may leave it whenever it proves unjust and ungrateful to us.

Cam. No, that's what I'll never acknowledge: If she casts us out from her Bosom, we may go seek an *Asylum* somewhere else. If she commands us to leave her, we must obey; yet when at a distance from her, we must respect her, wish for her Welfare, and be ready to return whenever she recalls us, and to die in her Defence.

Cor. Pray now, where did you get all these Ideas of Heroism? when my Country has forsaken me, the Contract betwixt us is broke of course, I may forsake her also, and no longer owe her any thing.

Cam. You have forgotten that we take our Country for our Parents, and that the Laws have an Authority over us, without which, there would be no such thing

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thing as a fix'd and settled Society upon the Face of the Earth.

Cor. True, I acknowledge that this Society in which we were born, nourish'd and educated, and which in its Bosom bears our Friends and Relations, ought to be look'd upon as our true Mother. I will own that we ought to pay her the same Respects we would do to a Mother; but——

Cam. If my Mother had forsaken me, and us'd me ill, must I find her out, and beat her?

Cor. No, but you might——

Cam. What? forsake her, and despise her, though she should return and shew a hearty Sorrow for her ill Usage?

Cor. No.

Cam. We ought always then to be ready to re-assume the natural Love for our Country, or rather we ought never to lose it, but fly to her Service, as often as she gives us an Opportunity.

Cor. I own that what you say is very just; but when a Man has been highly provok'd, nor Pride, nor a Desire of Revenge will permit him seriously to reflect. The haughty *Roman* People trod on the Necks of the *Patricians*; this was an Affront I could not bear with, and the People being enrag'd, forc'd me to seek a Refuge amongst the *Volscii*; there my

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own Resentment, and a Desire of being esteem'd by these Enemies of the *Romans*, forc'd me to take up Arms against my own Country: but now you have convinc'd me, that I ought quietly to have suffer'd my Misfortunes.

Cam. We have the Shades of several Heroes amongst us, who have done what I tell you. *Themistocles* having offended so far as to go into *Persia*, chose rather to poison himself by drinking the Blood of Bulls, than to serve the King of *Persia* against the *Athenians*. *Scipio* having overcome all *Africa*, and being ill us'd at *Rome*, because his Brother was accus'd of having been corrupted in the War against *Antiochus*, retir'd to *Linternum*, where he spent the rest of his Days in Solitude, not able to live in the midst of his ungrateful Country; yet resolv'd never to violate that Fidelity he ow'd her. This he himself has inform'd us of, since his coming down here.

Cor. You quote the Examples of other Men, and take no notice of your own, which is the most beautiful of 'em.

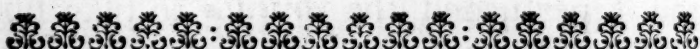
Cam. I own that the Injustice of the *Romans* had render'd me entirely useless, the other Generals were also depriv'd of Authority; nothing was thought of but how to flatter the People, and you know how dangerous 'tis for a Government,
that

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that its Rulers should always be fed up with flattering and imaginary Hopes. Suddenly the *Gauls*, with whom the *Romans* had broke their Words, rose up, and defeated 'em in the Battle of *Alia*; had they made use of their Victory, and pursu'd our Soldiers, *Rome* had been no more. You know how the Youth retir'd to the Capitol, and the Senators seating themselves in their *Sedes Curiales* were slain. I need not tell you the rest of the Story, which you have so often heard. Had not I at that time stifled all my Resentment, to save my Country, it had infallibly perish'd. I was at *Ardea*, when the fatal News was brought me, and I perswaded the *Ardeatæ* to take up Arms. By my Spies I was inform'd that the *Gauls* believing themselves Masters of every thing, were buried in Riot and Drunkenness. I surpriz'd 'em by Night, and made an horrid Slaughter amongst 'em. Then the *Romans*, like Men awaken'd out of a long Dream, sent to me, desiring that I would be their General; to this I answer'd, that they could not represent their Country, nor would I acknowledge 'em as such, and that I must wait for the Orders of the young *Patricians*, in the Capitol, who were the true Body of the Commonwealth, without whose Commands I could

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not put my self at the Head of their Forces. Upon this, those who were in the Capitol chose me their Dictator. Mean while, the *Gauls* were wasted by contagious Distempers, before the Capitol, for the Space of seven Months, and at length a Peace was concluded, and the Besieged were weighing the Money they were to give the Besiegers, on condition that they should with-draw. Just at that instant I arriv'd; 'tis with our Steel, not our Gold, that we preserve our Towns: cry'd I, Avaunt, be gone. They were surpriz'd, and the next Day rais'd their Siege; I fell upon 'em in their Retreat, and cut 'em to pieces.



D I A L O G U E XXXII.

Camillus, Fabius Maximus.

Generosity and punctual Honesty, are of more Service in Politics, than any Subtlety and Evasion.

Fab. **T**HE three Judges must now decide our Rank, since you are resolved not to give way to me. They must decide, and I believe 'em just enough to prefer the heroick Actions of the *Punick* War, when the Republick was

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was powerful, and admir'd by the most distant Nations, to all those little Combats, fought in the Infancy of *Rome*, just at the City-Gates.

C. 'Twill be no difficult matter for 'em to decide between a *Roman*, who has been five times Dictator, though never Consul, who has triumph'd four times, and deserv'd the Name of the second Founder of *Rome*; and another *Roman*, who has never done any thing, but artfully spun out his time, and fled before *Hannibal*.

F. I have deserv'd that Title of second Founder of *Rome*, far better than ever you did; for *Hannibal*, and all the *Carthaginian* Powers, from which I deliver'd *Rome*, was far more to be fear'd, than the Incurfions of a few Barbarians, whom you have scatter'd. You'll scarce find your self able to make the taking of the Village of the *Veii*, equal to the subduing *Tarentum*, that second *Lacedemon*, and of which it was a Colony.

C. The Siege of the *Veii* was of more Importance to the *Romans*, than that of *Tarentum*; we must not judge of it by the Bigness, but the Mischief it was able to do: besides, the *Veii* were stronger in proportion for *Rome*, in its Infancy, than those of *Tarentum* were for *Rome*, when swell'd with Prosperity and Power.

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F. But you were ten Years in taking this little Village, the Siege lasted as long as that of *Troy*; and therefore after its being subdued, you enter'd *Rome* in a triumphant Chariot drawn by six white Horses: you was obliged too to make Vows to the Gods for your Success; you promised 'em a Tythe of the Booty. Upon this Promise they deliver'd it up to you; but as soon as 'twas taken, you forgot your Vows, and your Benefactor, and order'd the Soldiers to plunder the Town, tho the Gods had the first right to it.

C. Such Faults are not committed with any Design, but in the Hurry and Heat of a Victory, we are apt to forget; however the *Roman* Ladies paid my Vow, they gave all their Gold and Jewels to have a golden Cup made of the Weight of eight Talents, which was offer'd up in the Temple of *Delos*, and for this reason the Senate order'd, that when any of these Ladies died, their Panegyrick shou'd be publickly pronounc'd.

F. Their Panegyrick, I grant; but not yours, for you broke the Vow, and they paid it.

C. No body can object any thing to my Honesty, I have given too a good proof of it.

F. So,

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F. So, the Schoolmaster so often and so often talk'd of, is a going to be brought in now.

C. You need not make a Jest of it, the Action redounds very much to my Honour. The *Phalerians*, after the Manner of the *Greeks*, had a learned Man to instruct all their Children together, that Society, Emulation, and the State-Maxims which were taught, might make 'em as much, or more the Children of the Commonwealth, than they were of their own Parents. This treacherous Master, came and deliver'd all the *Phalerian* Youth into my hands. How easy had it been for me to have conquer'd this People, having such precious Pledges in my power! But I did not act in this Case, like those, who have but a small share of Honesty, and love the Treason, though they hate the Traytor: I loath'd 'em both, and ordering the Lictors to tear the Schoolmaster's Clothes from off his Back, and tye his Hands behind him; I fill'd the Children's Hands with Rods, and made 'em whip their Master back again into their City.

F. I must confess, that this was a noble Action, and a greater Glory to you, than the Conquest of your little Village.

C. But the Consequence of this Action, proves the Utility of Virtue, and
shews

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shews that Generosity is often of greater Service than Policy and Cunning.

F. What, I suppose that the *Phalerians* mov'd with this Action, sent you Ambassadors, yielding themselves and their City to your Discretion, saying, that they could do nothing more for the Advantage of their Country, than submitting it to so just a Man, and who detested every thing that was criminal.

C. True, they did; but I sent the Ambassadors to *Rome*, that the Senate might give what Orders they pleas'd in this Affair.

F. You apprehended the Jealousy and Envy of your Fellow-Citizens.

C. Had I not reason so to do? The greater our Virtues, the sooner People are jealous of us; besides, such a Deference was due to the Republick, but they refus'd to make any Decision, and sent the Ambassadors to me, that I might end the Business as generously as I had begun it. I left the *Phalerians* the Liberty of governing themselves, according to their own Laws, and concluded a Peace with them, which in it self was just and honourable for them.

F. I have heard that your Army was highly provok'd at this Peace, for the Soldiers were in hopes of a large Plunder.

C. Was

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C. Was it not my Business to prefer the Glory of *Rome*, and my own Honour, to the sordid Avarice of my Soldiers?

F. Certainly it was; but to return to our Purpose, you don't know perhaps that I have given greater Proofs of my Honesty, than ever you did in the School-master's Business?

C. Why really I neither know it nor believe it.

F. I covenanted with *Hannibal*, for the Exchange of Prisoners, and that of which Side soever the greater number should be, the other Party should pay two hundred and fifty Drachmas, for the Ransom of each Man. The Exchange finish'd, the *Carthaginians* had two hundred and fifty *Romans*, whose Ransoms were to be paid; the Senate dislik'd the Treaty, and refus'd the Payment: upon this, I sent my Son to *Rome*, to sell my Estate, and with my own Money paid the Ransom. Your Generosity the whole Commonwealth stood to, mine was at my own Cost; what you did, you did with the Consent of the Senate; what I did, was done even in opposition to it.

C. 'Tis an easy matter for a Man, with the least spark of Generosity, to purchase so much Glory for such a trifling Sum: my Generosity was shewn, in saving

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ving my ungrateful Country; had it not been for me, the *Gauls* would not have left you a *Rome* to defend. But let us go, and seek for *Minos*, he'll decide our Rank, and put an end to this Contest.



D I A L O G U E XXXIII.

Fabius Maximus, Hannibal.

A General ought to sacrifice his own Reputation to the publick Safety.

Han. I Have made you spend many an unquiet Day and restless Night.

F. I own it, but I have had my Revenge.

H. Not too much of that neither, you did nothing but fly before me, encamp'd your self in inaccessible Places, and on the tops of Mountains, which reach'd the Clouds. Such Shews of Fear did not at all add to the *Roman* Honour.

F. The main Chance is always to be minded: after the loss of so many Battles, to hazard another Combat, was to hazard the whole Commonwealth; our Troops wanted to take breath, and fresh Courage; they must be accustomed to your Arms, to your Elephants, and to your

Dial. 33. of the Dead. 279

your Stratagems; and you must be left to waste your Strength, and soften in the Pleasures of *Capua*.

H. But this Cowardice of yours was a dishonour to you; a fine shift for a General to save himself on the Top of the most craggy Rocks, and make his Troops climb up to the Clouds! Because he has been unfortunate, must he, like a Hare, fly from his own Shadow? This was encreasing the Cowardice of your Soldiers, and giving new Courage to mine.

F. 'Twas far better by this Shew of Cowardice to dishonour myself, than to have the Flower of the *Roman* Youth cut to pieces, as *Terentius Varro* had at *Canna*: but nothing dishonours a General which can be of service to the Safety of his Country, or the rendring an Enemy's Victory useless to him. The World will see that he has prefer'd the publick Safety to his own Honour, which is far dearer to him than Life; and this Sacrifice of his Honour, is the greatest Honour he can acquire. Nor, after all, is his Honour here call'd into question, 'tis only expos'd by a few superficial Criticks, who are so short sighted, that they cannot see the Advantage of this dilatory way of carrying on a War. Let those who can only see just what's present, talk as they please. When your Patience shall have met with
its

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its desired Success, those who before condemn'd you most, will be the first and loudest in your Praise; for they judge of Things by their Success only.

H. But what would you have had your Allies think of the matter all this while?

F. Just what they pleased, provided I saved *Rome*; I was sure then, at length, when I had prevailed over you, I shou'd be cleared again.

H. Over me! you never had that Honour yet; I shew'd that in Stratagems of War I was yet able to undermine you: for tying some Fire upon the Horns of a great number of Oxen, I broke up my Camp by night, whilst you imagin'd that it almost join'd yours.

F. Such Stratagems may surprize the World, but cannot decide this Business: however, you dare not disown but that I weaken'd you, took our Towns again, and raised the *Roman* Forces from their sinking State; and had not the younger *Scipio* robb'd me of the Glory, I wou'd have driven you out of *Italy*: but *Scipio* cou'd not have done it, had not *Rome* been saved by the Prudence of *Fabius*. Then do not any longer laugh at a Man, who, by withdrawing a little from you, has made you abandon *Italy*, and ruin'd *Carthage*. There's no Necessity for surprizing People with a splendid and advantageous

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vantageous Beginning, the main of the
Business is to make a good End.



D I A L O G U E XXXIV.

*Rhadamanthus, Cato the Censor,
and Scipio Africanus.*

*The greatest Virtues are tainted by a morose
and burning Temper.*

R. **W**HAT old Roman art thou? I
don't like thy Phys at all, your
Looks are hard and crabbed, and I be-
lieve you were carrotty-pated whilst young;
certainly you must be above a hundred
Years old when you died.

C. I was but fourscore and ten, and
thought my Life very short, for I was
pleased with Life, and enjoy'd my Health
perfectly well: my Name is *Cato*, did you
never hear any mention made of my Wis-
dom, and of my Courage against the
Wicked?

R. You are the same, I believe, by the
Description that has been given me of
you, always ready to boast yourself, and
to snarl at other Men. But there is a
Dispute between you and the great *Scipio*,
who conquer'd *Hannibal*. *Scipio*, come for-
ward, I intend to decide your old Con-
troverfy,

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troverſy, and let each Man plead his own Cauſe.

S. I have reaſon to complain of *Cato's* miſchievous Jealouſy, unworthy a Man of his Character. He made himſelf *Fabius's* Friend, only with a deſign to thwart me, and they oppos'd my paſſing into *Africa*. In their Politicks they were both Cowards, and *Fabius* was for his old way of lingering out a War, ſhunning the Combat, encamping in the Clouds, and waiting till the Enemies had conſum'd themſelves. *Cato*, who through a pedantick Humour lov'd old Folks, ſtuck to *Fabius*, and grew jealous of me, becauſe I was young and bold. His Avarice too, in a great meaſure, prejudic'd him againſt me: he was for having a War carry'd on frugally, as he planted his Cabbage; whilſt on the other hand, I was for having it waged vigorously, that we might ſoon ſee it gloriouſly concluded, and the Coſt over-look'd, the Advantages acquir'd be only minded. This was a great Grief to *Cato*, who was always for governing the Commonwealth, as he did his Cottage, and gaining cheap Victories. He could not ſee that *Fabius's* Deſigns would never have ſucceeded, and that *Hannibal* was not to be driven out thus from *Italy*. That General knew how to live there, at the
Expenſe

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Expence of the Country, and could even preserve Allies in it; he would always have been transporting Troops from *Africa*. Had not *Nero* defeated *Asdrubal*, before he join'd his Brother, *Fabius* the Lingerer had been undone, and *Rome*, so narrowly press'd by so powerful an Enemy, must in process of time have fallen. But *Cato* then could see no Necessity of carrying that War before *Carthage*, which *Hannibal* had brought before *Rome*. I therefore demand Justice on *Cato*, for the wrongs he has done me, and all my Family.

C. And I claim the Rewards due to Justice, for having preferr'd the publick Good, to your Brother *Lucius*, who was a Villain. Let us pass over this *African* War, in which your good Fortune exceeded your Wisdom, and return to the Purpose. Was it not base in you, to extort the Command of the Army for your Brother, who was incapable of it? You promis'd to serve under, and follow him, and in the War against *Antiochus*, you was his Tutor. How many violent and unjust Actions was he then guilty of? but you shut your Eyes, lest you should see 'em; fraternal Fondness had blinded you.

S. But was not this War gloriously concluded? *Antiochus* was defeated, and driven from the Coasts of *Asia*. He was the

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the last Enemy who could dispute the supreme Power with us. *Antiochus* overcome, all the Kingdoms of the Earth came and submitted themselves to the *Romans*.

C. *Antiochus* might have been very destructive to us, had he follow'd the Counsels of *Hannibal*; but he lost himself in infamous Pleasures, and in his old Age he married a young *Grecian* Girl. *Philopæmenes* was wont to say, that had he been the *Achaian* Protector, he would have cut all the Army of *Antiochus* to pieces, in the Taverns, where he would have surpriz'd 'em. 'Twas no great difficulty for your Brother and you, to overcome those Enemies whom Pleasures and Effeminacy had already subdu'd.

S. However, the Power of *Antiochus* was formidable.

C. To return to our Purpose, did not your Brother plunder and take away by force? dare you say that he acted like an honest Man?

S. After my Death, you were cruel enough, to lay a Fine upon him, and would have had him arrested by the Lictors.

C. He deserv'd it, and so did you too, for——

S. I, for my part, knew well enough how to behave my self; for when I saw the
the

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the People beginning to be byass'd against me, instead of answering the Accusation, I cry'd out, Come, let us go to the Capitol, and return the Gods Thanks, for that on a Day like this, I overcame *Hannibal* and the *Carthaginians*. After this, I no more expos'd my self to the Inconstancy of Fortune; but retiring from an ungrateful Country, I liv'd at *Linternum*, in a peaceable Solitude, and respected by all honest Men, and, like a Philosopher, waited for the Day of my Death: This is what the implacable Cenfor forc'd me to do, and of which I demand Justice.

C. You upbraid me with what redounds most to my Honour. I was so just, that I never spar'd any body, but made the most illustrious *Romans* tremble. I saw how much their Manners were daily corrupted, by Pomp and Luxury. Do I not deserve immortal Honours, for having driven *Lucius Quintius* out of the Senate-house, who had been Consul, and was Brother to *T. Q. Flaminius*, who overcame *Philip* King of *Macedon*, by reason of his Cruelty, in having a Man kill'd, before a little Boy he lov'd, to satisfy the Curiosity of this Child?

S. This Action, I own, was just, and you have often punish'd the Guilty; but you were too violent against every body, and when you had done something that
was

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was good, boasted of it in too gross a manner. Do you remember your having formerly said, that *Rome* ow'd you more than you ow'd her? Were these Words worthy a Man of your Gravity?

R. What can you answer, *Cato*, to these Reproaches?

C. That I upheld the *Roman* Commonwealth, against the Softness and Luxury of the Women who corrupted it; that I made the greatest Men stand in awe of the Laws, and that whatever I taught, I also put in practice: but that the Commonwealth did not take my part, thus against those whom I had made my Enemies, only for her good. As my Estate in the Country was adjoining to that of *Manius Lucius*, I set his Simplicity of Manners before me, for an Example for my Actions, and *Demosthenes* for Eloquence; and indeed, I was soon call'd the *Roman Demosthenes*. I was daily seen to walk naked with my Slaves, in tilling my Land; but do not imagine that this Application to Husbandry and Eloquence, prevented my being a Warrior: at seventeen Years of Age I shew'd my Courage in the War against *Hannibal*, and when I return'd, my Body was cover'd with Scars. When I was sent Pretor into *Sardinia*, I abolish'd that Luxury which the Pretors before me had introduc'd. I made
it

it my Business to ease the People, to establish a good Discipline, and to refuse Presents. Being chosen Consul, I gain'd a Victory in *Spain*, on this Side the *Betis*, against the *Barbarians*. After this Victory, I took more Towns in *Spain*, than I remain'd Days in that Kingdom.

S. Intolerable Vanity! but this piece of boasting several Shades have already jestingly told me. However, you ought not to talk thus before me, I am acquainted with *Spain*, and your fine Conquests there.

C. Nothing's more certain than that four hundred Towns surrender'd much about the same time; and this is more than ever you did.

S. *Carthage* it self exceeds those four hundred Villages.

C. But what will you say of my Action under *Maximus Acilius*, when I went through Precipices, to surprize *Antiochus* in the Mountains, between *Macedon* and *Thessaly*?

S. I think the Action noble, and it would be unjust not to commend you for't, as well as for having curb'd many evil Customs; but your sordid Avarice cannot be excus'd.

C. You say so, because you first taught the Soldiers how to live luxuriously; but you must remember, that I liv'd in a
Common-

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Commonwealth, which every day grew worse and worse. A Fish was sold then for the same Price, that an Ox was when first I came into publick Employments. I own, that things which were of no service, seem'd dear to me, even when at the cheapest. I often said to the *Romans*, Of what service is it to you, to govern the Nations of the Earth, when your own vain and corrupted Women govern you? was I in the wrong for speaking thus? there was no Modesty, no Generosity, and no Honesty left; every body's Care was how to get Money, that they might spend it luxuriously. I was Cenfor, and by my Age and Virtue had acquir'd the Authority; and was it not my Business to speak?

S. But to be the general Informer at fourscore and ten, was a fine Trade, was it not?

C. 'Twas the Trade of a Man, who has lost nothing of his Vigour, or Love for the Commonwealth; and who exposes himself to the Hatred of great Men, who would unpunish'd commit Disorders.

S. But you have been accus'd, as often as you accus'd others; I think there were seventy Accusations brought against you, and one of these in your eightieth Year.

C. True,

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C. True, and I glory in it; for wicked Men are always censuring the virtuous, who cannot pass over any Crime of theirs.

S. You found it a hard matter to confute the last Accusations.

C. I own it; but do you consider the Difficulty of giving an Account of one's whole Life, to Men of another Age. I was a poor old Man, exposed to the Insults of the Young, who thought I doated, and look'd upon my former Actions as fabulous. When I began to rehearse 'em, they gaped, and laugh'd at me, as at an old Braggadocio.

S. They were not very much in the wrong: but why were you so fond of censuring others, like a Dog, who is always barking at every body that passes along?

C. I learn'd much more by correcting Fools, than conversing with wise Men. Our Sages had but a small share of Wisdom, and their Lessons were but weak ones; but the Fools have an entire Portion of Folly, and 'tis but looking upon 'em, to know what 'tis we must avoid.

S. I know it; but why were you, who had such a share of Wisdom, so great an Enemy at first to the *Greeks*?

C. I fear'd that they would teach us more of their Arts, than their Wisdom,
O and

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and of their dissolute Manners, than their Sciences. I was no Friend to their Musicians, Painters, Poets and Statuaries, whose Arts would satisfy Curiosity, and encrease Voluptuousness. I thought it much better for us to preserve our plain rustick and laborious Life, till our Lands, talk less of Virtue, and practise it the more.

S. Why in your old Age then did you take so much trouble in learning the *Greek Tongue*?

C. I was at length enchanted by the Syren Songs, as well as others, and listned to the *Grecian Muses*; but I am afraid, that all those little *Greek Sophisters*, who come half starv'd to *Rome*, will make an end of corrupting the *Roman Morals*.

S. Nor is your Fear groundless; but you ought to have apprehended the same Corruption from your Avarice.

C. My Avarice! I was a good Husband, and loth to waste any thing; but my Expences were always too great.

R. The true Language of a Miser, who still believes himself prodigal.

S. Were you not asham'd, in your old Age, to leave your Husbandry, because your Fields and Flocks did not bring you a sufficient Income, and to
turn

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turn Usurer? was this fit for a Censor to do? Why don't you answer me?

R. You dare not speak, and I plainly see that you are guilty. This is a nice Case to pronounce Sentence in, how shall I reward and punish you at once? But be this my Sentence: The Services you have done the Commonwealth are meritorious, but 'twould be scandalous to place an Usurer in the *Elysian* Fields; you shall therefore remain at the Gate, and hinder others from entering, controul all that shall come, and be the Censor of Hell, as you was of *Rome*; your Pleasure shall be plac'd in criticizing Mankind. Vent your Spleen upon *L. Scipio*, and *L. Quintius*, and the rest of the Dead, who shall come hither from all Parts of the Universe; *Roman* Citizens, great Generals, Barbarian Kings and Tyrants: but beware of *Lucius Scipio*, I commission him to censure you without mercy. Here's Money for you, lend it the Dead, who shall not have wherewith to pay *Charon's* Fare; but if you lend Money in Usury, *Scipio* will give me notice of it, and I'll punish you as the most infamous of Villains.



D I A L O G U E XXXV.

Hannibal, Scipio.

So great the solid Pleasure, which accompanies Virtue, that 'tis of it self a sufficient Reward.

Han. **W**E now meet again, as we did in *Africa*, some few Days before the Battle of *Zama*.

S. True, we do: but our now Conference is far different from our former; we can no longer acquire Glory, or gain Victories. There is no part of us, but a vain empty Shadow remaining, and a Remembrance of things past, something like the Remembrance of a Dream. The same Gods who have reduc'd *Carthage*, have also reduc'd the Conqueror of *Carthage* to dust.

H. Doubtless 'twas at your *Linternum* Retirement, you learnt to make all these philosophical Reflections.

S. Had I not learn'd it there, I should here; Death, the most of any thing, undeceives us in our Notions of worldly Grandeur.

H. Solitude

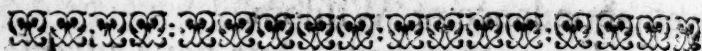
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H. Solitude and Disgrace have taught you abundance of Wisdom.

S. True, they have; but your adverse Fortune has given you the same Opportunity of improving. You have seen *Carthage* fall, been forc'd to abandon your Country, and after having made *Rome* tremble, have been *reduc'd to seek Relief from Court to Court, and wander up and down a Vagabond in Africk.*

H. I have indeed; but I did not abandon my Country, 'till I could no longer be of service to her, or she protect me. I left her in order to save her from a total Ruin, and to spare my Eyes the pain of seeing her enslav'd. On the other hand, you have been forc'd to leave your Country, when in the height of her Glory; a Glory! for which she was indebted to you: how ungrateful this was!

S. 'Tis what we must expect from Mankind, let us serve 'em ne'er so well. Those that do good, through an ambitious Motive, are always dissatisfy'd; sooner or later, Fortune will betray 'em, and Men prove ungrateful: but when for the sake of Virtue we do good, that Virtue will still reward us, through the solid Pleasure she affords those who follow her Paths, and we can despise all other Rewards.



D I A L O G U E XXXVI.

*Hannibal, Scipio.**Ambition is boundless.*

Scip. **M**ETHINKS we are now conferring as before the Battle of Zama, but the Case is alter'd, we have no quarrel to decide. - All our Wars are drown'd in *Lethe's* Streams, and after having conquer'd so many Provinces, one Urn has held us both.

H. Very true. Our past Glory is like a Dream; we can make no Conquests here, and I grow weary of this idle Life.

S. You were always very restless and very greedy.

H. I think now, that I was always very moderate.

S. Moderate! as how? At first the *Carthaginians* endeavour'd only to preserve themselves in the west-part of *Sicily*, and there the wise King *Gelon* and *Dionysius* the Tyrant gave 'em work enough.

H. They did, indeed; but even then we thought of subduing all those flourishing

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rishing Towns, which govern'd themselves as Republicks, such were *Leontium*, *Agrigentum*, and the rest.

S. The *Romans* and *Carthaginians* being opposite to each other, with the Sea between, and jealous of each other's Glory, contended for the Island of *Sicily*, situated betwixt 'em; this was the Summit of your Ambition, I hope.

H. No, indeed, we had our Pretensions in *Spain* also: Our new *Carthage* gave us an Empire there, almost as great as that in *Africa*.

S. This I own; but a few Ports for the Convenience of your Merchants, gave you the first Colour for settling there: the Ease with which you obtain'd 'em, made you think of conquering those vast Regions.

H. At the time of our first Wars with the *Romans*, we were powerful in *Spain*; and had it not been for your Republick, we had soon been Masters of it.

S. But the Peace we made with the *Carthaginians*, oblig'd you to renounce all that was between the *Pyreneans* and the *Evora*.

H. This dishonourable Peace was extorted from us; we had suffer'd vast Losses both by Sea and Land, which my Father was wholly intent upon repairing. At nine Years of Age he made me swear

O 4.

upon

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upon the Altars, that I would ever be a Foe to the *Romans*. I swore it, and kept my Oath, follow'd my Father into *Spain*, and after his Death, commanded the *Carthaginian* Army: what follow'd there, you know.

S. I do so, and you know it too, to your Cost. If you made any Progress, 'twas because Fortune was over favourable. The Hopes of joining the *Gauls*, our antient Enemies, made you pass over the *Pyrenean* Mountains. The Victory you gain'd upon the Banks of the *Rhone*, made you pass the *Alps* also, in which you lost many Men, Horses and Elephants; and you with ease defeated our astonish'd Troops, whom you surpriz'd at *Tircinum*. One Victory generally follows another, and procures the Conqueror many Allies; for the People will side with the strongest.

H. But what do you think of the Battle of *Trebia*?

S. That Victory being the Sequel of so many others, cost you but little; you there made your self Master of all *Italy*. The Combats at *Trausimenes* and *Cannæ*, were rather Slaughters than Battles; but you little hoped for such success at first.

H. I knew not how favourable my Fortune might be, and I was resolv'd to try. The unforeseen Blows I gave the *Romans*,
confounded

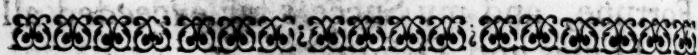
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confounded 'em. I made use of my good Fortune, and my Success far exceeded all my Hopes and Designs.

S. And is not this what I was saying? *Sicily, Spain and Italy*, were nothing to you at last, and your Allies, the *Greeks*, must soon have bow'd their Necks to your Yoke.

H. You have been guilty of the very same thing you now upbraid me with; *Spain, Sicily, Carthage*, and even all *Africa*, were nothing to you. *Greece, Macedonia*, the Islands, *Ægypt*, and *Asia* it self, fell before you; nor could you bear to see the *Parthians* and *Arabians* free: The whole World was too little for these *Romans*, who had been employ'd five hundred Years in conquering that little Tract of Ground round their City, belonging to the *Volscii*, the *Sabines*, and the *Samnites*.





DIALOGUE XXXVII.

Sylla, Catiline, and Cæsar.

Though corrupted Princes see the fatal Consequences that attend Vice, yet will not the Example prevail upon 'em to mend.

Syl. **I** Am come in haste, *Cæsar*, to give you a piece of Advice, and I have brought *Catiline* with me, to help persuade you: you know him well, and did belong to his Cabal, don't be afraid of us, we Shades cannot hurt you.

Cæs. I could have excus'd this Visit, your Looks are cloudy, your Counsels may probably be so in a greater degree; but pray, what hasty piece of Advice have you to give?

S. You must not aim at a tyrannick Power.

Cæs. Why so, did not you aim at it?

S. I did, and therefore when I renounce it, ought the more easily to be believ'd.

Cæs. I am resolv'd to follow your Example in every thing; I'll aim at Absolute Power, as you did, and after my Death,
my

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my Shade shall come to undeceive those Tyrants who shall succeed me.

S. Jestings is out of season, we Shades are always serious; but to the purpose: I willingly renounc'd Tyranny, and found my self much the better for it; *Catiline* aim'd at it, and unfortunately perish'd in his Attempt: our two Examples ought to instruct you.

Cæs. Indeed they cannot. You held the Commonwealth in Chains, but were Fool enough to degrade your self; after having laid down the supreme Power, you remain'd debas'd, obscure, useless, and cast down, and the once fortunate Man was forsaken by Fortune: here's one of the Examples that I don't comprehend. As for the other, *Catiline* endeavour'd to make himself absolute Master, so far I commend him; but he took wrong Measures: why so much the worse for him; I'm certain, that I'll never undertake any thing but with Caution.

Cat. I took exactly the same Measures you do, flatter'd the Youth, soften'd 'em in Pleasures, engag'd 'em in criminal Actions, and sunk 'em over head and ears in Debt; settled my Authority by the help of Women who could intrigue, and spread Confusion and Discord: can you take better Measures?

Cæs. You

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Cas. You tell me things there that I never heard of before.

Cat. I tell you, that you may avoid those Evils which prov'd my Destruction, and I came on purpose to forewarn you.

S. Once more, I tell you, that I found my self much the better for having renounced all publick Employments.

Cas. Renounce all publick Employments! Must we abandon the Commonwealth in time of need?

S. This is not what I aim at, there is a vast difference between serving and tyrannizing over her.

Cas. Why then did you give over serving her?

S. I see you are resolv'd that you won't understand me; I tell you we must serve our Country to the day of our Death, but we must never aim at Tyranny; nor when we have attain'd, maintain our selves in it.



D I A.



DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

Cæsar, Cato.

Despotick and Tyrannick Power, far from insuring the Happiness and Authority of Princes, makes 'em miserable, and in the end proves their Ruin.

Cæs. **A**LAS, my dear *Cato*, what a terrible Wound you have!

Cat. I gave it myself at *Utica*, that I might not survive the Liberty of *Rome*; but, pray, how came you, who are pitying me, to follow so soon after me? ha! what Wounds are those? Hold, let me reckon 'em, there are three and twenty.

Cæs. You'll be amazed when you hear that I receiv'd 'em in the midst of the Senate, receiv'd 'em from my most intimate Friends. How black their Treason!

Cat. I am not at all amazed at it: were you not the Tyrant of your Friends, as well as of the other Citizens? and were not they obliged to revenge their oppressed Country? In such a case we must not only sacrifice a Friend, but, like *Timoleon*, a Brother; or, like old *Brutus*, a Son.

Cæs. One

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Cæs. One of his Descendants has had these fine Precepts too well infused in him; *Brutus*, whom I lov'd so well, who pass'd for my own Son, was at the head of this Conspiracy.

Cat. Happy *Brutus*! thou hast freed *Rome*, and consecrated thy hands in the Blood of a new *Tarquinius*, more haughty and more impious than he who was driven out by *Junius*.

Cæs. You were always prejudiced against me, and in your Notions of Virtue overstrain'd.

Cat. And what is it that has prejudiced me? your soft, insinuating, prodigal, dissolute Life; your Debts, Intrigues, and Boldness: this has prejudiced *Cato* against the Man, whose Girdle, trailing Robe, and effeminate Air, promised nothing worthy of the antient *Romans*: you never did deceive me, I found from your very Youth what you would prove, and had I been believed——

Cæs. You would have involved me in *Catiline's* Conspiracy, and destroy'd me.

Cat. Then you liv'd like a Woman, and shew'd yourself a Man only against your Country; what Means of convicting you did I not use? but *Rome* was then hastning to her Destruction, and wou'd not know her Enemies.

Cæs. I

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Cæs. I must own that your Eloquence frightened me, and I was forced to have recourse to Authority; but you must confess that I drew myself out of the Scrape like a wise Man.

Cat. Like a subtle Villain, you mean; your moderate and insinuating Discourse dazled the wisest, and you favour'd the Conspirators under the colour of not pushing the Rigour of the Law too far. I was the only one who in vain resisted you, and even then I saw the Gods were incensed against *Rome*.

Cæs. Confess the truth; you fear'd at *Utica* to fall into my hands, and did not know how to appear before me: but my Design was to conquer and to pardon.

Cat. 'Twas the Pardon of a Tyrant, the Life of *Cato* spared by *Cæsar*, that I fear'd; 'twas far better to die than to see you.

Cæs. I wou'd have used thee generously, as I did thy Son; was it not better to live and assist the Commonwealth?

Cat. When Liberty was gone, the Commonwealth was no more.

Cæs. But must you be enraged against yourself?

Cat. My own hands, spite of the Tyrant's Power, set me free, and I *disdained* a Life which I had power to offer; but as for
you,

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you, your Friends were obliged to tear you to pieces as they wou'd a Monster.

Cæs. If after my Victory to live was shameful, why did you send your Son to me? was you willing he shou'd degenerate?

Cat. In such a case of Life and Death every one follows the Dictates of his Heart. *Cato* was obliged to die; his Son, who had not reach'd his Father's Honours, might live, and by reason of his Youth, hope to see better Days, and far more happy Times. Alas! what Pangs did I not suffer, when I let my Son go to the Tyrant?

Cæs. But why the Tyrant? I never took the Title of King.

Cat. I always look upon the Reality, not the Name of a Thing; besides, how many Stratagems did you use, to accustom the Senate, and the People, to your Royalty? Did not *Anthony* at a Feast, in a pretended Jest, put a Diadem upon your Head? but this Jest look'd too much like Earnest, and rais'd the Horror of the People; you perceiv'd it, and gave that Honour to *Jupiter*, which you did not dare to accept: but it was this at last that made the Conspirators resolve to give the Blow.

Cæs. Your Informations here, I see, are good; but you do me Injustice: my Government

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vernment was moderate, and I behaved myself like the true Father of my Country, which might be read in the Grief of the People after my Death; a time, you know, when Flattery is out of Season. When my bloody Robes were presented 'em, they were willing to revenge me: What Tears were shed! what Poms used at my Funeral in the Fields of *Mars*? What can you answer to this?

Cat. That the People are always credulous, blind, inconstant, Enemies to their own true Interest. What have not the People suffer'd by favouring the Tyrant's Successors, and persecuting their Deliverers. How much pure Blood of the best Citizens has been shed, how many of 'em proscribed? The *Triumviri* were more barbarous than the *Gauls* who took *Rome*. Happy those who never saw the Day of Desolation! But tell me, Tyrant, why did you tear the Entrails of your Mother *Rome*? What are you the better for having enslaved your Country? Did you aim at Glory? a far greater might have been acquir'd by preserving the Liberties and Grandure of this Seat of Empire, as *Fabius*, *Fabricius*, *Scipio*, and *Marcellus* did. Or was it a peaceable and happy Life you aim'd at? you never could expect to find it in Tyranny: every day of your Life you ran as much danger as on that

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that in which so many good Citizens made themselves immortal by sacrificing you. Whenever you saw a true *Roman*, you might have trembled. Is this a peaceful and happy Life which is acquir'd at the Price of so many Crimes? But what do I say? you had not so much as time to reap the Fruit of your Impieties. Speak, Tyrant, speak; my Looks are as shocking to you now, as yours wou'd have been to me in *Utica* before I slew myself. Say, if you dare, that you were happy.

Cas. I confess I was not, but my Happiness was disturbed by such as you.

Cat. Rather say, by yourself: had you lov'd your Country, it would have loved you. He whom his Country loves, has no need of Guards, every body watches about him; the only means of Safety is to do good, and make it every body's Interest that we shou'd live. But you chose to reign, and to be fear'd; you did so, and Men deliver'd themselves from the Tyrant, and their Fear at once. This is the end of all those, who, wanting to be fear'd, make it the Peoples Interest to prevent 'em.

Cas. But this Power, which you call tyrannical, was become necessary; *Rome* cou'd no longer maintain its Liberty, but wanted a Master: *Pompey* was making himself such, and that I could not bear.

Cat. You

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Cat. You shou'd have quell'd the Tyrant, but not have aim'd at his Tyranny; if *Rome* did want a Master, 'twas better to let another be guilty of the Crime, than to commit it yourself. If a Traveller be falling into the hands of Highwaymen, must you hasten to rob him first? But the too great Authority of *Pompey*, was a Colour for you. Do we not know what you said as you were going into *Spain*, when you pass'd thro a little Town where several Citizens were making Interest to be chosen Magistrate? Have we forgotten the *Greek* Verses you used so often to repeat? But after all, when you became sensible of the Misery and Infamy of tyrannick Power, why did you not lay it down?

Cas. How must that be done? the Ascent to it is dangerous and craggy, but there is no Path by which we can return; if we come out of it, we must inevitably fall into the Precipice.

Cat. Wretched Man! why did you aspire at it then? why overturn every thing to reach it? no Blood was spar'd, not even your own, which was shed, but too late: you are fumbling for some ridiculous Excuse.

Cas. And you don't answer me; I ask you how 'tis we must lay down our Power?

Cat. Go

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Cat. Go ask *Sylla*; his Example will make you blush. Farewel, I fear that the Shade of *Brutus* will see me talking to you, and be offended at it.



D I A L O G U E XXXIX.

Cato, Cicero.

The Character of these two Philosophers, wherein the austere Severity of one's Virtue, with the Weakness of the other's, is shewn.

Cat. **I** Have expected you, great Orator, this long while, but you are come as late as possibly you cou'd.

Cic. I am come after an heroick Death, and have been the Victim of the Commonwealth; for since *Catiline's* Conspiracy, at which time I sav'd *Rome*, no body cou'd be an Enemy to the Commonwealth, without declaring himself mine.

Cat. And yet I have been inform'd that by your Submission you found Favour with *Cæsar*; that you bestow'd your greatest Praises upon him, was intimately acquainted with his base Favourites, and by your Letters perswaded People to have recourse to his Clemency, that they might live peaceably in the midst of *Rome*, tho en-

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enslaved: This is the use you made of your Eloquence.

Cic. I own I harangued *Cæsar* to obtain the Pardon of *Marcellus* and *Ligarius*.

Cat. Wou'd it not have been much better to have held your tongue, than to use your Eloquence in flattering a Tyrant. O *Cicero*, I have done more than you cou'd do; I held my peace, and died.

Cic. You never saw perhaps a fine Observation I made in my Offices, That every Man is to keep up to his own Character. There are Men by Nature fierce and untractable, who must maintain this austere Virtue till Death: they must not bear the sight of a Tyrant, and have no relief but Death. On the other hand, there is a softer and more sociable Virtue practised by moderate People who love the Commonwealth better than their own Glory: such ought to live, and be complaisant to a Tyrant for the Publick Good, they owe themselves to their Fellow-Citizens; and it is not lawful for 'em to kill themselves, lest their Country also sink into Ruin for want of 'em.

Cat. This last Duty you have fulfilled, and *Rome* is very much obliged to you, if we may judge of your Love to her, by your fear of Death: but those who can talk so eloquently, shou'd take care never to contradict themselves. With what face
cou'd

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cou'd *Cicero*, who extoll'd *Cæsar* to the very Heavens, and begg'd the Gods not to envy Mankind so great a Blessing, call the Murderers of this *Cæsar*, the Deliverers of their Country? How base, how infamous, is such a Contradiction! Can we trust the Honour of a Man, who thus changes with the Times?

Cic. We must suit ourselves to the Necessities of the Commonwealth: this Shift was much better than the *African* War undertaken by *Scipio* and you, contrary to all Rules of Prudence: but you were born to be always in Extremes.

Cat. And you always to be in Fear, as you yourself have often confess'd: you were not able to foresee Events; those who were uppermost cou'd at any time make you contradict yourself. Did we not see you admiring *Pompey*, and exhorting all your Friends to deliver themselves up to him? Did not you afterwards believe that *Pompey* wou'd enslave *Rome*, if he conquer'd *Cæsar*? 'How, says you, will he believe honest Men when he shall be a Conqueror, seeing that he will hearken to none of us, now that he stands in need of our Assistance?' In short, did you not admire *Cæsar*, and afterwards praise *Octavius*?

Cic. But I attack'd *Anthony*. Can any thing be more vehement than my Oration

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tions against him, like those of *Demosthenes* against *Philip*.

Cat. They are excellent; but *Demosthenes* knew better than you how to die, neither his Life nor Death were in the power of *Antipater*. Was you not ashamed to fly, as you did, without knowing where you were going, and at last be slain by *Pompilius*? 'Twas far more glorious for me to slay myself in *Utica*.

Cic. And I prefer my having had Hopes of the Commonwealth to the day of my Death, and having assisted it by my moderate Counsels, to your waging an imprudent War, which you finish'd by a desperate Blow.

Cat. Your Negotiations were no better than my *African War*; for *Octavius*, young as he was, has mock'd this *Cicero* the Light of *Rome*; he made use of you to settle his Authority, and then deliver'd you to *Anthony*. But now you talk of War, did you ever know how to carry one on? I have not yet forgot your Conquest of *Pindemissus*, a little Town in *Cilicia*: a Flock of Sheep, grazing in a Field, might have been as easily taken; and yet you wanted a Triumph for this fine Expedition. The Supplications order'd by the Senate were not sufficient for such an Exploit. Do you remember what I answer'd you, when you made such pressing
In-

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Instances to me about it? You ought, said I, to be more pleased with the Thanks of the Senate, which by your Conduct you deserved, than with a Triumph, which more denotes the Blessings of the Gods upon an Enterprize, than the Virtue of him that triumphs. Thus we endeavour to amuse Men who are vain and incapable of doing themselves Justice.

Cic. I acknowledge that I was always overfond of Praise; but is this so wondrous? Did I not by my Consulship, by my Love for my Country, and by my Eloquence, as well as by my Relish for Philosophy, deserve 'em? For when I cou'd no longer be of service to *Rome* in her Misfortunes, I comforted myself by arguing and writing upon Virtue.

Cat. 'Twould have been far better to have practised it in time of need, than to have writ upon it; but own it freely, you were a poor Copier after the *Greeks*, you mingled *Plato* with *Epicurus*, the antient Academy with the modern; and after having written the History of their Precepts in Dialogues, where one Man talked alone almost all the while, you scarce ever drew any Conclusion. You were a Stranger to Philosophy, and thought of nothing but adorning your Mind with its Beauties: in short, you was still wavering between Philosophy and Politicks.

Cic. Cato,

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Cic. Cato farewell, you are in a very ill Humour; I fancy that you regret Life. As for my part, I am contented with the Loss of it, without having made so great a Piece of Work of it. Indeed, you take too much upon you, for an Action which many Slaves have done, with as much Courage as ever you did.



D I A L O G U E XL.

Cæsar, Alexander.

The Character of a Tyrant, and of a Prince, who endow'd by Nature with excellent Qualities, gives himself up to his Pride and Passions; they are both Scourges to Mankind, but the one is to be pitied, the other abhorred.

Alex. **W**HO is this new-come *Roman*, so cover'd with Wounds? *Cæsar* is it? I was told, great *Roman*, that you were going to conquer the *Parthians*, and subdue all the *East*; how comes it about that you are here?

C. My Friends assassinated me in the Senate-house.

A. Why did you become their Tyrant, who were only born a Citizen?

P

C. This

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C. 'This Language suits you well, who conquer'd *Asia*, and enslav'd all *Greece*.

A. Yes, but the *Greeks* were Strangers to me, and Enemies to *Macedon*; I did not enslave my own Country, as you did: on the other hand, I gave immortal Honour to the *Macedonians*, with the Empire of the *East*.

C. You conquer'd effeminate Men, and became as effeminate as they were. You depriv'd the *Persians* of Riches, and the Riches of the *Persians* subdu'd you, by corrupting you. Have you brought that tow'ring Pride with you here, which made you fancy your self a God?

A. I confess my Errors and my Faults; but dare you upbraid me with Effeminacy? Do we not know how infamously you lived in *Bythinia*, how corrupted at *Rome*, where you shamefully caball'd for every Honour you obtain'd? Had you liv'd without being dishonest, you would have been but a private Citizen; but then you would have still been alive.

C. The Poison given at *Babylon*, has had the same effect on you, as the Sword at *Rome* on me.

A. 'Twas criminal in my Generals to poison me, but those who stabb'd you, are become the Deliverers of their Country; so that our Deaths are very different, and so are our Youths, in a far greater

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greater Degree ; mine was chaste, noble and ingenuous, yours without Honesty or Modesty.

C. You shew the same passionate Pride now, as when alive.

A. I have been sway'd by my Pride, I must confess, and your Conduct has been more regular than mine ; but you never were benign and open, as I was. You should have been an honest Man, before you aim'd at being a great Man ; I have often been weak and vain, but I was still more just to my Country than you were.

C. You make a great noise about Justice, without ever having practis'd it. For my part, I think that the ablest Man ought to make himself the Master of the Commonwealth, that he may govern it wisely.

A. I was too positively persuaded of this, as well as you ; *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus* and *Æacus*, have severely reprimanded me for it, and censur'd my Conquests ; yet in the midst of my Follies, I never had a thought of violating Justice, which you have suffer'd for doing.

C. The *Romans*, by killing me, have lost very much ; I had form'd some Projects for the making 'em happy.

A. The best Project would have been to follow the Example of *Sylla*, who ha-

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ving been the Tyrant of his Country, made her free again ; you would have finish'd your Days peaceably as he did : but I see you don't believe me, I'll go and expect you at the Judgment-Seat, where you must be try'd by the three Judges.



D I A L O G U E XLI.

Pompey, Caesar.

Nothing is more fatal to a free State, than the Corruption of their Women, and the Prodigality of those who aim at Tyrannic Power.

Pom. **I** Ruin my self by my Expences, in order to please the *Romans*, and I can scarce compass it. At five and twenty Years of Age I had triumph'd. I overcame *Sertorius* and *Mithridates*. I am always making large Presents. I give the People publick Shews, and by my Benefactions have acquir'd an innumerable Company of Clients, and yet can I not appease the Envious. *Cato* refuses my Alliance, and a thousand others thwart my Designs. What do you think of this Matter, my good Father-in-law ?

C. I

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C. I think you take but bad Measures for governing the Commonwealth.

P. How do you mean? can better be taken, than by large Donations to private Men, to acquire their Votes, and by Gladiators, Combats of wild Beasts, and Measures of Corn and Wine, to gain the favour of the People? In short, to have many Clients zealous for the Shews which I give? Could *Marius*, *Cinna*, *Fimbria*, *Sylla*, or the rest of 'em take better Measures?

C. By this you'll never hit your Aim; *Catiline* understood his Business much better than any of these.

P. *Catiline*! do you talk seriously?

C. Never more, I'll assure you.

P. And what is this mighty Secret, pray now, for appeasing Envy, dispelling Suspicions, and charming the *Patricians* and *Plebeians*?

C. Would you know? do as I do, I advise you nothing but what I practise my self.

P. You would have me flatter the People by an appearance of Justice and Liberty, pretend to be a zealous Tribune, a very *Gracchus*.

C. This is something, but not all; there is a more sure way left.

P. Is it Magick, Invocations of the *Genii*, or Knowledge of the Stars?

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C. Old Woman's Tales, all these you Name.

P. You have then some Commerce with the Gods, as *Numa*, *Scipio*, and others had.

C. All these are worn-out Artifices.

P. Pray now tell me, and keep me no longer in doubt.

C. These are the two fundamental Points of my Doctrine; Debauch all the Women you can, to be let into the greatest Secrets of their Families; and secondly, spend profusely, and run in every body's Debt: then 'tis every Creditor's Interest to have you make your Fortune, that you may be able to pay 'em. They give you their own Votes, and leave nothing untry'd, to get those of their Friends. The more Creditors you have, the stronger your Party. To make my self Master of *Rome*, I get in every body's Debt. The nearer I am to ruin, the more powerful I grow. Let us but spend profusely, and Riches like a Torrent will break in upon us.



D I A-



D I A L O G U E XLII.

Cicero, Augustus.

*When we serve an ungrateful Man, we
work our own Ruin.*

Aug. **S**A V E you, great Orator, I am heartily glad to see you again; I have not forgotten the many Obligations you laid upon me.

C. O! you can remember 'em here, but could not in the other World!

A. After your Death, I found one of my Grand-Children reading your Works; he was surpriz'd, and fear'd that I would chide him: but far from it, I took up your Book, and said, he was a great Man, and a Lover of his Country; you see I could speak well of you, even in my Life-time.

C. A fine Reward truly, for my trouble of educating you! when you were young, you made use of my Counsels, my Friends, and my Interest.

A. You gave 'em me, not so much for my sake, as to balance the Authority of Anthony, whose Tyranny you fear'd.

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C. True, I was not so much afraid of a Child, as of that powerful and violent Man; but I was deceiv'd, you were the more dangerous of the two: however, I made your Fortune; what did I not say to the Senate, in your Behalf, whilst you were at the Siege of *Modena*, where the two victorious Consuls *Hirlius* and *Pansa* perish'd? By their Victories you had the Command of the Army given you. By my *Philippicks*, I prejudic'd the Commonwealth against *Anthony*. Instead of fighting for those who had supply'd you with Arms, you basely made a League with *Anthony*, and that worst of Men, *Lepidus*, to enslave *Rome*. When the horrid Triumvirate was form'd, each one stickled a while for his Friend; but every Man made himself criminal, that his Companion might be so too. *Anthony* was oblig'd to give up his own Uncle *L. Caesar* to you, that he might obtain my Life, which you basely yielded to.

A. I could not deny that Man any thing, whose Assistance I stood in need of, to make my self Master of the whole World; such a Temptation makes the Fault excusable.

C. Such foul Ingratitude can never be excus'd; had it not been for me, you never would have had any share in the publick Administration. I heartily regret

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gret the Praises I bestow'd upon you; you were a false Friend, and became a cruel Tyrant.

A. By this load of Injuries, I fancy you are going to make *Philippicks* against me, more vehement than those against *Anthony*.

C. No, I left my Eloquence on the other Side the *Styx*; but Posterity will know, that I made you what you are, and you sacrific'd me to gratify the Passion of *Anthony*: but what vexes me the more, is, that you have not only render'd your self odious, but me contemptible. They'll say that I have been bubbled by a young Man, who made use of me as a Tool for attaining his own ambitious Ends. Serve an ungrateful Man, and you will reap nothing but Shame, Grief and Confusion.





D I A L O G U E XLIII.

Sertorius, Mercury.

Fables and Illusions will prevail more with the credulous Vulgar, than Truth and Virtue.

Mer. **I** Must make haste back to *Olympus*, and I am sorry for it, for I want sadly to know how you ended your Life at last.

S. I'll tell you in two words: neither the old Woman, nor the Prentice, could conquer me; but the Traytor *Perpenna* slew me. Had it not been for him, I would have given my Enemies work enough.

M. Who do you call the old Woman and the Prentice?

S. *Metellus* and *Pompey*; the former was grown heavy, doubtful, and in short, worn out with Age; by his Slowness he would lose the most critical Opportunities. On the other hand, *Pompey* was without Experience, at the Head of some Barbarians, whom he had got together: I sported with both these Captains and their Legions.

M. I

Dial. 43. of the Dead. 323

M. I don't wonder at that, they say you was a Magician, and had a Hind, that came to your Camp, to give you notice of all the Enemies Designs, and of all the Advantages you could take.

S. Whilst I could make use of my Hind, I never discover'd the Secret ; but now I may venture to tell the whole Truth on't.

M. Well ; and pray now was there any Inchantment in it ?

S. None at all ; however, it was of greater Service to me than my Money, my Forces, or the defeated Remains of *Marius's* Party against *Sylla*, whom I pick'd up in the Mountains of *Spain* and *Lusitania* : a seasonable Illusion will have a great Sway over a credulous People.

M. But was not the Illusion a very gross one ?

S. It was, but not so gross as the People for whom it was prepared.

M. And did these Barbarians believe all that you told of your Hind ?

S. All, and as much more, if I would have told it 'em : Had I by my Spies, or or Out-scouts, discover'd the Enemy's March ; 'twas the Hind that had whisper'd it to me. Had I been beaten, the Hind told me that the Gods would soon raise my sinking Party. The Hind ordered that the Inhabitants of the Country should

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should send me in all their Forces, lest they should be destroy'd by Plague and Famine. Had my Hind been lost some days, and privately found again, I would hide her, and make some Presage foretel the return of my Hind, then bring her into the Camp, where, to be sure, she brought some News from you *Olympians*. In short, the Hind was the only one who cou'd repair our Misfortunes.

M. That Creature served you better than you did us, for such Impostures lessen the Credit of, and prejudice our Mysteries; to be free with you, you were an impious Wretch.

S. Not more impious than *Numa* with his Nymph *Egeria*; than *Lycurgus* and *Solon* with their secret Commerce with the Gods; than *Socrates* with his familiar Spirit: and in short, than *Scipio* with his mysterious way of going to the Capitol, to consult *Jupiter*, who inspir'd his warlike Enterprizes against *Carthage*. All these were Impostors as well as myself.

M. But they were such only for the sake of establishing good Laws, or making their Country victorious.

S. And I for the sake of defending myself against the Tyrant *Sylla*, who had oppress'd *Rome*, and sent Citizens, disguis'd like Slaves, to slay me.

M. And

Dial. 44. *of the Dead.* 325

M. And so you reckon the whole Commonwealth as *Sylla's* Party ; for you were the only *Roman* who opposed it : however, you deceived these poor Barbarians with religious Mysteries.

S. True, I did ; but when we have to do with Fools, we must amuse 'em with Follies, if we would gain our ends. Tell 'em solid Truths, they'll not believe you : Make use of Fables, flatter 'em, amuse 'em, and the whole Country, great and small, will run after you.



D I A L O G U E XLIV.

Young *Pompey*, and *Menas* the Freeman.

The Character of a Man who does not love Virtue for its own sake ; and tho he is not wicked enough to make use of vitious Means, is not good enough to condemn 'em.

M S H A L I strike a glorious Blow ?

P. As how ? speak quickly, what ails thee to look thus like a *Sybil* in her Cave, when she is inspired, and foams ?

M. 'Tis with Joy. O happy Opportunity ! was the Business mine, it should already

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already have been ended ; but, in a word, shall I do it, ay or no ?

P. Do what ? How can I answer before I know what you ask ? tell me your Meaning.

M. Do you see *Anthony* and *Octavius* at that Table in your Ship, who think of nothing but regaling themselves ?

P. See 'em ! ay, dost think me blind ?

M. I hope you are not deaf neither ; a fine Stroke might be struck there.

P. Ha ! wou'd you have me betray 'em ? violate the Faith given my Enemies ? The Son of the great *Pompey*, turn Villain ? *Menas*, thou dost not know me.

M. You don't comprehend me ; you need not do it ; my Hand is sufficient for the Blow, do you be a great Man still, and keep your word, *Menas* has promised nothing.

P. But you wou'd have me, in whom they confided, suffer you to do it, tho acquainted with it. Ah ! *Menas*, *Menas*, why did you tell me of it ? you ought to have done it without giving me any notice beforehand.

M. Why you shall know nothing of it now : I'll cut the Cables of the Anchors, and we'll put out to Sea ; the two Tyrants of *Rome* are in your power. Let not a foolish Scruple hinder you from revenging your Father's Ghost upon the Heirs
of

Dial. 44. of the Dead. 327

of *Cæsar*, and setting *Rome* free. *Pompey* may still keep his word, be generous, and cover'd with Glory; *Menas* alone shall commit the Crime, and the virtuous *Pompey* reap the Benefit of it.

P. But *Pompey* can't be acquainted with the Crime, and permit it without being equally guilty: Wretch, why did you tell me of it? Oh how I regret the loss of what was in your power!

M. If you regret it, why will you not permit it? and if you cannot permit it, why shou'd you regret it? If the thing in itself be good, dare boldly do it; if it be evil, why do you wish it done, yet will not suffer me to do it? You contradict yourself; a Shadow of Virtue makes you apprehensive, and me sensible of the truth of what I have often heard, that it must be a great Soul that dares commit great Crimes.

P. True, *Menas*, I am neither good enough to reject a Crime, nor wicked enough to dare commit it myself. I am placed between Virtue and Vice. 'Tis not true Honour, but a shameful Fear, that keeps me from it: I cannot authorize a Traytor, or glory in the Treason, tho' it shou'd make me Master of the whole Universe.

DIA-



D I A L O G U E XLV.

Caligula, Nero.

The Dangers of Despotick Power in a Monarch who has but a weak Head-piece.

C. **I** Am glad to see you ; they wanted to make me jealous of you here, by assuring me, that in the Greatness of your Actions you excelled me, but I believe nothing of the matter.

N. A fine Comparison indeed ! I sported with all Mankind, and made 'em see things they never had seen. I destroy'd my Wife, my Mother, my Governour, and my Tutor, and set my Country in flames. These are the Actions of an Heroick Courage, that soars above Human Weakness: the Vulgar calls this Cruelty, I call it an entire Contempt of all Nature, and Greatness of Soul.

C. A pretty hectoring Blade ! But did you like me stifle your dying Father ? did you like me caressing your Wife, say, Pretty little Head, that I'll have cut off whenever I please.

N. This was nothing ; but what I advance is solid ; hold, I had forgot one
of

Dial. 45. of the Dead. 329

of the finest Actions of my Life, my putting my Brother *Britannicus* to death.

C. This is something, I confess: doubtless you did it in imitation of the great Founder of *Rome*, who, for the Publick Good, shed his own Brother's Blood; but you were nothing but a Musician.

N. You had higher Pretensions, you wanted to be a God, and to sacrifice all those who should doubt it.

C. Why not? Could the Lives of Men be better employed than in being sacrificed to my Deity? They were so many Victims slain on my Altars.

N. I never gave into any of these Visions, but I was the greatest Musician, and the most perfect Comedian of the Empire; I was a good Poet too.

C. At least you believed so, tho others did not; every body laugh'd at your Verses, and your Voice.

N. They did not laugh at them unpunish'd; *Lucan* repented his having endeavour'd to excell me.

C. A fine Honour for a *Roman* Emperor, to mount the Stage like a Buffoon, to grow jealous of the Poets, and make himself the publick Laughing-Stock!

N. 'Twas my Voyage into *Greece* that fired me thus for the Stage, and all other Representations.

C. You

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C. You shou'd have staid in *Greece* then, to have earn'd your Living like an Actor, and left another to possess the Empire of *Rome*, who wou'd have maintained himself in it with more Majesty.

N. Had I not my gilt House that was larger than the largest Cities? I knew how to be sumptuous and magnificent.

C. Had this House been finish'd, the *Romans* must have went and lived out of *Rome*. The House was made proportionable to the Colossus that represented you, and not to you who were no bigger than another Man.

N. But I endeavoured to appear great.

C. Rather gigantick and monstrous; but all these fine Projects were destroy'd by *Vindex*.

N. And yours by *Chereas*, as you were going to the Theatre.

C. To speak the truth, both our Ends were unhappy, and we were cut off in the Flower of Youth.

N. And few there were who wou'd make Verses in praise of us, and wish us long Lives. He who always fancies himself in Danger, lives in Misery.

C. You speak as if you wou'd change your manner of Living, cou'd you return upon Earth.

N. No; I never could moderate myself: You know as well as I do, how dan-

Dial. 45. of the Dead. 331

dangerous it is for a weak Head to have every thing in its power; an unlimited Authority makes us grow giddy, and a Man, who, in a mean Station, wou'd have been prudent, runs mad when he sees himself Master of the whole World.

C. 'Twou'd be a pretty piece of Folly however, was it attended by no ill Consequence; but Conspiracies, Troubles, Remorses, and Cares, come crowding in: besides, the Comedy is short, and often concludes with a tragick Catastrophe. We must now give an Account to these three severe old Men, who are not to be trifled with, but will punish those as the worst of Villains, who set up for Gods on Earth. I see *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, and *Heliogabalis*, laden with Chains, coming this way, whose Fate will prove as unhappy as ours.



D I A

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D I A L O G U E XLVI.

Antonius Pius, Marcus Aurelius.

*We must love our Country better than our
own Family.*

M. I Stand in need of your Comfort, my dear Father, I never thought that I shou'd have felt so lively a Grief, having been educated in the *Stoick* Opinions, and being descended to these peaceful Mansions.

A. Alas, my Son, whence all this Grief? those Tears but ill become a *Stoick*; what is the Matter?

M. I just now saw my Son *Commodus*; he has dishonour'd my Name, so cherish'd and respected by the People; an infamous Woman has had him sacrificed by way of Prevention, because her Name was in a List of those whom he was to put to death.

A. I know that he has led an infamous Life; but wherefore did you neglect his Education? You yourself caus'd his Misfortunes, and he has more reason to complain of your Negligence, than you of his Disorder.

M. I

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M. I was so taken up with the Affairs of the Empire, and foreign Wars, that I had scarce time to think of my Child, yet did I take some care of him. Alas, had I been a private Man, I shou'd have instructed him myself, and made him honest; but I left him too much Power, to leave him fraught with Virtue and Moderation.

A. If you were sensible that Power would ruin him, you ought never to have made him Emperor, both for the sake of the Empire, and of your Son, who in a meaner State might have done much better.

M. I never foresaw his Corruption and Degeneracy.

A. You ought to have foreseen it; but did not paternal Fondness blind you? In you I chose a Stranger for my Successor, without the least regard to the Interest of my Family. Had you done the same thing, you would not have been thus grieved now; but your Son has dishonour'd you, as much as you honour'd me. But, confess the truth, did you never see any thing unpromising in that young Man?

M. I did see some Faults in him, but hoped that he would mend.

A. And you resolved to make the Experiment, tho the Empire suffer'd by it. Had you sincerely lov'd your Country
bet-

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better than your Family, you wou'd not have hazarded the Publick Good for the sake of maintaining the Grandeur of your Family.

M. To deal ingenuously with you, my Design was always to prefer the Empire to my Son; but the Love I bore him, hinder'd me from watching him as narrowly as I shou'd have done: I doubted and flatter'd myself, till my Hopes prevailed over my Fears.

A. How unhappy it is, that the best of Men should be imperfect, and that without designing it, they shou'd often do more Mischief than can be repair'd?

M. He was well made, skill'd in all bodily Exercises, and surrounded by wise Counsellors, in whom I had confided, and who were able to moderate his Youth: true, he was by nature inconstant, passionate, and addicted to Pleasure.

A. Did you know no Man in *Rome* more worthy of the Empire of the World?

M. I knew several, but thought that I might prefer my Son, provided he was qualified for it.

A. What then did you mean by that heroick Language, when writing to *Faustina*, you said, that if *Aridus Cassius*, was more worthy of the Empire than you, and your Family, you must suffer him to prevail, and let your Family perish? Why did

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did not you follow those Maxims, when the Choice of a Successor was in question? Ought you not for the sake of your Country, to have preferr'd the worthiest?

M. I confess my fault; but the Wife you had given me with the Empire, and whose Disorders, in complaisance to you, I suffer'd, never permitted me to follow the Purity of my Maxims. When you gave me this Wife with the Empire, you committed two Faults, for you made me two Presents, of which the one hinder'd me from making a good use of the other. I am loth to excuse myself, by blaming you, but you force me to it. Were you not as blind towards your Daughter, as I towards my Son?

A. Tho I upbraid you with yours, I do not disown my fault; but I gave you a Wife without Authority, who had nothing but the Name of Empress: when she behaved herself ill, you might, and ought to have been divorced according to Law; at least, you ought to have been above listning to such a Woman: besides, she was dead when you left the Empire to your Son; you was sensible of his Violence and Inconstancy; he thought of nothing but giving Publick Shews, shooting Arrows, piercing Wild Beasts, and making himself as savage as they are, becoming a Gladiator, going without Clothes, and
cove-

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covering himself with a Lion's Skin, as *Hercules* did : In short, nothing but plunging himself into the most horrid Vices, and indulging his Suspicions and monstrous Cruelty. O my Son, go not about to excuse yourself; 'twas impossible that so senseless, and so wicked a Man, shou'd have deceived one of your Understanding, had not your Fondness prevail'd over your Prudence and Virtue.



D I A L O G U E XLVII.

Horace, Virgil.

The Characters of these two Poets.

V. **H**OW happy and sedate we live upon the flowry Banks of this silver Stream, so near this odoriferous Grove!

H. Take care, or you'll make an Eclogue presently, a Work unfit for a Shade; behold *Homer*, *Hesiod*, and *Theocritus* crown'd with Laurel; they hear their Verses sung, but compose no more.

V. With Joy I hear that yours are still the delight of learned Men, tho many Ages are past since they were written: you was not mistaken when in your Odes you said you could never entirely die.

H. Time

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H. Time indeed has not defac'd my Works, but I must love you as tenderly as I do, to be free from Jealousy, on your account; you are plac'd immediately after *Homer*.

V. Our Muses ought not to be jealous of one another, they are so very different in their Kinds. Your great Beauty is your Variety, your Odes are sometimes soft and tender, often rapid and sublime. Your Satyrs are plain, short, ingenuous and full of Salt. We find in 'em a true Knowledge of Mankind, a serious Philosophy, a pleasing Turn, which, as they instruct, and redress the Morals of Mankind, at the same time divert 'em. Your Art of Poetry shews, that you had all the extent of acquir'd Knowledge, all the Strength of Genius, necessary for the greatest Works, the Epick Poem, or the Tragick Drama.

H. And can you talk thus, who in your Eclogues have made use of the natural Tendernefs of *Theocritus*? Your *Georgicks* are full of the most lively Descriptions. You enrich and beautify all Nature; and in short, the Order, Strength, Magnificence and Sublimity of *Homer*, appear in every Line of your *Æneids*.

V. But I follow'd him Step by Step.

H. You did not follow him in your fourth Book, when you sing the Loves of

Q

Dido;

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Dido; this whole Book is an Original, nor can it be deny'd, but that *Æneas's* Descent into Hell, is far more beautiful than the Evocation of Souls in the *Odyffee*.

V. My last Books are incorrect, I did not think of leaving 'em so imperfect; you know I order'd that they should be burnt.

H. What pity 'twould have been! this was an excess of Modesty. But we plainly see, that the Author of the *Georgicks* could have finish'd the *Æneids* as carefully. I don't look upon this last Correction, so much as upon the tow'ring Genius, the Conduct of the whole Work, and the Strength and Boldness of the Strokes. To deal ingenuously with you, if any thing hinders you from equalling *Homer*, 'tis your being more polite, and more correct; but not so plain and sublime as he is: for at once he lays Nature open before your Eyes.

V. I own that sometimes I have wander'd a little from Nature, to suit myself to the Taste of a magnificent, nice and polite People. *Homer* seems often to have forgot the Reader, when he is describing Nature in her Simplicity; in this I yield to him.

H. You are still the same modest *Virgil* who was so backward in introducing him

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self in the Court of *Augustus*. I have told you freely what I think of your Works; be as free with me, and shew me the Faults of mine. Do you think me incapable of acknowledging 'em?

V. There are, I think, some Verses in your Odes that might be omitted, without prejudice to the Subject, and which are something foreign to the Purpose: I am sensible that Extasy becomes an Ode, but it is not to introduce superfluous Things. In some sublime Verses you shall also find Words wanting, either to make the Lines more harmonious, or to express the Simplicity of the Passions; never was Man more happy in his Turns, or in Words to express his Meaning, with more Brevity and Politeness; the Words whilst you use 'em, become new, but all is not equally smooth, there are some things I should fancy too forc'd.

H. No wonder that you should criticize upon their Harmony, seeing that your own Verses are so soft and smooth, that they force Tears from the Eyes.

V. The Harmony of an Ode should be very different from the other, and more various than mine; and this you shew'd, that you was sensible of.

H. However, I have compos'd but little trifling Pieces. I have censur'd Faults, and given Rules for the avoiding 'em,

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but I never wrote any thing like your heroick Poem.

V. I think, dear *Horace*, that we have been bestowing Praises upon one another a little too long ; prithee let us have done.



D I A



DIALOGUES

OF THE

Modern DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

Leger and Ebroim.

*A plain and solitary Life, has no Charms
for an ambitious Mind.*

Ebr.



HE greatest Comfort to
me, in my Misfortunes,
is, to find you in this
Solitude.

L. And I am sorry to
find you in it; for when 'tis against our
will, that we are obliged to seek a So-
litude, it will be of no profit to us.

Q 3

E. But

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E. But why should you despair of my Conversion? your Counsels and Examples may mend me; and seeing that you are so charitable, can you not bestow some of your leisure Hours upon me?

L. I am sent hither that I may meddle with no Business, and I find it work enough to correct my self.

E. Have you, in entering this Solitude, renounced all Charity?

L. By no means, I'll pray for you.

E. So, I see you abandon me as a Man unworthy of your Instructions, but you wrong me. I own I came hither against my Will, but am now contented to lead this solitary Life. This Desert is the most beautiful I ever saw: do you not admire these Rivulets, falling from the Mountains; these craggy Rocks, partly cover'd with Moss; these Trees, which appear as ancient as their Basis, old Earth it self? Nature has something frightful and savage here, but at the same time melancholy and pleasing.

L. The ambitious Mind, which is still in love with the Vanities of the World, has but little relish for these things: the Soul must be in an innocent and peaceful State, before it can be sensible of these rural Beauties.

E. But

E. But I was weary of the World, and its Toils, when I was sent hither.

L. And yet you was sent hither by force.

E. I should not have had the Courage to leave the World, but yet was out of conceit with it.

L. As out of conceit as you were, you would return to it with Joy, and want only to find the means of doing it; I know you well, then prithee don't dissemble, but deal ingenuously with me.

E. And should we, holy Prelate, be again at the Helm of Affairs, we should do an infinite deal of Good. We would stand by one another to protect the Virtuous, and we might easily bear down all that should oppose us.

L. You may trust your self, as far as you please, upon the Knowledge of your past Experience, and flatter your Passions; as for me, who have been here longer than you, I have had more leisure to study my self, and to mistrust both my self and the whole World; that ungrateful World, which has once deceiv'd me, but never shall deceive me more. I have endeavour'd to do it good, and in return it has done me a great deal of Mischief. I have try'd to assist a Queen, whose Intentions were good, and she has been disgraced, and forc'd to retire. By

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endeavouring to imprison me, they have set me free; I am happy now, for I have nothing to do but to die peaceably in this Desert.

E. But remember that if we are reconciled to one another, we may again be absolute Masters.

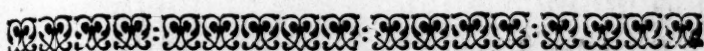
L. Of what? the Seas and Winds? no, I have been shipwreck'd once, and will never embark more. Do you go and seek your Fortune, torment your self, be unhappy in this Life, and be cut off in the Flower of your Youth; to be talk'd of, and to trouble this World, be damn'd in the next: you deserve it, since you know not when you are well.

E. But is it true, that Ambition is quite extinguish'd in your Heart?

L. Will you believe me, if I tell you so?

E. I really don't know whether I should, for ———

L. Well, I'll not tell you so then, and I see 'tis in vain to speak to you; neither the Toils of Prosperity, nor the Rigours of adverse Fortune, have been able to mend you: Go, return to Court, be at the Helm of Affairs again, and make both the World and your self unhappy.



D I A L O G U E II.

The Prince of Wales, and Richard his Son.

The Character of a weak Prince.

Pr. **A**LAS! my dear Son, I am sorry to see you so soon again; I was in hopes that your Reign would be long and happy. What is it that has hasten'd your Death? have you been guilty of the same Fault that I was, and ruin'd your Health, by the Fatigues you underwent in the War against *France*.

R. No, Father, no, I always enjoy'd my Health, other Misfortunes brought me to my Grave.

P. Has some Traytor imbru'd his Hands in your Blood? If so, *England* that has not yet forgot me, will revenge your Death.

R. Alas! my Father, all *England* has join'd together to dishonour, degrade, and destroy me.

P. Heavens! who would have believ'd it? whom can we henceforth trust? but did you do nothing to deserve their Hatred?

tered? confess the Truth to your Father.

R. My Father! they deny'd it, and said I was the Son of a Canon of *Bordeaux*.

P. This is what no body can answer for; however, your Mother's Conduct could never inspire such a Thought: but was it not yours that made 'em say so?

R. They said that I pray'd like a Canon; that I could not preserve my Authority over the People, nor exercise Justice, nor wage War.

P. And is this true? Oh! my Son! it had been far better for you to have led a Monk's Life at *Westminster*, than to have been plac'd so contemptibly on the Throne!

R. My Intentions were good, I have given good Examples, and have often acted with a great deal of Vigour: as for instance, I had my Uncle, the Duke of *Gloucester*, taken up and executed, for rallying the Malecontents, with a design to dethrone me, had I not prevented him.

P. This was a bold Stroke, and probably a necessary one; for I knew my Brother to be crafty, dissembling, enterprising, an Enemy to lawful Power, and a fit Man for rallying a dangerous Cabal.

But

But had not you my Son given 'em a Handle against you? was the Blow well weigh'd before you gave it? did not you droop after it?

R. The Duke of *Gloucester* accus'd me of being too zealous for the *French*, the sworn Enemies of our Nation. My Marriage with the Daughter of *Charles VI.* of *France*, alienated the Hearts of the *English* from me.

P. And did you make your self suspected by your Subjects, for an Alliance with their inveterate Enemies? what did they give you for this Marriage? Did you join *Poitou* and *Touraine* to *Guienne*, and thus unite our Dominions in *France*, as far as *Normandy*?

R. No, but I thought it was necessary to have a foreign Ally, able to take my part against the factious *English*.

P. Unhappy Wretch! Dishonour of the royal Family! you courted the Assistance of those Enemies whose Interest it was to lessen your Power; you endeavour'd to establish your self on the Throne, by taking Measures contrary to the Interest of your Nation. Not satisfy'd with the Love of your Subjects, you wanted to be fear'd by 'em, by making Alliances with their Enemies to oppress 'em. Alas! what are become of those happy Days, when I put the King of
France

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France to flight in the Plains of *Cressy*, fat-
ned with the Gore of 30000 *French*, and
where I took another King of that Nati-
on, at the very Gates of *Poitiers*? How
are those Times changed! well might
they take you for a Canon's Son; but
who dethron'd you at last?

R. The Earl of *Derby*.

P. By what means? did he gather an
Army together? did he overthrow you in
Battle?

R. No, a Quarrel with the General
had forc'd him to fly into *France*, there the
Archbishop of *Canterbury* went private-
ly to him, and invited him to enter into
a Conspiracy; he pass'd through *Britany*,
arriv'd in *London*, whilst I was absent,
and found the People ready to revolt:
the greatest part of the Rebels took up
Arms, their Number amounted to 60000,
I was forsaken by every body, and for-
ced to fly to a Castle, where the Earl
came to me, and was impudent enough
to enter it almost alone; I could easily
have kill'd him there.

P. Wretch! that thou art! why didst
not do it?

R. The People that were every where
up in Arms, would have sacrific'd me.

P. And had it not been much better
to die like a valiant Man?

R. Besides

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R. Besides this, an ill Omen discourag'd me.

P. What was it?

R. My Bitch, that never us'd to caress any body, went immediately and fawn'd upon the Earl; I was sensible of the Meaning of this, and even told the Earl my Thoughts of the Matter.

P. Prodigious Folly! and thus a Bitch decided thy Authority, Life and Honour, and even the Fate of all *England*: but what did you do then?

R. I begg'd the Earl to protect me from the Fury of the incens'd People.

P. To compleat your Infamy, nothing was wanting but your begging your Life of the Usurper: however, did he give it you?

R. Yes, at first, and shut me up in the Tower, where I might have liv'd peaceably enough, had not my Friends done me more Mischief than my Enemies; they endeavour'd to rally again, in order to deliver me out of Prison, and to dethrone the Usurper, who tho' he had always been unwilling to be guilty of my Death, was now forc'd to get rid of me.

P. Here is a compleat Misfortune; my Son was weak and inconstant, his want of Virtue makes him contemptible, he enters into an Alliance with his Enemies,
and

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and his Subjects revolt ; he cannot foresee the gathering Storm, but as soon as he is attack'd is discourag'd : he loses the opportunity of destroying the Usurper, but, like a Coward, begs his Life, yet does not obtain it. O Heavens ! how do you mock the Glory of Princes, and the Prosperity of States ! Is this the Grandson of *Edward*, who overcame *Philip*, and ravaged his Kingdoms ? Is this the Son of him who took King *John*, and made *France* and *Spain* tremble ?



D I A L O G U E III.

Charles VII. John Duke of Burgundy.

*Cruelty and Treachery, far from lessening
Dangers, increase 'em.*

B. NOW, that our Course is finished, and we no longer have any Interest amongst the Living, let us reason a little calmly : Wherefore was I assassinated by your Orders ? must a Dauphin be guilty of so heinous a Treachery to his own Blood, to his Cousin, who——

C. Who wou'd have turned every thing topsy-turvy, and had almost ruin'd *France*.
You

Dial.3. *of the Dead.* 351

You wanted to govern me as you had govern'd the two Dauphins, my Brothers, before me.

B. But to have me assassinated, 'twas infamous.

C. To assassinate was the safest way.

B. And that in a place to which you had drawn me by the most solemn Promises. I enter'd the Barrier with *Noailles*, (methinks I still am there) when that Traytor *Taniguy du Chastel* inhumanly murder'd us both.

C. You may declaim, as long as you please, Cousin, but I still stand to my first Maxim, When we have to do with a Man as violent and as restless as yourself, to assassinate is the safest way.

B. The safest! You don't think of what you say.

C. I do think of it, and say again, 'tis the safest way.

B. Yes, to fall into all those Misfortunes into which you plunged yourself by my Death. You did yourself more Mischief by having me murder'd, than I cou'd have done you had I lived.

C. I can't tell that; had you lived, I must have perish'd with *France*.

B. Was it my Interest to ruin *France*? I wou'd have govern'd, not destroy'd it; and it had been much better for you to have suffer'd some things from my Jealousy

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lousy and Ambition. After all, I was one of your Blood, pretty nearly related to the Crown, and therefore 'twas my Interest to maintain its Grandeur. I never shou'd have enter'd into a League against *France* with the *English*, its greatest Enemies: But your Treachery, and my Death, forced my Son, as loyal as he was, to an absolute Necessity of revenging me, and joining himself to the *English*. The Fruit of your Treachery was an Alliance between the House of *Burgundy*, the Queen your Mother, and the *English*, to overturn the *French* Monarchy; for Cruelty and Treachery, far from lessening Dangers, will abundantly increase 'em; this your own Experience will teach you. My Death deliver'd you from one Enemy, but raised you many more formidable, and *France* was reduced to a Condition far more deplorable than before. Your Towns were plunder'd, your Provinces burnt, and your Fields ravaged; nor could you be delivered from this Load of Woes into which my horrid Murder had plung'd you, but by Miracles: then come and tell me again, with such a positive Air, that to assassinate is the safest way.

C. I must confess that your Arguments confound me; you are grown very subtle and politick since your coming hither, but

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I must have recourse to Fact : If to assassinate been't safe, why had you my Uncle, the Duke of *Orleans*, murder'd ? you was not so great a Philosopher then, I suppose, but thought as I do.

B. Indeed I did ; but however, by the Success of that you may see 'tis not safe ; had I let the Duke of *Orleans* live, you never wou'd have meditated my Death : but he who begins upon such things, ought to foresee where they will end ; from the very Hour he undertakes any thing against the Life of another, his own is in danger.

C. Well, Cousin, I see we are both in the wrong ; I was not indeed assassinated in my Turn, but involved myself in strange Perplexities by your Death.





D I A L O G U E IV.

Lewis XI. Cardinal Bessarion.

A Scholar is not fit to be at the Helm of Affairs, and yet much fitter than a great Wit, who is an Enemy to Justice and Honesty.

*L. C*ardinal, a good Morning to you ! I'll receive you with more Civility to-day, than when you came in the Pope's Name to see me. The adjusting of Ceremonials will cause no breach between us now, the Shades are all here incognito, and without distinction.

B. I have not yet forgot the Injustice you did me, when at the very beginning of my Speech, you took me by the Beard.

L. That *Grecian* Beard surprized me ; besides, I was willing to cut the Speech short, which otherwise would have been long and tedious.

B. Why so ? it was a very fine one, I can assure you, and composed upon the Model of *Isocrates*, *Lycias*, *Hyperides*, and *Pericles*.

L. Those

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L. Those are Gentlemen I am not acquainted with; but you had been and paid a Visit to the Duke of *Burgundy*, my Vassal, before you came to me: you had better have spent less time in reading the Authors of other Ages, and more in studying the Customs of the present; you behaved yourself like a Pedant, who knows nothing at all of the World.

B. And yet I had fully studied the Laws of *Draco*, *Solon*, and *Lycurgus*, with those of *Plato's* Republick; all the Remains of the ancient Orators who have govern'd any People; and in short, the best Commentators and Schoolmen, who have treated of the Polity of a Republick.

L. I never read any of these, but I know that a Cardinal, sent by the Pope, to restore the Duke of *Burgundy* to my Favour, ought not to have visited him, before he came to see me.

B. I thought I might have follow'd the *Hysteron Proteron* of the *Greeks*; and I knew that Philosophy taught us that *the first thing in Intention, is the last in Execution.*

L. Let us leave your Philosophy, and come to Fact.

B. I see in you all the Barbarity of the *Romans*, in whose Minds, *Greece*, after the taking of *Constantinople*, in vain endeavour'd

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to implant Learning, and root out Ignorance.

L. Wisdom consists in good Sense, not in *Greek*; Reason is to be met with in all Languages; you ought to have observ'd more Order, and have placed the Lord before the Vassal: your *Grecians* were Fools, if they did not know what the greatest Clowns know. But I can't forbear laughing when I reflect upon your way of negotiating Business. When I did not approve of any of your Maxims, you went to prove 'em by Passages of *Sophocles*, *Lycophron*, and *Pindar*. I never should have remember'd their Names, had not they been quoted by you many and many a time. Did a Dispute arise about any Place, you came in with a Verse of *Menander* or *Calimachus*. I was for continuing my Alliance with the *Swissers* and the Duke of *Lorain*, and you would prove from *Plato* and *Gorgias*, that it was not my Interest so to do. I wanted to know whether the King of *England* would be for or against me, and you came up with the Example of *Epaminondas*: you quite eas'd me of the Grief I was under for not having studied. I often said within myself, Happy those who are ignorant of what others say, and know what to say themselves.

B. The Badness of your Taste surprises me, I thought you had studied much;

Dial. 4. of the Dead. 357

I was told that your Father had given you a pretty good Preceptor, and that afterwards, at the Duke of *Burgundy's* Court in *Flanders*, you took a great deal of delight in disputing with Philosophers every day.

L. I was very young when I left both the King my Father, and my Preceptor: I went to the Court of *Burgundy*, where Trouble and Disquiet put me under a necessity of attending a few learned Men; but I was soon weary of 'em, they were pedantick and crazy like yourself; they had no notion of Business, were ignorant of the different Characters of Men, cou'd not dissemble, hold their tongues, insinuate themselves, nor enter into the Passions of others; cou'd make no shift in time of danger, nor foresee other Men's Designs; they were vain and indiscreet Arguers, made up of Words, and unper-suasive Subtleties, incapable of learning how to live, and to constrain themselves: such Animals are not to be borne with.

B. I own that Scholars are not over fit for Action, because they love the Repose of the Muses; nor can they dissemble and constrain themselves, because they are above the gross Passions of Mankind, and the Flatteries which Tyrants require.

L. Go you Pedant! bristling with your *Greek*, you forget the Respect you owe me.

B. The

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B. The Sage, according to the *Stoicks*, is more a King than ever you was with all your Dignity and Power; you never, like the wise Man, had the command of your Passions. Besides this, you are nothing now but the Shadow of a King, and as a Shadow I am as good as yourself.

L. Do you see the Impudence of this old Pedant!

B. I wou'd rather be a Pedant, than a Knave, and the Tyrant of Mankind; I never put my Brother to death, or detain'd my Son in Prison; I never acquired any Enemies by making use of Poison and Daggers, nor was my old Age hideous, like that of the Tyrants whom *Greece* so much detested: but we must excuse you. Tho very subtle and lively, you had something of a crazed Imagination; nor did you wholly degenerate from a Father who starv'd himself, and from a Grandfather who was lock'd up for many Years: your Son too is a little crack-brain'd, and 'twill be happy for *France*, if, after his Death, the Crown devolves to another Branch.

L. I must own that my Head-piece was none of the best; I had weak and melancholy Visions, with violent Passions, but at the same time I had Courage, Penetration, knew how to shift at any time, and was endow'd with Talents,
that

Dial. 4. of the Dead. 359

that enabled me to insinuate my self in the Minds of Men, and to encrease my Authority. I knew how to overlook an useles Pedant, and to discover any useful Quality in the meanest of my Subjects: Even when I languish'd in my last Sicknes, I preserved Presence of Mind enough to endeavour at a Peace with *Maximilian*; and whilst he deferr'd concluding it, in expectation of my Death, by my Emissaries I made those of *Ghent* rise up against him, and forced him to make a Peace with me, by which he gave my Son his Daughter *Margaret* in Marriage, with three Provinces for her Dowry. This was a Master-piece in Politicks, just before my Death, at a time when I was thought mad. Go, you old Pedant, go seek your *Grecians*, who never had so much Policy in 'em; who can only read and write, but can neither act like, nor are fit to live with other Men.

B. And yet I love a Scholar who is fit for no kind of Business, and knows nothing but what he has read, far better than a disquiet, subtle, and enterprizing Mind, who is an Enemy to Justice and Humanity, and confounds all Mankind.



D I A L O G U E V.

*Lewis XI. the Cardinal de la
Bahue.*

*A wicked Prince teaches his Subjects to be
faithless and treacherous.*

L. **H**OW dare you, you Wretch, appear before me, after having been such a Traytor?

C. Where wou'd you have me go and hide myself? or am I not sufficiently hid in this Throng of Ghosts? We are all equal here.

L. This Language becomes thee well, who wert a Miller's Son.

C. To you a mean Extraction was meritorious; your Companion the Provost *Tristan*, your Physician *Cochier*, and your Barber *Oliver*, were your Favourites and first Ministers; and before my time, *Janfredy* had obtain'd the Purple by your Interest: my Family was as good as any of theirs, I think.

L. But none of them were such horrid Traytors as you.

C. I can't tell that, for had they been honest, you never wou'd have used 'em well, or employ'd 'em.

L. And

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L. And wherefore do you believe that I did not make choice of them for their Merit ?

C. Because you always hated and suspected Merit, Virtue frightned you, as you cou'd not use it ; and you employ'd base and groveling Souls who wou'd enter into your Intrigues, your Knaveries, and your Cruelties. An honest Man, who abhorr'd Deceit and Evil, had not been fit for you, who thought of nothing but deceiving and hurting, that you might gratify your boundless Ambition. We are now in the Land of Truth, and to speak freely, I have been dishonest, but that was the very reason why you preferr'd me to other Men. Did not I serve you very dexterously in mocking the Nobles and the People ? Did you ever meet a more supple Knave, and one fitter to act every part ?

L. That's true ; but tho you deceiv'd others in obedience to me, you ought not to have deceived me also ; the Pope and you were agreed together upon persuading me to abolish the *Pragmatick Sanction*, contrary to the true Interest of *France*.

C. Pish ! you never cared a-pin for *France*, nor its true Interest, but minded your own only ; you wanted to make a penny of the Pope, and to sell him your

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Ca-

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Canons. I only served you in your own way.

L. But 'twas you fill'd my head with these visionary Projects, contrary to the Interest of my Crown, to which my own true Grandeur was join'd.

C. Not at all ; I wou'd have had you fold the dirty Scrawl dear enough to the Court of *Rome* : but suppose I had deceived you, what cou'd you say to it ?

L. Say, Impudence ! were we amongst the Living, I would put you in your Cage again.

C. I had been there long enough ; but if you grow angry, I'll hold my tongue : however, know that I do not dread the Fury of the Shadow of a King ; or do you still fancy yourself at *Plessis-lez-Tours*, with your Ruffians ?

L. 'Tis well for you that I am not there ; however, the Subject is new, and I am willing to hear it out : prove now, by solid Arguments, that you ought to have betray'd your Master.

C. The Paradox surprizes you, but I'll prove it. Must not a Miller's Son, who never had any Education but in a Court, follow those Maxims which are there, by the common Consent, allow'd to be the best and wisest.

L. There's some shew of Reason in what you say.

C. But

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C. But, without growing angry, answer me directly yes or no.

L. I cannot deny a thing that in itself seems so just, nor own it, lest the Conclusions drawn from it should confound me.

C. I see that I must take your Silence for Consent, and so I proceed ; the fundamental Maxim of all your Counsels, was to do every thing for your own Ends ; you had no regard for the Princes of the Blood, nor for the Queen, who was detained a Captive at a distance from Court ; nor for the Dauphin, who was educated in Ignorance, and in a Prison ; nor for the Kingdom itself, which you ruin'd by your cruel Politicks, and to whose Interests you always preferr'd a tyrannical Power ; nor did you value your Favourites, or most faithful Ministers, whom you employ'd in deceiving others. You never loved any of them, nor trusted them but in time of need ; you endeavour'd to deceive them, as well as the rest of the World, and would sacrifice them upon the slightest Suspicion ; there was not a moment's Safety with you, you trifled with the Lives of Men, and loved nobody, tho you wou'd have had every body love you. Treachery was your Interest, and how cou'd you expect to meet with true Friendship, or disinterested

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Honesty? Where cou'd we have learnt those Virtues? Did you deserve or hope to meet with them? Durst any body practise them in your Court? Could any body have lived there a week together with an open and sincere Heart? Was not one obliged to be a Villain to obtain your Favour? Whoever had a mind to preserve Honour or Conscience, must have got far out of your reach, on t'other side the Sun; for when a Man is a Villain to one, he is so to the whole World. Wou'd you have a Soul, whom you have corrupted and taught to be treacherous to the whole World, be faithful and honest to you alone? Cou'd you be foolish enough to expect any such thing, or think they wou'd not behave themselves towards you, as you towards them? Nay, had they been honest and sincere to other Men, you wou'd have taught 'em to have become Villains to you. Who then cou'd have learnt any Principle with you, but that of Knavery? You wou'd have despised a Man that had any Interest at Heart but his own; I did not care to incur your Scorn, and rather chose to deceive you, than to be accounted a Fool by you.

L. I own that your Argument confounds me; but wherefore did you enter into a League with the Duke of *Guienne*,
my

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my Brother, and my worst of Enemies,
the Duke of *Burgundy*?

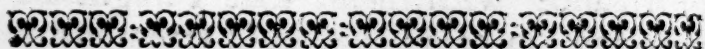
C. Because they were your most dangerous Enemies, and therefore I formed an Alliance with them, that I might be protected, in case you shou'd attempt my Death: I knew that you wou'd believe that I betray'd you, whether or no you had any grounds for your Belief; I therefore rather chose to betray you for my own Safety, than to perish upon the Suspicion of it, without doing it. In short, I follow'd your Maxims, made myself valued by both Parties, and got a Reward for my Services in a time of need, which you never wou'd have willingly given me, when you did not want me. This is what an ingrateful, mistrusting, treacherous Prince, who loves no body but himself, must expect from his Ministers.

L. And the Traytor that sells his King, must meet with your Fate; the Dignity of Cardinal protects him from Death, but he is shut up in a Prison for eleven Years, and strip'd of all his ill-gotten Wealth.

C. My only fault was not deceiving you with Caution enough, but suffer my Letters to be intercepted. Had I the same Opportunity again, I wou'd again de-

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ceive you as you deserv'd, but so subtly, that you never shou'd discover me.



D I A L O G U E VI.

Lewis XI. Philip de Comines.

The Crimes and Weakness of a King can never be concealed.

L. **T**HEY say that you have written the History of my Life.

P. Yes, Sir, and spoke of you as a loyal Servant should do.

L. But they tell me that you have mentioned several things which might have as well been omitted.

P. Probably I have, but take it in general, the Picture I drew of you was very much to your advantage : would you, instead of an Historian, have made me an eternal Flatterer ?

L. You shou'd have spoken of me, as a Subject loaded with the Favours of his Master.

P. And so have been believed by nobody : Gratitude is what we do not look for in an Historian ; far from it, 'twou'd make us suspect him.

L. Why

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L. Why, are there People, who have such an itching to writing? we should not disturb the Dead, or endeavour to blacken their Memories.

P. Yours was strangely blacken'd, and I endeavour'd to soften the Impressions already made on the Minds of Men; I mentioned all your good Qualities, and endeavour'd to clear you of the odious Crimes you were accused of: What more cou'd I do?

L. Or hold your tongue, or clear me in every thing; they say you represented all my Grimaces, all my Distortions of Body, when I was talking alone; all my Intrigues with mean People; you have exposed my Familiarity with my Provost, my Physician, my Barber, and my Taylor: they say too that you have not forgotten my Superstition, even in my last days, my Eagerness in gathering Relicks together; my being rubb'd from head to foot with holy Oil, and going a Pilgrimage, to which I always attributed my Cures. You have taken notice of our Lady of Lead, which I was always wont to kiss, when I had form'd some bad Design; and the Cross of St. Lo, by which I never durst swear without keeping my Oath, for fear of dying within the Year; all this is very ridiculous Stuff.

R 4

P. But

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P. But is not all this true?

L. What if it be, you need not have mentioned it.

P. You might then have left it undone.

L. But as it was done, you might have hid it.

P. When once done, it cou'd not be hid from Posterity.

L. What, cannot some certain things be concealed?

P. And do you think that the Actions of a powerful King can be concealed after Death, as his Intrigues are during his Life-time? My Silence would not have excused you, but wou'd have dishonoured me; be satisfied with this, I could have said much worse of you, and been believ'd, yet refused to do it.

L. And ought not History to respect the Memory of Kings?

P. Kings ought to respect History, and Posterity, whose Censure they never can escape. Those who wou'd not be spoke ill of, have but one Remedy left, to behave themselves well.





D I A L O G U E VII.

Lewis XI. Charles Duke of Burgundy.

Wicked Men, who have no Notion of Virtue, are mistrustful of, and deceive others, till they are deceived themselves.

L. I AM sorry, Cousin, for the Misfortunes which happened to you.

C. You were the occasion of them, by deceiving me.

L. 'Twas your Pride and Passions that deceived you; have you forgotten the notice I gave you of a Man's offering me to slay you?

C. I could not believe it, for I fancied, that had the thing been true, you would not have been honest enough to have given me notice of it, but took it for an Invention of yours to make me suspect all those who were about me; this Treachery was suitable to your Character, nor did I wrong you much by believing you guilty of it: Who wou'd not have been deceived in you, when you shew'd yourself good and sincere.

R 5

L. I

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L. I confess that 'twas not very safe to trust to my Sincerity, and yet it had been better for you to confide in me, than in that Traytor *Campobache*, who sold you for six thousand Crowns.

C. Since Policy is out of season in *Pluto's Dominions*, I'll speak freely to you; we were both wrong in our Maxims, and neither of us had any notion of Virtue: in this State we often suspected and persecuted just and honest Men, and then we were under a Necessity of delivering ourselves up to the first Comer; and this first Comer is generally a Villain, who by his Flattery insinuates himself. However, in the main my Temper was much better than yours; true, I was hasty and something fierce, but I was not like you, cruel and deceitful. Do you remember the Conference, in which you acknowledged that I had all the Gentleman in me, and in which I made you of the same Opinion I had before made the Bishop of *Narbonne*.

L. Flattery all; spoken with a design to amuse you, and to take you off from the other Chiefs of this League, for the common Good; I was sensible that whilst I praised you, I might bubble you.



DIALOGUE VIII.

Lewis XI. Lewis XII.

Generosity and Honesty are surer Maxims in Polity, than Cruelty and Cunning.

XI. **I**F I am not mistaken, that's one of my Successors; tho Shades lose all their Majesty, yet I fancy this to have been a King of *France*, he talks *French*, and the other Shades pay him a great deal of Respect: will you be so kind as to tell me who you are?

XII. The Duke of *Orleans*, afterward King, under the Name of *Lewis XII.*

XI How did you govern my Kingdom?

XII. By ways far different from yours, you were fear'd, I belov'd; you burdened, I eased the *French*, and preferr'd their Repose to the Glory of conquering my Enemies.

XI. You were very ignorant, I see, of the Art of reigning; I left my Successors a boundless Authority, I broke the Leagues of Princes and Noblemen, I raised immense Sums of Money, and discovered the Secrets of others, yet always concealed my own. Subtlety, Haughtiness,

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ness, and Severity, are the true Maxims for Governing; I am very much afraid that, by your Softness, you have ruined my whole Work.

XII. The Success of my Maxims have shewn that yours were false and destructive. I was beloved, and liv'd peaceably, without ever forfeiting my Word, without imbruing my Hands in Blood, and without ruining my People: Your Memory is odious, mine respected; during my Life-time they were loyal to me, and after my Death they deplored my Loss, and feared that they never shou'd meet so good a King. When Generosity and Honesty have such good Success, we ought to condemn Cruelty and Cunning.

XI. A fine way of reasoning this, which doubtless you learnt in that tedious Prison, where, they tell me, you languish'd before your ascending the Throne.

XII. This Imprisonment was not so shameful as yours of *Peronne*. Of what Service are Subtlety and Deceit, if we are taken by our Enemies at last? When we are honest and sincere, we are not exposed to such Dangers.

XI. But my Cunning delivered me out of the hands of the Duke of *Burgundy*.

XII. You deliver'd yourself by corrupting his Servants with your Money, and by shamefully following him to the
De-

Dial. 8. *of the Dead.* 373

Destruction of your Allies, the People of *Liege*, whose Ruin you were obliged to go and see.

XI. Have you extended the Limits of the Kingdom as I did? Have you re-united the Dutchy of *Burgundy*, the County of *Provence*, and even *Guienne* itself to the Crown?

XII. I understand you, you knew how to get rid of a Brother that you might inherit what he had; you took advantage of the Duke of *Burgundy's* Misfortune, and bribed the Counsellor of the Count of *Provence*, that you might succeed him. For my part, I am satisfied with having got *Britany*, and that by a Marriage with the lawful Heirefs of that House, with whom I was in love, and whom, after the death of your Son, I espoused. Nor was I so desirous of acquiring new Subjects, as I was of making those whom I already had, loyal and happy; and by the Wars of *Naples* and *Milan*, I have been made sensible how prejudicial distant Conquests are to a State.

XI. I see you had neither Genius nor Ambition.

XII. I had none of that false and deceitful Genius which had cried you down so much, and was void of that Ambition which makes it honourable to despise Justice and Sincerity.

XI. You

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XI. You talk too much.

XII. 'Twas you who often talk'd too much. Have you forgotten the *Bourdeaux* Merchant settled in *England*, or King *Edward*, whom you invited to *Paris*? Farewell.



D I A L O G U E IX.

The Constable of *Bourbon*, *Bayard*.

'Tis not lawful for us to take up Arms against
our own Country.

Con. **I**S not that *Bayard*, whom I see stretch'd on the Grass, beneath that Oak? 'tis he himself, wounded thro' the Body; alas! I pity him! *Vandenesse* and he both perish by our Arms to-day; two Men, whose Courage was the Ornament of the *French*: my Heart is yet griev'd for my Country, let me draw near him; alas! poor *Bayard*! with Grief I see thee in this Condition.

Bay. And with Grief I see you.

C. I know thou art sorry, that the Chance of War has made thee fall into my Hands; but far from using you like a Prisoner, I'll use you like a Friend, and take as much care of your Recovery, as
I

Dial.9. of the Dead. 375

I would of my Brother's; why then do you grieve to see me?

B. I am sorry to be beholden to the greatest Enemy of *France* for any thing, for do not imagine that either my Wound, or Captivity grieve me; I shall not long be a Captive, Death will instantly set me free.

C. Dear *Bayard*! I hope there's no such Danger, but that our Cares of thee may meet with their desir'd Success.

B. I desire it not, but am contented to die.

C. And can you not be comforted at your ill Fortune, consider her Inconstancy; to-day is ours, to-morrow may be yours. Your Glory is already fully establish'd, the *Imperialists* never will forget the vigorous Defence of *Meziers* against 'em.

B. And I never can forget that you are the great Constable, a Prince of the most noble Blood in the World, who is now endeavouring with his own Hands to destroy his Country, and to ruin the Kingdom of his Ancestors.

C. Do you condemn me, *Bayard*, whilst I praise you? insult me, whilst I pity?

B. I return your Pity, and think you need it most. I die without sullying my Honour, esteem'd by the Enemies, regretted by the Friends of *France*. My Life

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Life is sacrific'd to my Duty, my Country, and my King; I think my Condition more worthy of Envy than of Pity.

C. And I have conquer'd an Enemy that has injur'd me, drove him out of the *Milanese*, and made all *France* sensible of her Fault in losing me; and am I to be pitied?

B. Every Man is, who acts against his Duty; 'tis far more glorious to die for our Country, than to triumph over it: how horrid is the Glory of him, who destroys his own Country?

C. But after the Services I had done my Country, it prov'd ungrateful; the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, through a Rage of Love, had me ill us'd by the King, who was weak enough to deal most unjustly by me. I was not only stript of what I had, but depriv'd of my most faithful Servant, and to save my Life, forced to fly away almost alone; what would you have had me done?

B. Have suffer'd any thing, rather than have betray'd *France*, and the Honour of your House. If the Persecution was too violent, you might have fled, but it wou'd have been far better to have remain'd poor, unknown, and useleſs, than to have taken up Arms against us: your Poverty and your Exile wou'd have made your Glory compleat.

C. But

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C. But don't you see that *Revenge* induced me more to this, than *Ambition*; I wanted to make the King of *France* repent of the Evil he had done me.

B. That you shou'd have done by your unexampled *Patience*, which is as much the *Virtue* of a Hero as *Courage*.

C. But did the King, who was so unjust, and so blinded by his Mother, deserve that I shou'd have such *Regards* for him?

B. If the King did not, *France* did, as well as the *Dignity* of the Crown, of whose *Heirs* you were one; you ought to have spared that Country whose King you might probably have one day become.

C. Well, I confess myself in the wrong; but you know how difficult it is to the most generous Souls to stifle their *Resentments*.

B. I do so; but true *Courage* consists in stifling them. If you see your Fault, make haste to mend it; as for me, I die, and in my *Sufferings* think myself happier than you in your *Prosperity*: tho the Emperor shou'd not deceive you, tho he should give you his Sister to Wife, and with you divide *France*, he cou'd never wash out the Stain of your Life. Shame and Confusion! the Constable of *Bourbon* a Rebel! Hear what dying *Bayard* says
to

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to you, who, as during his Life-time, at his Death, speaks with Truth and Sincerity.



DIALOGUE X.

Lewis XII. Francis I.

A King had far better be the Father of his Country, by governing his Kingdom peaceably, than be a great Conqueror.

L. DEAR Cousin, tell me some News from *France*, I always loved my Subjects as if they had been my own Children, and I am under a great Concern for 'em now; for when I left you the Crown, I left you young every manner of way. How have you govern'd my poor Kingdom?

F. I have met with some Misfortunes; but to deal freely with you, my Reign has made *France* far more splendid than yours.

L. Gods! 'twas this Splendor I always fear'd; from your Infancy I dreaded that you wou'd exhaust the Treasury, hazard every thing in War, bear nothing patiently, but destroy all Order in the State to be talk'd of.

F. Old

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F. Old Folks are always thus prejudiced against their Successors; but let me tell you, I maintained a horrid War against *Charles V.* Emperor of *Germany* and King of *Spain*. In *Italy* I gain'd two famous Victories, the one at *Melignano*, against the *Swissers*, the other at *Cerisoles*, against the *Imperialists*: I have seen the Emperor and the King of *England* join their Forces together against *France*, yet all their Attempts prove fruitless. I cultivated the Sciences, have deserved to be immortalized by all Men of Letters, restored the *Augustean* Age, made my Court magnificent, polite, learned, and gallant. Before my time, every thing was rough, poor, ignorant, and truly *Gaul*: in short, I have acquir'd the Name of the Father of Learning.

L. All this is fine, nor will I now endeavour to cry it down; but I should have rather chose to be called the Father of my People, than the Father of Learning: however, did you leave Peace and Plenty to the *French*?

F. No; but my Son is young, able to carry on the War; and his Business it must be at last to ease the exhausted People: you spared them indeed more than I did; but then you carried your War but very faintly on.

L. What

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L. What great Successes have you had in it? What Conquests have you made? You took *Naples*, I suppose?

F. No, my Expeditions were another way.

L. At least you maintain'd yourself in the Possession of the *Milanese*?

F. Some unforeseen Accidents unluckily befel me.

L. What Accidents? Has the Emperor *Charles* taken it from you then? Have you lost some Battle? You dare not answer me.

F. I was taken myself at the Battle of *Pavia*.

L. Taken! Alas! How many Misfortunes have your evil Counsels plung'd you into! And is it thus you have outdone me in your Wars? You have sunk *France* into the same Misfortunes she laboured under in the time of King *John*. O *France, France*, I pitied thee when I foresaw this— Well; and you were obliged to give whole Provinces, and to pay immense Sums of Money for your Ransom. This is what your Rashness, Pomp, Haughtiness, and Ambition are come to. But as to the Laws and Courts of Justice, how did you leave them?

F. They stood me in great stead, for I sold all the Offices.

L. And

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L. And the Judges, to reimburse themselves, must sell their Sentences. But was all this Money you raised upon the People well employ'd, in levying and maintaining an Army with Oeconomy?

F. Part of it was employ'd in making the Court magnificent.

L. I'll hold a good Wager that your Mistresses had a greater share of it than the best Officers of the Army; and now the People are ruin'd, a War must be carried on, Justice is sold, the Court exposed to all the Follies of gallant Women, and the whole State in a miserable Condition. And this is the splendid Reign which has effaced mine: had you used a little more Moderation, you wou'd have been far more honourable.

F. But I have done several great Actions, for which I was deem'd a Hero, and used to be called the great King *Francis*.

L. That is, you have been flatter'd for your Money, and you wou'd be a Hero at the Expence of the State, whose Prosperity shou'd have been your greatest Glory.

F. The Praises bestow'd upon me were sincere.

L. And is there any Prince, be he ever so weak and so corrupt, but what has been praised as much as you? the most
un-

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unworthy Monarch will be extoll'd as much as ever you were: and can you then think it worth while to purchase Praise at the Price of so much Blood, and such Sums of Money as have ruin'd your Kingdom?

F. At least I have the Honour of having borne my Misfortunes with Constancy and Courage.

L. 'Twou'd have been much better for you to have wanted an Opportunity of shewing this Courage; that piece of Heroism cost the People dear: but did not the Hero grow weary of his Prison?

F. Yes indeed, and my Liberty cost me very dear.



D I A.



D I A L O G U E XI.

Charles V. and a Young Monk.

Our Uneasiness often obliges us to seek Solitude, which People who are accustom'd to the Noise and Hurry of the World can never relish.

C. COME Brother, 'tis time to rise ; you sleep too long for a young Novice, who ought to be zealous and fervent.

M. When wou'd you have me sleep, but whilst I am young ? Sleep is not inconsistent with Zeal.

C. But when People love the Service, they are soon awaken'd.

M. Yes, at your Majesty's Age, but at mine People can sleep without a Feather-bed.

C. Well then, Brother, it belongs to People of my Age to awaken those who oversleep themselves.

M. And can you find no better Employment ? After having disturbed the Repose of the whole World, can you not leave me to mine ?

C. I

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C. I think that in this Solitude we enjoy Repose enough, tho we shou'd rise betimes.

M. Your Majesty rather means, that when you rise betimes, you think the day long, you were accustom'd to more Noise than you have here ; confess it freely, Sir, you are weary of having nothing to do but to say your Prayers, wind up your Clocks, and waken poor Novices who are not guilty of your Uneasiness.

C. I have twelve Servants here whom I have retain'd.

M. A poor Conversation theirs, for a Man who corresponded with the whole World.

C. I have a little Horse to ride upon in this beautiful Valley, adorn'd with Orange, Myrrh, Pomegranate, and Laurel Trees, round which there grow so many pretty Flowers, and in which so many bleeting Flocks are grazing.

M. All these are fine things, but none of them talk ; you want a little Noise and Hurry.

C. I have a Pension of a hundred thousand Crowns.

M. And poorly paid ; the King your Son, takes but little care of you.

C. We soon forget those, who, for our sakes, have stript and degraded themselves.

M. Did

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M. Did not you expect this, when you resign'd your Crown?

C. I foresaw what wou'd happen.

M. If you expected it, why are you surprized at it when it happens? Keep to your first Resolution, renounce every thing, forget every thing, desire nothing, enjoy your Rest, and let others enjoy it.

C. But my Son has made no good use of the Victory he obtain'd at *St. Quintin*, he shou'd by this time have been before the Gates of *Paris*. The Chevalier *d'Egmont* has gain'd another Victory for him at *Graveling*, but he loses all Advantages. *Calais* is retaken from the *English* by the Duke of *Guise*; the same Duke has also taken *Thionville* to secure *Metz*: my Son governs very poorly, he despises my Counsels, takes no care about paying my Pension, contemns my Conduct, and the faithful Servants whom I had employ'd; all this vexes and disquiets me.

M. And did you come to seek Repose in this Solitude, only upon condition that the King your Son should gain Victories, follow your Counsels, and execute all your Projects?

C. No; but I was in hopes he wou'd behave himself better than he does.

M. As you abandon'd every thing for the sake of Tranquillity, enjoy it, happen what will; and let the King your Son
S behave

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behave himself as he pleases, but let not your Peace depend upon his Behaviour. You left the World that you might be freed from its Cares ; but I am afraid you scarce knew what Solitude was, when you came to seek it, but your Disquiets forced you to come and look for some Repose here.

C. Alas, my Child, you are very much in the right on't, and I heartily wish that you mayn't be mistaken in your Design, when you renounc'd the World, to come and be a Novice here.



D I A L O G U E XII.

Charles V. Francis I.

Justice and Happiness consist in Honesty, Courage, and Uprightness.

C. **T**HE Business of Life is now over, and 'twould be but reasonable that we shou'd come to an *Eclaircissement*, upon the Disquiets we have caused one another.

F. You have dealt very unjustly and deceitfully by me, who never did you any hurt, but in fair and open War ; but you, during my Imprisonment, withdrew the

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the Allegiance of the Inhabitants of *Flanders* from me ; the Vassal employ'd Force to give Laws to his Master.

C. You had the Liberty of not renouncing your Title, if you pleased.

F. Has any Man his Liberty in Prison ?

C. Cowards have not, but the Valiant are at liberty every where : had I ask'd you to resign your Crown, wou'd the Disquiet of your Prison have forced you to do it ?

F. I wou'd rather have chosen to die, than have been guilty of so base an Action : as for the Dependance of *Flanders*, I resign'd it to you thro Disquiet, thro a Fear of being poison'd, thro a Desire of seeing my Country again, where my Presence was very much wanted ; and in short, thro an Impatience of recovering my Health, and saving myself from approaching Death : and I really believe I should have died, had not my Sister come to me.

C. Not only a brave King, but a true Soldier, wou'd rather chuse to die than give his Word where he was not fully determin'd, happen what will, to keep it ; nothing is so shameful, as to have it said of one, he had not Courage enough to bear Adversity, but deliver'd himself by false Promises. Had you been fully persuaded that it was not lawful for you to

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sacrifice your States for your own Liberty, you ought to have resolved upon dying in Prison, have sent your Subjects word that they shou'd no longer reckon upon you, but crown your Son, and you wou'd then have confounded me indeed. A Prisoner that has Courage enough to do this, sets himself at liberty even in his Prison, and escapes out of the hands of those who detain him.

F. These Maxims are true, and I must confess that Disquiet and Impatience made me promise things directly contrary to the Interest of my Dominions, and which I cou'd neither justly execute, nor honourably avoid. But how can you upbraid me with Breach of Promise, whose whole Life was one continued Scene of Treachery: besides, this my Weakness is no excuse for you. I own that a valiant Man will rather chuse to die, than to promise any thing he can't perform; but a just Man will never take advantage of another's Weakness, to extort a Promise from him, during his Captivity, which he could not, nor ought not in justice to perform. What wou'd you have done, had I detain'd you in *France*, when, a little after my Imprisonment, you pass'd thro' it in your way to the *Low Countries*? I cou'd have insisted upon your yielding
up

up the *Milanese* and *Low-Countries*, which you had usurped.

C. I had your Promise that I should pass safely thro' *France*, you had not mine when you came into *Spain*.

F. I had not, and so far the difference, I confess, is great; but as you had dealt unjustly by me whilst in Prison, and forced me to sign a very disadvantageous Treaty, I might have repair'd this Wrong, by forcing you to sign one more just: besides, I might have detain'd you till you had restored me the *Milanese*, which was lawfully my own.

C. Hold, if you please; you join several things together, which I must separate: I never broke my word to you at *Madrid*, but you wou'd have broken yours to me at *Paris*, had you stopt me under any pretence of Restitution, tho' ever so just. 'Twas your Business to have refused me a Passage till I had sign'd the Preliminaries of this Restitution; but as you never had ask'd any such thing of me, you cou'd not require it when I was in *France*, without violating your Promise. Besides, do you think it lawful to repel Fraud by Fraud? If one Deceit shou'd occasion another, there would be no depending on any thing amongst Mankind, and the fatal Consequences of it would be endless. The safest way of revenging yourself upon

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the Deceitful, is to repel all his Stratagems, without deceiving him.

F. A fine Philosophical Maxim ! this is downright *Platonism* : but I see that you managed Matters much more subtilly than I did ; and I was in the wrong when I trusted you : but here the great Constable *Montmorency*, help'd to deceive me, by persuading me that I ought to outdo you in point of Honour, and exact no Conditions from you. You had already promised that you wou'd invest the Dutchy of *Milan* in the youngest of my three Sons ; but after your Passage thro *France*, you withdrew your Promise. Had I not hearken'd to *Montmorency*, I wou'd have made you restore that Dutchy, before I permitted you to go into the *Low-Countries*. I never cou'd forgive my Favourite this piece of bad Counsel, and I drove him from Court for it.

C. Rather than to have restored the *Milanese*, I wou'd have cross'd the Sea.

F. Your own Health, the Season of the Year, and the Danger of the Voyage, would not have permitted you to do that : but wherefore did you so basely mock me before the face of all *Europe*, and abuse my generous Hospitality ?

C. I would have given the Dutchy of *Milan* to your third Son ; and a Duke of *Milan*, of the House of *France*, could not have

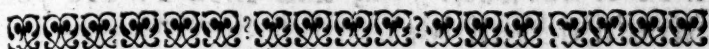
have hurt me more than any other Prince of *Italy*; but you wanted it to be invested in your second Son, and he was too near the Crown, no body being between 'em but the Dauphin, who died: so that the King of *France* wou'd soon have been Duke of *Milan*, and by that means all *Italy* enslaved.

F. One Slavery wou'd have been as good as another, and had it not been much better to have restored the *Milanese* to its lawful Master, than to have retained it without the least appearance of Right? The *French*, who had not a foot of Land in *Italy*, could not so much endanger the Publick Liberty by possessing the *Milanese*, as the House of *Austria*, which possess'd *Naples*, and all the Fiefs dependant on the Empire in that Country. To deal sincerely with you, this was our chief difference: you had Formalities on your side, but deceived me in the main; whilst either thro Weakness, Impatience, or Lightness, I never was cautious enough of you, nor took care that any Formality shou'd be on my side; so that you was the real Deceiver, whilst I was only such in appearance: my Faults have been punish'd in the commission of them. I hope that your Son's false Politicks will revenge me on you for your unjust Ambition; he forced you to strip and degrade yourself

during your Life-time, and you died miserable, tho you once aimed at enslaving *Europe*. This Son will finish the Work; his Jealousy and Distrust will suppress the Ambition and Virtue of the *Spaniards*; there never will be a great General, a towering Genius, or good Polity amongst the People; and *Spain*, press'd down by its own Weight, will fall, and nothing of it remain but a Monument of the Vanity of Fortune. A little State, united in itself, whose Polity is good, and its People industrious, govern'd by good Laws, and by a Prince who executes Justice himself, and goes in Person to his Wars, is far more happy than the Monarchy which has no good Chiefs: if you can't believe what I say of the matter, wait patiently for the coming of some of our Grand-children, and they'll better inform you.

C. Alas! I am but too sensible of the Truth of your Prediction; 'twas this Foresight that made me quit the Empire, and disquieted me even in my solitary Retirement.





D I A L O G U E XIII

Henry III. the Dutchess of Montpensier.

H. **A** Good day to you, Cousin: I hope we are Friends now after Death.

D. By no means, I never can forgive you all your Massacres, and the Blood of our Family, which you so cruelly have shed.

H. You upbraid me with things which did you less Mischief than your Confederacy in *Paris* did me; but let us set the one over against the other, and be Friends.

D. I never must be Friends with a Man who counsell'd the horrid Massacre of *Blois*.

H. The Duke of *Guise* reduced me to a necessity of doing it. Have you forgotten the time when he king'd it in *Paris*, and drove me from the *Louvre*? I was obliged to save myself thro the *Thuileries*, and the Convent of the *Feuillants*.

D. But by the Mediation of the Queen Mother he had been reconciled to you. They say that you received the Sacrament together, at which time you broke

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a Host between you, and then swore you wou'd defend him.

H. My Enemies have advanced many other things without ground, to give their League a Sanction; but had not your Brother been sacrificed, I could not safely have reign'd.

D. That is, you cou'd not reign without deceiving and butchering People, the most improper Means of establishing your Authority. But wherefore did you sign, and make every body sign the Union with the States of *Blois*? The noblest way wou'd have been to have resisted with Courage. Royalty shou'd always continue true to Reason, and resolve to be obey'd.

H. But I was obliged to oppose Cunning and Policy to open Force.

D. You wanted to sooth both the *Huguenots*, and *Catholicks*; and instead of that, you made yourself contemptible to both Parties.

H. I never did endeavour to sooth the *Huguenots*.

D. Their frequent Conferences with the Queen, and the care you took to flatter them, every time you wanted to counterbalance the Union Party, made you suspected by all the *Catholicks*.

H. But did I not, upon all Occasions, endeavour to shew my Zeal for Religion?

D. Yes,

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D. Yes, by a thousand ridiculous Grima-
ces, which were bely'd by as many
scandalous Actions: *Shrove-Tuesdays* you
were at the Masquerades, and *Ash-Wed-
nesdays* at Processions, cover'd with Sack-
cloth, and a Whip in your Hand;
round your Waist hung your Beads an
Ell long, and made of little Death's heads,
and round your Neck a Basket fill'd with
little Spaniel-Dogs, whose Maintenance
stood you in a hundred thousand Crowns
a year. One part of your Life was spent
in Vows, Pilgrimages, and Devotions;
the other with your Minions, and in the
Study of the Magick Arts, and *Machia-
vel's* Politicks; one while running after
holy Anchorets, at another time feasting
with your Minions, where you was wait-
ed upon by naked and dishevel'd Women.
How gross these Contradictions! for this
reason they say that your Physician de-
clared that this black Humour, which
was the Occasion of so many Whims,
wou'd shortly either kill you, or make
you run mad.

H. This Art was necessary for the
soothing of Men's Minds; with the
Godly I was pious, with the Debauched
addicted to Pleasure.

D. This made People say that you
was fit for nothing, but to have your
Crown shaved, and be made a Monk of;
for

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for know, that your Weakness, Diffimulation, and Hypocrisy, was far from soothing them.

H. I was forced to try all Means, when I found so many ready to revolt.

D. Behold your Cousin the King of *Navarre*, and see the difference between you. You found your Kingdom entirely in Subjection, and you have left it involved in a Civil War. He, without dissembling, butchering, or playing the Hypocrite, has subdued the whole Kingdom, which refused to acknowledge him: he has kept the *Huguenots* faithful to him, even in abjuring their Religion, has won all the *Roman Catholics*, and broke the powerful Confederacy. Farewel.



D I A L O G U E XIV.

Henry III. Henry IV.

III. **W**ELL, Cousin, you are fallen into the same Misfortunes as I fell into.

IV. My Death has been violent as well as yours, but then you have been regretted by no body but your Minions, and by them only on account of the Riches you used to bestow so lavishly upon 'em:
but

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but as for me, my Loss has been deplored by all *France*, as that of a general Father. In After-Ages I shall be proposed as the Model of a good and wise King; I began to establish Peace, Plenty, and good Order in the Kingdom.

III. When I was slain at *St. Cloud*, I had already broken the Confederacy, *Paris* itself was ready to yield, and I shou'd soon have recover'd my former Authority.

IV. But how wou'd you have recover'd your lost Reputation? you were accounted a deceitful, hypocritical, impious, effeminate Man. When we have once lost the Name of Honesty, our Authority is never very safely grounded: you had got rid of the two *Guises* at *Blois*, but never could get rid of all those who abhorr'd your Deceits.

III. And don't you know that the Art of dissembling is the Art of reigning.

IV. Fine Maxims! instill'd, I suppose, by *Duguaft*. The Abbot of *Elbene*, and some other *Italians*, had fill'd your Head with *Machiavel's* Politicks: the Queen your Mother, educated you in such-like Notions, but had soon cause to repent it, for she taught you to be unnatural; and, as she deserved, you proved unnatural to her.

III. But how can we act sincerely, and confide in Men, seeing that they all are dissembling and corrupted? IV. Be-

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IV. Because you never was conversant with, or sought after honest Men, they shunn'd you, and you thought there were no such in the World; you wanted only Villains who cou'd invent new Pleasures, execute the greatest Villanies, and never re-mind you of that Religion and Charity which you were always violating. As for my part, I found honest Men, and employ'd 'em in my Council as well as in foreign Negotiations, and Offices; such were *Sully*, *Jeannin*, *Ossat*, and others.

III. Wou'd we believe you, you would persuade us that you were a *Cato*; whereas we all know that your Youth was as irregular as mine.

IV. My Love for Women, I must confess, was intolerable; but in all my Disorders I never was deceitful, wicked, or impious, I cou'd only be accused of Weakness: but my Misfortunes proved my greatest Friends, for I was naturally lazy and addicted to Pleasure; had I been born to the Throne, I shou'd have dishonour'd myself; but having my own Kingdom, and a great deal of adverse Fortune to overcome, I was obliged to soar even above myself.

III. How many Opportunities of overcoming your Enemies did you lose, when, on the Banks of the *Garonne*, you were fighting for the Countess of *Guiche*, and
look'd

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look'd like *Hercules* handling a Distaff for the sake of *Omphale*?

IV. I cannot deny it, but then *Contras*, *Tury*, *Arques*, and *Fontaine*, make some amends for this.

III. Did not I win the Battle of *Jarnac* and *Moncontour*?

IV. Yes; but *Henry III.* did not answer the Hopes that had been formed of the Duke of *Anjou*, whereas *Henry IV.* excelled the King of *Navarre*.

III. Then you think I never heard any mention made of the Dutcheſs of *Beaufort*, of the Marchioneſs of *Verneville*, of —? But there are ſo many of them, I can't reckon 'em all up.

IV. I deny none of 'em, but yet I made myſelf belov'd and fear'd; I abhorred that cruel and deceitful Policy with which your Mind was poiſon'd, and which occaſion'd all your Misfortunes. I carried the War vigorously on, concluded a laſting Peace with my Enemies abroad, put the Kingdom into a polite and flouriſhing Condition, reduced the Nobles, and even the moſt insolent Favourites to Obedience; and this without deceiving, butchering, or dealing unjuſtly by any one, but always confiſing in honeſt Men, and placing all my Glory in eaſing my People.

D I A-

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DIALOGUE XV.

Henry IV. the Duke of Mayenne.

*Adverse Fortune makes Kings good, and
Heroes great.*

H. I Have forgot all that is past, Cousin,
and am now glad to see you.

M. Your Majesty is too kind in passing
over my Faults thus, there is nothing but
what I would willingly do to efface the
Memory of them.

H. The Walk between those two Can-
nals seems pleasant, let us go into it, and
as we walk we'll talk of Business.

D. With Joy I'll follow your Maje-
sty.

H. Well, Cousin, I am no longer that
poor *Bernese*, whom you was for driving
out of the Kingdom: Do you remember
the time when we were at *Arques*, and
you sent word to *Paris* that you had
drove me to the Sea-side, and there was
no means of escaping left for me, but by
plunging into the Waters?

M. True, I did; but at the same time
'tis also true, that you were about to sub-
mit to your adverse Fortune, and fly in-
to

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to *England*, had not *Biron* made you sensible of the Consequences of such a Flight.

H. You speak with freedom, Cousin; but I am far from being offended at it: go on, and with the same Freedom say whatever you think fit.

M. I have perhaps already said too much, Kings do not love to hear Things named by their right Names; they are used to be flatter'd: that honest Freedom with which we speak to other Men, is offensive to them, and they wou'd not have a word utter'd but in their Praise and Admiration; we must not use them like Men, but always say that they are Heroes.

H. You speak so knowingly of this Matter, that you must have experienced it; thus probably you were flatter'd and ador'd whilst King of *Paris*.

M. I confess I have been amused by vain Flatteries, which have filled me with false Hopes, and made me commit some very great Faults.

H. As for my part, I was instructed by my adverse Fortune; her Lessons are indeed severe, but this Impression of them I shall retain all my life long, to be able to hear the truth spoken of myself: therefore, if you love me, speak it freely, Cousin.

M. All our Mistakes proceeded from the Idea we had formed of you: during
your

your younger days, we knew that you were always hankering after Women, that the Countess *de Guiche* had made you lose all the Advantages you had gain'd at the Battle of *Courtras*; that you were jealous of your Cousin the Prince of *Conde*, whose Genius and Virtues were great, because he was more sedate, and more applied to Business than yourself. We look'd on you as a soft, effeminate Man, whom the Queen-Mother had deceived by a thousand Love-Intrigues, and who at the time of the *St. Bartholomew* Business, had changed your Religion, and done every thing that was required of you, who, even after the Conspiracy of *Mole*, had submitted to all that the Court had insisted upon, and that we shou'd have a cheap Bargain of you—But really, Sir, I can't go on, I'm out of breath, and all over of a sweat; your Majesty is as thin and light, as I am fat and heavy.

H. I own, Cousin, I endeavour'd to tire you, but 'tis the only Mischief I'll do you during my whole Life; pray make an end of what you had begun.

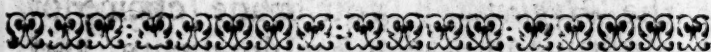
M. You surprized us very much, when, night and day on horseback, you perform'd several great Actions with incredible Vigour and Diligence, as at *Cahors*, *Lause*, *Arques*, *Yvry*, before *Paris*, at *Arnay-le-duc* and *Fontaine*. You gained the Confidence

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dence of the *Catholicks*, without losing that of the *Huguenots*; you made choice of People capable of the Employments, and worthy of your Trust; you consulted 'em without Jealousy, made use of their good Counsels without being governed by any of them, prevented us every where, and in short, became quite another Man, steady, vigilant, and laborious.

H. I see that all these bold Truths you were to utter, end in Praises; but as I just now said, I am beholden to my adverse Fortune for all this. Had I been born to the Throne, surrounded with Pomp, Flatteries, and Pleasure, I shou'd have sunk away in pleasing Dreams, for I was by nature inclined to Effeminacy; but I saw what the consequence of my Faults wou'd be; I must constrain, amend, and overcome myself, profit by my own Faults, and follow good Counsels. This is what was the making of me, and must be so of every Man.





D I A L O G U E XVI.

Henry IV. Sixtus V.

Let their Interests be ever so opposite, Great Men love and esteem one another.

S. I Have for this great while been desirous of seeing you, but whilst we were both alive the thing was scarce practicable ; the fashion of Popes and Kings conferring together was out of date in our time : this was fit for *Leo X.* and *Francis I.* who met at *Bologna*, and for *Clement VII.* who met the same King at *Marseilles*, on account of the Marriage of *Catherina de Medicis*. I shou'd have been overjoy'd to have had such a Conference with you, but I was not at liberty, nor wou'd your Religion have permitted me to do it.

H. So, you are very much softened ; Death, I see, has reduced you to Reason : but your Sentiments towards me were not the same whilst I was a poor excommunicated *Bernese*.

S. I'll open my Mind freely to you now ; I thought my Business done if I cou'd reduce you to the greatest Straits :
by

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by this means I had confounded your Predecessor, and made him dearly repent his having sacrificed a Cardinal; had the Duke of *Guise* only been put to death, he wou'd have come much cheaper off; but to touch the sacred Purple, was an unpardonable Crime, nor cou'd I put up an Action whose Consequences might prove so dangerous. I thought it absolutely necessary, after the Death of your Cousin, to deal as rigorously with you, as I had with him, to encourage the Confederacy, and by no means to suffer an Heretick to get possession of the Throne of *France*; but I soon perceived that you wou'd overcome the Confederacy, and your Courage gave me a good Opinion of you. There were two Persons in the World with whom I cou'd not decently enter into a League of Friendship, but both whom I naturally loved.

H. And pray who were these two Persons that had the Happiness of pleasing you?

S. You and Queen *Elizabeth* of *England*.

H. I don't at all wonder at her pleasing you: in the first place, she was a Pope as well as yourself, Supreme of the Church of *England*; and let me tell you, as brave a Pope as yourself; she knew how to be fear'd, and cou'd make Heads fly off upon occasion: this certainly was what acquir'd her your Esteem.

S. It

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S. It was no hindrance to it, I love those who are brave, and can make themselves Masters of others; that Merit of yours which won my Heart, was your beating the Confederacy, soothing the Nobility, and holding an even Balance between the *Catholicks* and *Huguenots*. A Man that can do this, is really a Man; nor cou'd I despise such a one as I did your Predecessor, who lost every thing by his Effeminacy, and never retrieved it but by his Treachery. Had I lived, I wou'd have receiv'd your Abjuration without delaying you; you shou'd have come off for a little scourging of yourself, and acknowledging that you receiv'd the Crown of the most Christian King from the Holy See.

H. I wou'd have begun the War again, rather than have made any such Acknowledgment.

S. I like this Fierceness of yours, but for want of the Assistance of my Successors, you have been exposed to so many Conspiracies, that you at last perished in one.

H. Nor have you fared better than myself, and the *Spanish* Cabal has been as dangerous to you; there is no great difference between a Dagger and a Bowl of Poison: but let us go and see this good Queen whom you love, she has found the means of reigning much longer, and more peaceably than either of us.

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D I A L O G U E XVII.

Cardinal *Richlieu*, and Cardinal
Ximenes.

Virtue is preferable to an illustrious Birth.

X. **N**OW we are together, I conjure you, tell me if ever you endeavoured to imitate me.

R. No, I was too desirous of true Glory, ever to copy after another Man; my Character was always bold, and an Original.

X. I heard that you had taken *Rochelle*, as I did *Oran*, and overthrew the *Huguenots*, as I the *Moors* of *Granada*, to convert them; protected Learning, beat down the Pride of the Nobility, raised the Royal Authority, establish'd the *Sorbonne*, as I did the University of *Aleale* and *Hennare*; and as I was raised by the Favour of *Isabella* of *Castile*, you made use of that of *Queen Maria de Medicis*.

R. There is some resemblance, I own, between us; but 'tis owing to chance, for I never proposed any Example to myself. I was satisfied in doing what Time and the present State of Affairs wou'd permit
me

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me to do for the Honour of *France* : besides, the Case was very different between us ; I was born in the Court, and always brought up in it ; I was Bishop of *Luffon*, and Secretary of State, in the Interest of the Queen and the Marshal of *Ancre*. This bears no resemblance to an obscure Monk, who never came into the World till he was 60 Years old.

X. That's my greatest Honour ; I never was ambitious nor impatient, my Life was far spent, and I depended upon finishing it in the Convent, but the Archbishop of *Toledo* chose me for the Queen's Confessor ; and the Queen prejudiced in favour of me, made me the Cardinal's Successor in that Archbishoprick, against the King's Will, who was for promoting his Bastard to it. In the Queen's Troubles, occasion'd by the King, I became her chief Counsellor. After the Conquest of *Granada* by *Ferdinand*, I undertook the Conversion of its Inhabitants : the Queen died, and I found myself between *Ferdinand* and his Son-in-law *Philip* of *Austria*. After the death of *Philip*, I was very serviceable to *Ferdinand*, and, spite of the Grandees, I administer'd with Severity. I conquer'd *Oran*, being there in Person, managing every thing myself, and having no King to share the Action, as you had at *Rochelle* and *Susa*. After the Death of
Fer-

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Ferdinand, I was made Regent in the Absence of young Prince *Charles*; I then hinder'd the Commonalties of *Spain* from revolting, which they did after my Death; I chang'd the Governour and the Officers of the second Infant *Ferdinand*, who were for making him King to his Brother's prejudice: at last I died in Peace, having lost all Authority by the means of those who had prejudiced King *Charles* against me. All this while I did not move one step after Fortune, Publick Business came to me without my seeking, and I always managed it with a view to the Publick Good. This was more honourable than to be born at Court, the Son of the Great Provost, and a Knight of the Order.

R. An illustrious Birth does not at all lessen the Merit of great Actions.

X. It does not; but since you reduce me to a necessity of telling you so, to be moderate and disinterested, is better than to be high born.

R. Wou'd you compare your Government to mine? or have you changed the System of all the *European* Governments? I overthrew the House of *Austria*, brought a victorious King of *Sweden* into the heart of *Germany*, made *Catalonia* revolt, rais'd the Kingdom of *Portugal*, which was

T usurp'd

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usurp'd by the *Spaniards*, and ruled all Christendom by my Negotiations.

X. I own that I cannot compare my Negotiations to yours; however, with Constancy I managed the most difficult Affairs of *Castile*, and without Interest, Ambition, Vanity, or Weakness, and that's much more than you can say.



DIALOGUE XVIII.

Cardinal *Richelieu*, and Chancellor *Oxenstierne*.

The Difference between a Minister who acts thro Pride, and one who acts for the Love of his Country.

R. THERE has been no Minister like me in *Europe* since my Death.

O. No; none has had the Authority you were possess'd of.

R. You mistake me, I speak of Genius for Government, and I can say of myself without Vanity, what I wou'd have said of any other in my place, that I have not left my Equal behind me.

O. When you talk thus, do you remember that I was neither a Cit nor a Yeoman, but understood Politicks as well as any other?

R. You!

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R. You ! I confess you have given your King some Counfels, but he never undertook any thing but what was groundd upon his Treaties with *France*, that is, with me.

O. True ; but I engaged him to enter into those Treaties.

R. I was instructed, in Fact, by Father *Joseph*, and took my Measures from the Observations of *Charnacy*.

O. Your Father *Joseph* was a whimsical Monk ; as for *Charnacy*, indeed he understood Business pretty well, but without me nothing had been done. The Great *Gustavus* at first stood in need of every thing, and was forced to be obliged to *France* for Money, but afterwards he beat the *Bavarians* and *Imperialists*, and throughout all *Germany* relieved the Protestant Party. Had he lived after the Battle of *Lutzen*, he wou'd have perplexed *France*, which was already alarm'd at his Progress, and wou'd have been the chief Potentate of *Europe*. You repented (tho too late) that you had lent him any Assistance, and People suspected that you were guilty of his Death.

R. I was as innocent of it as you were.

O. I believe it ; but 'twas a sad thing that no body could die in good time for you, but that you were suspected. Your Conduct was the Occasion of this Jealousy,

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fy, in that, for the sake of your Grandeur, you made no scruple of taking Men's Lives away.

R. This Policy is necessary in some certain Cases.

O. Its Necessity was always doubted by honest Men.

R. Never more by you, than by myself; but pray what great Actions have you done in *Europe*, to make you compare your Ministry to mine? You were the Counsellor of a little Barbarian King, of a *Goth*, Chief of a Company of *Banditti*; but at the same time, a Pensioner of the King of *France*, whose Minister I was.

O. My Master's Crown was not equal to your Master's, but this was *Gustavus's* and my Glory, we came out of a savage and barren Country without Troops, without Arms, and without Money; we disciplin'd our Soldiers, made our Officers, overcame the victorious *Imperial* Armies, changed the Face of all *Europe*, and left Generals who have since instructed all the great Men in the Art of War.

R. There is some Truth in what you say; but if one wou'd take you at your word, you wou'd persuade us that you was as great a General as *Gustavus*.

O. Not so great, but I understood the Art of War, and this I sufficiently shew'd after his Death.

R. Had

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R. Had not you *Tortenson*, *Bannier*, and the Duke of *Weimar*, on whom every thing depended?

O. I was not only employ'd in Negotiations for the keeping up the Confederacy, but was also present at all the Councils of War; and these brave Men will tell you, that in all the Campaigns I had the greatest share.

R. Probably you was in the Council when the Battle of *Norlingen* was lost, by which the Confederacy was broken.

O. I was in the Council, but the Duke of *Weimar* lost that Battle by his own Fault: after its Loss, I spirited up the sinking Party; the *Swedish* Army remained in *Germany*, and I shifted for its Subsistence there; by my Cares a little conquer'd State was form'd there, which the Duke of *Weimar* wou'd have remain'd in possession of, had he lived, but which you basely usurp'd after his Death. You have seen me in *France* seeking Assistance for my Master, without ever minding your Haughtiness, which wou'd have been prejudicial to the Interests of your Master, had not I been more zealous for my Country, than you were for yours. You were the Aversion of your Nation, I the Delight of mine. I return'd at last to that savage Country, and amongst those Rocks from whence I first came, there I died in

T 3

Peace,

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Peace, and *Europe* now rings of my Name as it did of yours. I had neither your Honours, your Riches, your Power, nor your Poets and Orators to flatter me. I had nothing on my side but the good Opinion of the *Swedes*, and of all wise Politicians and Historians; according to the Dictates of my Religion, I acted against the *Roman Catholick Imperialists*, who since the Battle of *Prague*, lorded it over all *Germany*. You, like a false Priest, by our Means, relieved the Protestants, and oppressed the Catholics of *Germany*; now judge of the difference between us.

R. This was an Inconvenience that cou'd not be avoided, without leaving all *Europe* under the Yoke of the House of *Austria*, which aim'd at universal Monarchy; but I can scarce forbear laughing to hear a Chancellor setting himself off for a brave General.

O. I do not pretend to have been a General, but to have been very serviceable to the Generals in all the Councils of War. I leave you the Honour of having appear'd arm'd on horseback, and in a Soldier's Dress before *Susa*. They say too that you have had your Picture drawn at *Richelieu*, in a Buff-coat, a Scarf, and leading Staff.

R. Your Reproaches grow very satirical. Farewel.

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DIALOGUE XIX.

Cardinal *Richelieu*, Cardinal
Mazarin.

*The Character of these two Ministers, and the
Difference between true and false Politicks.*

R. SO you are come here, Lord *Julius*; they say that you govern'd *France* after me: How did you do it? did you make an end of uniting all *Europe* against the House of *Austria*, and destroy the *Hu- guenot* Party; I had weaken'd and humbled the Great Men?

M. You had begun all these things, but I had other Business to mind; I had a stormy Regency to weather.

R. A King who will not apply himself, and is jealous even of the Minister who serves him, causes a vast deal more of Trouble, than the Weakness and Confusion of a Regency. The Queen you served had Courage, and it was much easier for you to manage Matters under her, than for me under a difficult King, whom some growing Favourite was always egging against me: Such a Prince can neither govern himself, nor will he suffer

others to govern; we must serve him spite of himself, and by doing it we daily expose our Lives. Mine has been made unhappy by him from whom I derived my Power. Amongst all the Princes who opposed the Siege of *Rochelle*, the King, my Master, thwarted me the most; notwithstanding this, I irrecoverably overthrew the *Huguenots*, tho they had so many brave Chiefs and strong Places. The House of *Austria* has felt my Power; never will the revolting *Catalonians* be forgot, nor the wonderful Secresy with which the *Portuguese* shook off the *Spanish* Yoke. *Holland*, by our Alliance, was enabled to carry on a War against the same Power: all the Allies of the North, *Italy*, and the Empire, were attach'd to me only, as a Person who never would fail 'em; and the Nobility at home were kept in Obedience. At first I had found 'em intractable, glorying in their Cabals against all those whom the King had entrusted with any Authority; nor did they believe themselves bound to the King, but whilst he was flattering their Ambition, and giving 'em a boundless Power in the Government.

M. As for me, I was a Stranger, every thing was against me, nothing but my own Industry for me: I first found the means of insinuating myself with the Queen,

Queen, and removing all those in whom she confided; I defended myself against all the Cabals of the Courtiers, of the Parliament, and of a Party spirited up by a factious Cardinal, jealous of my Glory: in short, against a Prince, who every Year was crown'd with new Laurels, and made use of the Reputation of his Victories only to destroy me. I scatter'd my Enemies, was twice driven out of the Kingdom, and twice I return'd in Triumph: I govern'd the State, drove the Cardinal of *Retz*. to *Rome*, and forced the Prince of *Conde* to fly into *Flanders*. In short, I concluded a glorious Peace, and dying, left a young Monarch capable of giving all *Europe* Laws. All this was done by the help of my Genius, so fruitful in Expedients, by my supple Negotiations, and my wondrous Art in feeding Men up with new Hopes; and, observe this, I never spilt a drop of Blood.

R. No, you were too weak and too fearful to do it.

M. Fearful! had not I the three Princes imprison'd at *Vincennes*? The Prince staid long enough there to grow weary of his Prison.

R. Even that proceeded from your Fear; you did not know whether you had best detain him, nor did you dare to let him go. But to return to the Business:
to

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to quell the haughty Nobles, always ready to rise up in Arms, I was obliged to shed some Blood; but it is not at all amazing, that he who suffer'd the Courtiers, and all the Officers of the Army, to re-assume their former Pride and Power, shou'd shed no Blood in so feeble a Government.

M. A Government is not feeble because it compasses its Ends by subtle, instead of cruel Means; one had better put on the Fox than the Lion or Tyger.

R. It is not Cruelty to punish the Guilty, whose bad Examples will make others so; Impunity will foment Civil Wars, lessen the King's Authority, ruin the State, and be the Occasion of the Death of Thousands: instead of that, I establish'd Peace and Authority by sacrificing the Lives of a few guilty Men; nor had I ever any Enemies, but the Enemies of the State.

M. That was because you thought yourself the State, and cou'd believe no one a true *Frenchman*, but such as were in your Pay.

R. Did you spare the first Prince of the Blood, when you thought he wou'd oppose your Interest? To be in favour at Court, 'twas necessary to be a *Mazarinian*. I never carried my Jealousies to a greater height than you did; we both served the State, and in serving it, we were both desirous

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desirous of governing it. You overcame your Enemies by a cowardly Subtlety, I by open Force ; and I sincerely thought their Intent in destroying me, was only to plunge *France* again into the same Calamities and Confusion, from which I had with such Trouble deliver'd it : but however, I always kept my Word, I was a sincere Friend or open Enemy, with Courage and Honour I maintain'd my Master's Authority ; and those whom I reduced to the last Extremities, might, if they pleased, have been loaded with Favours : I made Advances towards 'em, always loved and sought after Merit, I only desired that they wou'd not thwart my Government, which I thought necessary to the Safety of *France* ; had they served the King to their best, according to my Orders, they should have been my Friends.

M. Rather say your Servants, tho I must own well paid ; but they must suit themselves to the Humour of an imperious Master, always implacable where he once grew jealous.

R. To be jealous and imperious are great Faults, I must confess ; but how many Qualities had I, that shew'd an extended Genius, and a towering Soul ? As for your part, Lord *Julius*, you never shew'd any thing but your Subtlety and Avarice ;

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Avarice ; you have dealt worse by the *French* than spilling their Blood, you corrupted their Morals, and made their Honesty ridiculous. I only quell'd the Pride of the Nobility, you dispirited and degraded them ; you were afraid of Merit, and there was no way of insinuating one's self with you, but by shewing a base and complying Soul, capable of the most villainous Intrigues. You never had a true Knowledge of Man, and cou'd believe nothing but evil of them ; all the rest that cou'd be said was mere Fiction ; your Creatures were all base Souls, or such as had bought their Offices : so that your Name is contemned and abhorred, mine grows every day more and more honourable in *France*.

M. Your Inclinations were more noble than mine, and you had more Grandeur in you ; but at the same time something of a false Vanity, which I always endeavoured to avoid. You had your Poets, Orators, and Comedians about you, was a Poet and Orator yourself, and *Corneille's* Rival ; without Godliness you wrote godly Books, dabbled in Gallantry, meddled with every Trade, and endeavour'd to excel in all ; suck'd in the Praise of every Author : Is there a Door, or a Pane of Glass in the *Sorbonne*, upon which your Coat of Arms is not painted ?

R. Your

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R. Your Satire is very home, and has something of a Foundation in it. True Glory ought to shun some certain Honours, which Vanity is always aiming at, and we dishonour ourselves by wanting to be too much honour'd; however, I lov'd Learning, and stirred Men up with a Desire of excelling in it. As for you, you never minded either the Church, Learning, Arts, or Virtue; and can we wonder that so hateful a Conduct shou'd excite all the Nobles of the Kingdom, as well as all honest Men, against such a Stranger?

M. You talk of nothing but chimerical Heroism; for the Government of a State there is no need of Generosity, Honesty, or Courage, but of a Mind fruitful in Expedients, whose Designs cannot be fathomed, which never gives itself up to its Passions, but always to its Interest, and is never at a loss for the Means of extricating itself out of Difficulties.

R. True Policy consists in never deceiving, but always acting fairly and openly; those who deviate from the right way, do it thro Weakness, and for want of knowing it. True Policy does not trouble itself with so many Expedients, but being quick-sighted, at first chuses the best, by comparing it with the others. This Fertility of Expedients proceeds less from an
Extent

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Extent and Strength of Genius, than from want of Strength and Judgment. In short, true Policy consists in a general Reputation of Honesty. When we have only Fools and Knaves in our Interests, we never are safe; but when your Integrity can be depended upon, both the Good and Bad will trust you, your Enemies will fear, and your Friends love you. As for you with your *Proteus's* Shapes, you never cou'd make yourself loved, feared, or esteemed. I must own that you was a great Comedian, but never a great Man.

M. You speak of me as if I had been a Coward, but when I carried the War into *Spain*, I shew'd that I did not fear Death; and this has again been seen when I expos'd myself to so many Dangers in the Civil Wars of *France*. As for you, it is well known you were afraid of your own Shadow, and fancied that there was some Russian upon your Bed, just going to stab you; but perhaps you had these Panick Fears only at certain Seasons upon you.

R. Ridicule me as much as you please, as for me I shall always do you justice, and acknowledge your good Qualities: you did not want Courage in War, but wanted Courage, Steadiness, and Greatness of Soul in the Management of Affairs; your Weakness and Irresolution made

made you thus supple ; you cou'd not deny any thing to a Man's Face, which made you promise at first asking, and then used a thousand poor Shifts to elude your Promise. These Shifts were gross and useless, and had not you been in such Authority, it had not been safe using 'em ; an honest Man wou'd have been much better pleased with your saying, I was in the wrong for promising you, nor can I perform my Promise now. This wou'd have been much better than to have added Falsity to Falsity, and so trifle with poor Wretches. 'Tis not enough to be valiant in War, if we are Cowards in Business ; and there are many Princes who were capable of dying like Heroes, but who have made themselves infamous by their Effeminacy in the Management of Affairs.

M. 'Tis an easy matter to talk thus, but when we have so many People to please, we amuse them as well as we can ; we have not Places to bestow upon them all, yet all expect 'em, so that we are obliged to feed most of them up with vain Hopes.

R. We may give a great many People reason to hope, but we must deceive no body, for every one, in his turn, may meet with his Reward, and unexpected

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pected Opportunities of serving them fall out. As for those who conceive vain and ridiculous Hopes, they deceive themselves, nor can you be blamed for it; but to promise to their Faces, and laugh at your Promise as soon as their Backs are turn'd, is a thing unworthy an honest Man, and destructive to the Reputation of Business itself. As for me, I maintained and encreased the King's Authority, without having recourse to any such base Means: the thing is self-evident, and you dispute with one who was a living Example of the Falsity of your Maxims.

F I N I S.

